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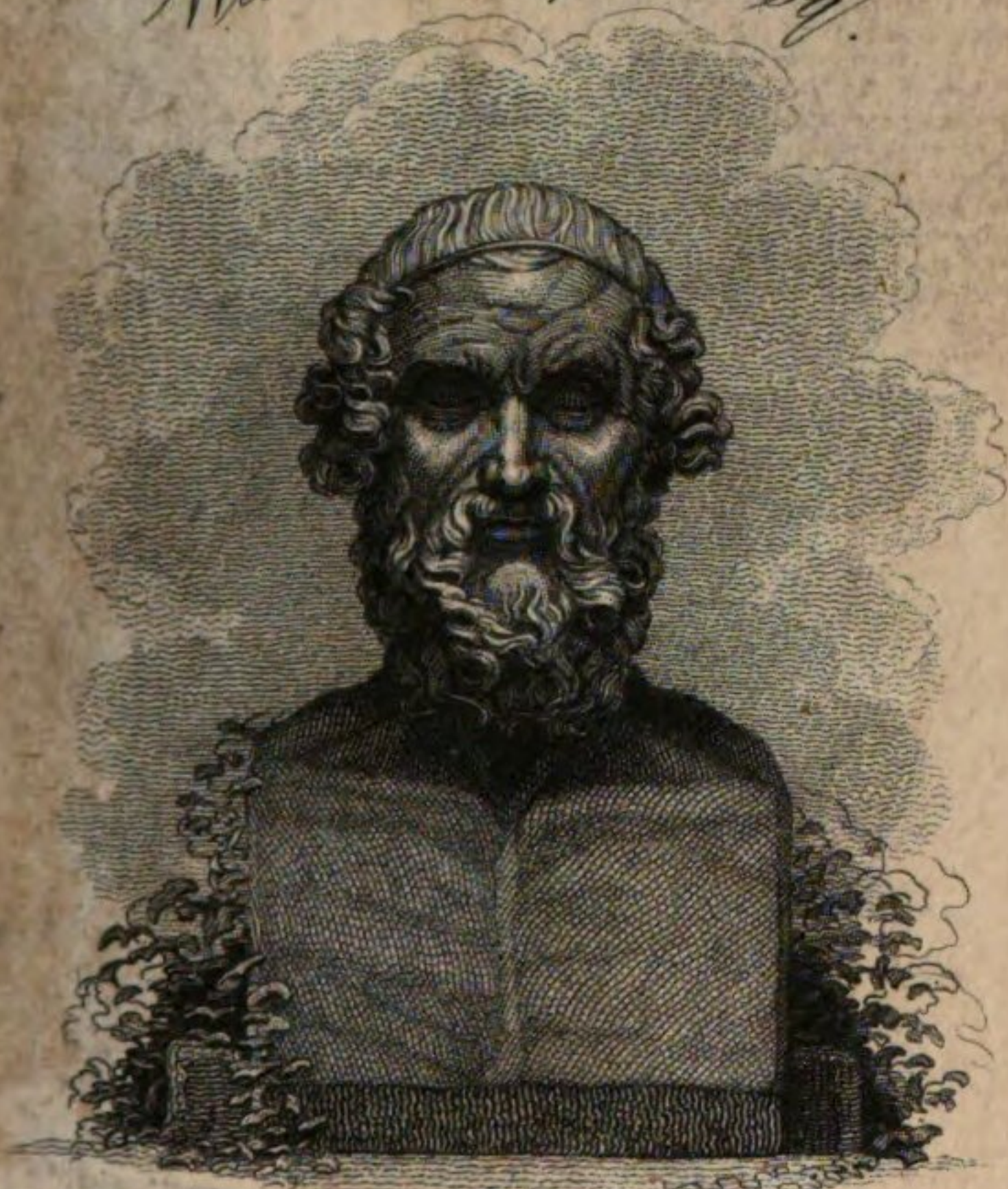
Tho.^d Ranson sculp.^t

*The Infant Vulcan nursed by
Thetis and Eurynome. Iliad 18. 1.486.*

Published August 1820, by Baldwin, Cradock & Joy.

THE ILIAD
OF
Homer,

translated by
William Cowper Esq.



Tho. Ranson sc.

LONDON.

Printed for Baldwin, Cradock & Joy,

1820.

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THE
ILIAD OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH BLANK VERSE,
WITH NOTES,

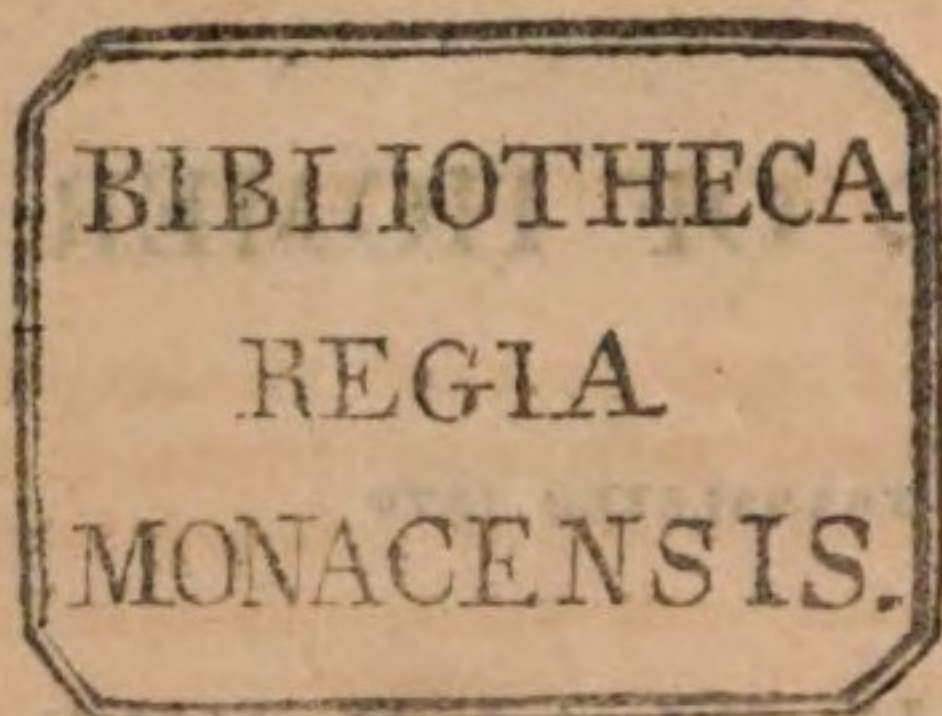
BY
WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

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P R E F A C E.

WHETHER a translation of Homer may be best executed in blank verse or in rhyme, is a question in the decision of which no man can find difficulty, who has ever duly considered what translation ought to be, or who is in any degree practically acquainted with those very different kinds of versification. I will venture to assert, that a just translation of any ancient poet in rhyme is impossible. No human ingenuity can be equal to the task of closing every couplet with sounds homotonous, expressing at the same time the full sense, and only the full sense of his original. The translator's ingenuity, indeed, in this case becomes itself a snare; and the readier he is at invention and expedient, the more likely he is to be betrayed into the widest departures from the guide, whom he professes to follow. Hence it has happened that, although the public have long been in possession of an English Homer by a poet, whose writings have done immortal honour to his country, the demand of a new one, and especially in blank verse, has been repeatedly and loudly made by some of the best judges and ablest writers of the present day.

I have no contest with my predecessor. None is supposable between performers on different instruments. Mr. Pope has surmounted all difficulties in his version of Homer, that it was possible to surmount in rhyme. But he was fettered, and his fetters were his choice. Accustomed always to rhyme, he had formed to himself an ear, which probably could not be much gratified by verse that wanted it, and determined to encounter even impossibilities, rather than abandon a mode of writing, in which he had excelled every body, for the sake of another to which, unexercised in it as he was, he must have felt strong objections.

I number myself among the warmest admirers of Mr. Pope as an original writer, and I allow him all the merit he can justly claim as the translator of this chief of poets. He has given us the *Tale of Troy divine* in smooth verse, generally in correct and elegant language, and in diction often highly poetical. But his deviations are so many, occasioned chiefly by the cause already mentioned, that, much as he has done, and valuable as his work is on some accounts, it was yet in the humble province of a translator, that I thought it possible even for me to follow him with some advantage.

That he has sometimes altogether suppressed the sense of his author, and has not seldom intermingled his own ideas with it, is a remark, which, on this occasion, nothing but necessity should have extorted from me. But we differ sometimes so widely in our matter, that unless this remark, invidious as it seems, be premised, I know not how to obviate a suspicion on the one hand, of careless oversight, or of factitious embellishment on the other. On this head, therefore, the English reader is to be admonished, that the matter found in me, whether he like it or not, is found also in Homer; and that the matter not found in me, how much soever he may admire it, is found only in Mr. Pope. I have omitted nothing; I have invented nothing.

There is indisputably a wide difference between the case of an original writer in rhyme and a translator. In an original work the author is free; if the rhyme be of difficult attainment, and he cannot find it in one direction, he is at liberty to seek it in another; the matter that will not accommodate itself to his occasions he may discard, adopting such as will. But in a translation no such option is allowable; the sense of the author is required, and we do not surrender it willingly even to the plea of necessity. Fidelity is indeed of the very essence of translation, and the term itself implies it. For which reason, if we suppress the sense of our original, and force into its place our own, we may call our work an *imitation*, if we please, or perhaps a *paraphrase*, but it is no longer

the same author only in a different dress, and therefore it is not translation. Should a painter, professing to draw the likeness of a beautiful woman, give her more or fewer features than belong to her, and a general cast of countenance of his own invention, he might be said to have produced a *jeu d'esprit*, a curiosity perhaps in its way, but by no means the lady in question.

It will however be necessary to speak a little more largely to this subject, on which discordant opinions prevail even among good judges.

The free and the close translation have, each, their advocates. But inconveniences belong to both. The former can hardly be true to the original author's style and manner, and the latter is apt to be servile. The one loses his peculiarities, and the other his spirit. Were it possible, therefore, to find an exact medium, a manner so close that it should let slip nothing of the text, nor mingle any thing extraneous with it, and at the same time so free as to have an air of originality, this seems precisely the mode in which an author might be best rendered. I can assure my readers from my own experience, that to discover this very delicate line is difficult, and to proceed by it when found, through the whole length of a poet voluminous as Homer, nearly impossible. I can only pretend to have endeavoured it.

It is an opinion commonly received, but, like many others, indebted for its prevalence to mere want of examination, that a translator should imagine to himself the style which his author would probably have used, had the language into which he is rendered been his own; a direction which wants nothing but practicability to recommend it. For suppose six persons, equally qualified for the task, employed to translate the same Ancient into their own language, with this rule to guide them. In the event it would be found, that each had fallen on a manner different from that of all the rest, and by probable inference it would follow, that none had fallen on the right. On the whole, therefore, as has been said, the translation which partakes equally of fidelity and liberality, that is close,

but not so close as to be servile, free, but not so free as to be licentious, promises fairest; and my ambition will be sufficiently gratified, if such of my readers as are able, and will take the pains to compare me in this respect with Homer, shall judge that I have in any measure attained a point so difficult.

As to energy and harmony, two grand requisites in a translation of this most energetic and most harmonious of all poets, it is neither my purpose nor my wish, should I be found deficient in either, or in both, to shelter myself under an unfilial imputation of blame to my mother-tongue. Our language is indeed less musical than the Greek, and there is no language with which I am at all acquainted that is not. But it is musical enough for the purposes of melodious verse; and if it seem to fail, on whatsoever occasion, in energy, the blame is due, not to itself, but to the unskilful manager of it. For so long as Milton's works, whether his prose or his verse, shall exist, so long there will be abundant proof, that no subject, however important, however sublime, can demand greater force of expression, than is within the compass of the English language.

I have no fear of judges familiar with the original Homer. They need not be told, that a translation of him is an arduous enterprize, and, as such, entitled to some favour. From these, therefore, I shall expect, and shall not be disappointed, considerable candour and allowance. Especially *they* will be candid, and I believe that there are many such, who have occasionally tried their own strength in this *bow of Ulysses*. They have not found it supple and pliable, and with me are perhaps ready to acknowledge, that they could not always even approach with it the mark of their ambition. But I would willingly, were it possible, obviate uncandid criticism, because to answer it is lost labour, and to receive it in silence has the appearance of stately reserve, and self-importance.

To those, therefore, who shall be inclined to tell me hereafter, that my diction is often plain and un-elevated, I reply beforehand, that I know it—that it would be absurd were it otherwise, and that Homer

himself stands in the same predicament. In fact, it is one of his numberless excellencies, and a point in which his judgment never fails him, that he is grand and lofty always in the right place, and knows infallibly how to rise and fall with his subject. *Big words on small matters* may serve as a pretty exact definition of the burlesque; an instance of which they will find in the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, but none in the Iliad.

By others I expect to be told, that my numbers, though here and there tolerably smooth, are not always such, but have, now and then, an ugly hitch in their gait, ungraceful in itself, and inconvenient to the reader. To this charge also I plead guilty, but beg leave in alleviation of judgment to add, that my limping lines are not numerous, compared with those that limp not. The truth is, that not one of them all escaped me, but, such as they are, they were all made such with a wilful intention. In poems of great length there is no blemish more to be feared than sameness of numbers, and every art is useful by which it may be avoided. A line rough in itself, has yet its recommendations; it saves the ear the pain of an irksome monotony, and seems even to add greater smoothness to others. Milton, whose ear and taste were exquisite, has exemplified in his *Paradise Lost* the effect of this practice frequently.

Having mentioned Milton, I cannot but add an observation on the similitude of his manner to that of Homer. It is such, that no person, familiar with both, can read either without being reminded of the other; and it is in those breaks and pauses, to which the numbers of the English poet are so much indebted, both for their dignity and variety, that he chiefly copies the Grecian. But these are graces to which rhyme is not competent; so broken, it loses all its music; of which any person may convince himself by reading a page only of any of our poets anterior to Denham, Waller, and Dryden. A translator of Homer, therefore, seems directed by Homer himself to the use of blank verse, as to that alone in which he can be rendered with any tolerable representation

of his manner in this particular; a remark which I am naturally led to make by a desire to conciliate, if possible, some, who, rather unreasonably partial to rhyme, demand it on all occasions, and seem persuaded that poetry in our language is a vain attempt without it. Verse, that claims to be verse in right of its metre only, they judge to be such rather by courtesy than by kind, on an apprehension that its costs the writer little trouble, that he has only to give his lines their prescribed number of syllables, and, so far as the mechanical part is concerned, all is well. Were this true, they would have reason on their side; for the author is certainly best entitled to applause, who succeeds against the greatest difficulty, and in verse that calls for the most artificial management in its construction. But the case is not as they suppose. To rhyme, in our language, demands no great exertion of ingenuity, but is always easy to a person exercised in the practice; witness the multitudes who rhyme but have no poetical pretensions. Let it be considered too, how merciful we are apt to be to unclassical and indifferent language for the sake of rhyme, and we shall soon see, that the labour lies principally on the other side. Many ornaments of no easy purchase are required, to atone for the absence of this single recommendation. It is not sufficient, that the lines of blank verse be smooth in themselves, they must also be harmonious in the combination. Whereas the chief concern of the rhymist is to beware, that his couplets and his sense be commensurate, lest the regularity of his numbers should be (too frequently at least) interrupted. A trivial difficulty this, compared with those which attend the poet unaccompanied by his bells. He, in order that he may be musical, must exhibit all the variations, as he proceeds, of which ten syllables are susceptible; between the first syllable and the last there is no place at which he must not occasionally pause, and the place of the pause must be perpetually shifted. To effect this variety, his attention must be given, at one and the same time, to the pauses he has already made in the period before him, as well as to that

which he is about to make, and to those which shall succeed it. On no lighter terms than these is it possible that blank verse can be written, which will not, in the course of a long work, fatigue the ear past all endurance. If it be easier, therefore, to throw five balls into the air and to catch them in succession, than to sport in that manner with one only, then may blank verse be more easily fabricated than rhyme. And if to these labours we add others equally requisite, a style in general more elaborate than rhyme requires, farther removed from the vernacular idiom both in the language itself and in the arrangement of it, we shall not long doubt, which of these two very different species of verse threatens the composer with most expense of study and contrivance. I feel it unpleasant to appeal to my own experience, but, having no other voucher at hand, am constrained to it. As I affirm, so I have found. I have dealt pretty largely in both kinds, and have frequently written more verses in a day, with tags, than I could ever write without them. To what has been here said (which whether it hath been said by others or not, I cannot tell, having never read any modern book on the subject) I shall only add, that to be poetical without rhyme, is an argument of a sound and classical constitution in any language.

A word or two on the subject of the following translation, and I have done.

My chief boast is, that I have adhered closely to my original, convinced that every departure from him would be punished with the forfeiture of some grace or beauty, for which I could substitute no equivalent. The epithets that would consent to an English form I have preserved as epithets; others that would not, I have melted into the context. There are none, I believe, which I have not translated in one way or other, though the reader will not find them repeated so often as most of them are in Homer, for a reason that need not be mentioned.

Few persons of any consideration are introduced either in the Iliad or Odyssey by their own name only, but their patronymic is given also. To this ceremo-

nial I have generally attended, because it is a circumstance of my author's manner.

Homer never allots less than a whole line to the introduction of a speaker; no, not even when the speech itself is no longer than the line that leads it; a practice to which, since he never departs from it, he must have been determined by some cogent reason. He probably deemed it a formality necessary to the majesty of his narration. In this article, therefore, I have scrupulously adhered to my pattern, considering these introductory lines as heralds in a procession; important persons, because employed to usher in persons more important than themselves.

It has been my point every where to be as little verbose as possible, though, at the same time, my constant determination not to sacrifice my author's full meaning to an affected brevity.

In the affair of style, I have endeavoured neither to creep nor to bluster; for no author is so likely to betray his translator into both these faults as Homer, though himself never guilty of either. I have cautiously avoided all terms of new invention, with an abundance of which, persons of more ingenuity than judgment have not enriched our language, but encumbered it. I have also every where used an unabridged fulness of phrase as most suited to the nature of the work, and, above all, have studied perspicuity, not only because verse is good for little that wants it, but because Homer is the most perspicuous of all poets.

In all difficult places I have consulted the best commentators; and where they have differed, or have given, as is often the case, a variety of solutions, I have ever exercised my best judgment, and selected that which appears, at least to myself, the most probable interpretation. On this ground, and on account of the fidelity which I have already boasted, I may venture, I believe, to recommend my work as promising some usefulness to young students of the original.

The passages which will be the least noticed, and

possibly not at all, except by those who shall wish to find me at a fault, are those which have cost me abundantly the most labour. It is difficult to kill a sheep with dignity in a modern language, to flay and to prepare it for the table, detailing every circumstance of the process. Difficult also, without sinking below the level of poetry, to harness mules to a waggon, particularizing every article of their furniture, straps, rings, staples, and even the tying of the knots that kept all together. Homer, who writes always to the eye, with all his sublimity and grandeur, has the minuteness of a Flemish painter.

But in what degree I have succeeded in my version either of these passages, and such as these, or of others more buoyant and above ground, and especially of the most sublime, is now submitted to the decision of the reader; to whom I am ready enough to confess, that I have not at all consulted their approbation, who account nothing grand, that is not turgid; or elegant, that is not bedizened with metaphor.

I purposely decline all declamation on the merits of Homer, because a translator's praises of his author are liable to a suspicion of dotage, and because it were impossible to improve on those which this author has received already. He has been the wonder of all countries that his works have ever reached, even deified by the greatest names of antiquity, and in some places actually worshipped. And to say truth, were it possible that mere man could entitle himself by pre-eminence of any kind to divine honours, Homer's astonishing powers seem to have given him the best pretensions.

I cannot conclude without due acknowledgements to the best critic in Homer I have ever met with, the learned and ingenious Mr. Fuseli. Unknown as he was to me when I entered on this arduous undertaking (indeed, to this moment I have never seen him), he yet voluntarily and generously offered himself as my revisor. To his classical taste and just discernment I have been indebted for the discovery of many blemishes in my own work, and of beauties which

would otherwise have escaped me, in the original. But his necessary avocations would not suffer him to accompany me farther than the latter books of the Iliad; a circumstance which I fear my readers, as well as myself, will regret with too much reason.

I have obligations likewise to many friends, whose names, were it proper to mention them here, would do me great honour. They have encouraged me by their approbation, have assisted me with valuable books, and have eased me of almost the whole labour of transcribing.

And now I have only to regret, that my pleasant work is ended. To the illustrious Greek I owe the smooth and easy flight of many thousand hours. He has been my companion at home and abroad, in the study, in the garden, and in the field; and no measure of success, let my labours succeed as they may, will ever compensate to me the loss of the innocent luxury that I have enjoyed, as a Translator of Homer.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK I.

Argument.

The Book opens with an account of a pestilence, that prevailed in the Grecian camp, and the cause of it is assigned. A council is called, in which fierce altercation takes place between Agamemnon and Achilles. The latter solemnly renounces the field. Agamemnon by his heralds demands Briseis, and Achilles resigns her. He makes his complaint to Thetis, who undertakes to plead his cause with Jupiter. She pleads it, and prevails. The book concludes with an account of what passed in Heaven on that occasion.

The English reader will be pleased to observe, that by Achaians, Argives, Danai, are signified Grecians. Homer himself having found these various appellatives both graceful and convenient, it seemed unreasonable, that a Translator of him should be denied the same advantage.

SING Muse the deadly wrath of Peleus' son
Achilles, source of many thousand woes
To the Achaian host, which num'rous souls
Of heroes sent to Ades premature,
And left their bodies to devouring dogs
And birds of Heav'n (so Jove his will perform'd)
From that dread hour when discord first embroil'd
Achilles and Atrides king of men.

Who of the Gods impell'd them to contend?
Latona's son and Jove's. For he, incens'd 10
Against the king, a foul contagion rais'd
In all the host, and multitudes destroy'd,
For the affront from Atreus' son receiv'd,
By his priest Chryses. To the fleet of Greece
He came with precious ransom to redeem

His captive daughter, and Apollo's wreath
And golden sceptre bearing in his hand.

His supplication was at large to all
The host of Greece, but most of all to two,
The sons of Atreus, highest in command: 20

Ye gallant chiefs, and ye their gallant host
(So may the Gods who in Olympus dwell
Give Priam's treasures to you for a spoil
And ye return in safety), take my gifts
And loose my child, in honour of the son
Of Jove, Apollo, archer of the skies.

At once the voice of all was to respect
The priest, and to accept the bounteous price;
But so it pleas'd not Atreus' mighty son,
King Agamemnon, who with harsh rebuke, 30
And with loud threat'nings stern, him thus dismiss'd:

Beware, old man! that at these hollow barks
I find thee not now ling'ring, or henceforth
Returning, lest the garland of thy God
And his bright sceptre should avail thee nought.
I will not loose thy daughter, till old age
Find her far distant from her native soil,
Beneath my roof in Argos, at her task
Of tissue work, and partner of my bed.
Move me no more. Be gone; hence while thou mayst.

He spake; the old priest trembled and obey'd. 41
Silent he roam'd the loud remurm'ring shore,
Till far retir'd the venerable man
Pray'd to his sov'reign God, Latona's son:

God of the silver bow, who with thy pow'r
Encirclest Chrysa, and who reign'st supreme
In Tenedos and Cilla the divine,
Sminthian Apollo! If I e'er adorn'd
Thy beauteous fane, or on thy altar burn'd
The fat acceptable of bulls or goats, 50
Grant my petition. With thy shafts avenge
On the Achaian host thy servant's tears.

Such pray'r he made, and it was heard. The God,
Down from Olympus with his radiant bow
And his full quiver o'er his shoulder slung,
March'd in his anger; shaken as he mov'd
His rattling arrows told of his approach.

Like night he came, and seated with the ships
In view, dispatch'd an arrow. Clang'd the cord
Dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow. 60
Mules first and dogs he struck, but aiming soon
Against the Greeks themselves his bitter shafts,
Smote them. The frequent piles blaz'd night and day.
Nine days throughout the camp his arrows flew;
The tenth, Achilles from all parts conven'd
The host in council. Jove's majestic spouse,
Mov'd at the sight of Grecians all around
Expiring, touch'd his bosom with the thought.
The full assembly, therefore, now conven'd,
Uprose Achilles ardent, and began : 70

Atrides ! I suppose, if we escape
With life, we now must wander home again,
Since war and plague unite to lay us waste.
But time is urgent;—haste we to consult
Priest, prophet, or interpreter of dreams
(For dreams are also of Jove), that we may learn
What crime of ours Apollo thus resents,
What broken vow, what hecatomb unpaid
He charges on us, and if sooth'd with steam
Of lambs or goats unblemish'd, he may yet 80
Be won to spare us, and avert the plague.

He spake and sat, when Thestor's son arose,
Calchas, an augur foremost in his art.
He all things, present, past, and future knew;
And him his skill in prophecy, a gift
Conferr'd by Phœbus on him, had advanc'd
To the conductor of the fleet to Troy;
And thus, intelligent, the sage began :

Noble Achilles ! Wouldst thou learn from me
What cause hath mov'd Apollo to this wrath, 90
The shaft-arm'd king ? I shall divulge the cause.
But not till thou shalt cov'nant first and swear,
That both in argument and by the sword
Thou wilt protect me; for I judge amiss,
Or the most pow'rful man of all the host,
Whose will no Greek disputes, shall be incens'd,
And wo to him who shall incense a king !
For though he smother his revenge to day,

He still retains it, and at last performs.
Speak, therefore, wilt thou interpose and save me? 100
To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift:
What thou hast learn'd in secret from the God,
Speak boldly. No—by Jove's beloved son,
By that Apollo whom thou seek'st in pray'r,
And in whose name thou prophesiest none,
While I shall breathe and see the light of day,
Shall lay the hands of violence on thee
In all this camp. Not even shouldst thou name
King Agamemnon, sov'reign of us all.

Then was the seer embolden'd, and he spake: 110
No vow, the god, no hecatomb unpaid,
But the dishonour of his priest, resents,
Whom Agamemnon menac'd, and refus'd
His daughter's freedom at the richest price.
He is the cause. Nor will Apollo grant
End or abatement of this heavy wo,
'Till ye restore her to her father's arms
Gratuitously freed, and send beside
A hecatomb to Chrysa. This perform'd,
There yet is hope the God may be appeas'd. 120

He spake and sat; when Atreus' son arose,
The hero Agamemnon, thron'd, supreme.
Tempests of black resentment overcharg'd
His heart, and indignation fir'd his eyes.
Reproaching Calchas first, he thus began:

Prophet of evil—ever such to me!
Ill tidings always are thy soul's delight,
And never came good word of thine to pass—
And now, the Greeks are to be taught that I,
I mov'd Apollo's wrath, and caus'd the plague, 130
Choosing much rather than her father's gifts
To bear Chryseis home, whom I prefer
To Clytemnestra's self, my first-espous'd,
With whom, in disposition, feature, form,
Accomplishments, she may be well compar'd.
Yet, being such, I will return her hence,
If that she go be best. Perish myself—
But let the people of my charge be sav'd!
Prepare ye, therefore, a reward for me,

And seek it instant. It were much unmeet 140
That I alone of all the Argive host
Should want due recompense, whose former prize
Is elsewhere destin'd, as ye all perceive.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race:
Atrides, glorious above all in rank,
And as intent on gain as thou art great,
Whence shall the army gratify thee now?
The general stock is poor; the spoil of towns,
Which we have taken, hath already pass'd
In distribution, and it were unjust, 150
To gather it from all the Greeks again.

But send thou back this virgin to her god,
And when Jove's favour shall have giv'n us Troy,
A threefold, fourfold share shall then be thine.

To whom the sov'reign of the host replied:
Godlike Achilles, valiant as thou art,
Wouldst thou be subtle too? But me no fraud
Shall overreach, or art persuade, of thine.
Wouldst thou, that thou be recompens'd and I
Sit meekly down defrauded of my due? 160

And didst thou bid me yield her? Let the Greeks
Requite me, then, with competent amends,
Such as may please me, and it shall be well.
Else, if they give me none, I will command
Thy prize, the prize of Ajax, or the prize
It may be of Ulysses, to my tent,
And let the loser chafe. But this concern
Shall be adjusted at convenient time.

Come—Launch we now into the sacred deep
A bark well mann'd, prepar'd to carry hence 170
The beautiful Chryseïs, and with her
The sacrifice requir'd. Go also one
High in authority, some counsellor,
Idomeneus, or Ajax, or thyself,
Thou most untractable of all mankind,
And seek by rites of sacrifice and pray'r
To sooth Apollo on our host's behalf.

Achilles ey'd him with a frown, and spake:
Ah! cloth'd with impudence as with a cloak,
And full of subtlety, who, thinkest thou— 180
What Grecian here will serve thee, or for thee

Wage covert war, or open? Me, thou know'st,
 Troy never wrong'd; I came not to avenge
 Harm done to me; no Trojan ever drove
 My pastures, steeds or oxen took of mine,
 Or plunder'd of their fruits the golden fields
 Of Phthia the deep-soil'd. She lies remote,
 And obstacles are num'rous interpos'd,
 Vale-dark'ning mountains, and the dashing sea. 189
 No—Shameless Wolf! For thy good pleasure sake
 We came, and, Face of Flint! t'avenge the wrongs
 By Menelaus and thyself sustain'd,
 On the offending Trojan—service kind,
 But lost on thee, regardless of it all.

And now—What now? Thy threat'ning is to seize,
 Thyself, the just requital of my toils,
 My prize hard-earn'd, by common suffrage mine.
 I never gain, what Trojan town soe'er
 We ransack, half thy booty. Rapid march
 And furious onset—these I largely share, 200
 And thou, division made, the richest spoil;
 For I, contented easily, bear home
 To my own fleet the little that I win
 After long battle, and account it much.
 But I am gone, I and my sable barks
 (My wiser course) to Phthia, and I judge,
 Scorn'd as I am, that thou shalt hardly glean
 Without me, more than thou shalt soon consume.

He ceas'd, and Agamemnon thus replied:
 Fly, and fly now; if in thy soul thou feel 210
 Such ardour of desire to go—begone!
 I woo thee not to stay; stay not an hour
 On my behalf, for I have others here,
 Who will respect me more, and above all
 All-judging Jove. There is not in the host
 King or commander whom I hate as thee,
 For in dissension ever and in blood
 Is thy delight; yet valour is no ground
 Whereon to boast, it is the gift of Heav'n.
 Go, get ye back to Phthia, thou and thine! 220
 There rule thy Myrmidons. I need not thee
 Nor heed thy wrath a jot. But this I say,
 Sure as Apollo takes my lovely prize

Chryseis, and I shall return her home
 In mine own bark, and with my proper crew,
 So sure the fair Briseis shall be mine.
 I will demand her even at thy tent.
 So shalt thou well be taught, how high in pow'r
 I soar above thy pitch, and none shall dare
 Attempt, thenceforth, comparison with me. 250

He ended, and Achilles' bosom swell'd
 With indignation; racking doubt ensu'd
 And sore perplex'd him, whether forcing wide
 A passage through them, with his blade unsheath'd
 To lay Atrides breathless at his foot,
 Or to command his stormy spirit down.
 So doubted he, and undecided yet
 Stood drawing forth his falchion huge; when lo!
 Down sent by Juno, to whom both alike
 Were dear, and who alike watch'd over both, 240
 Pallas descended. At his back she stood,
 To none apparent, save himself alone,
 And seiz'd his golden locks. Startled, he turn'd,
 And instant knew Minerva. Flash'd her eyes
 Terrific, whom in haste he thus bespake:

Daughter of Jove, why com'st thou? that thyself
 Mayst witness these affronts which I endure
 From Agamemnon? Surely as I speak,
 This moment, for his arrogance, he dies.

To whom the blue-ey'd Deity: From Heav'n 250
 Mine errand is, to sooth, if thou wilt hear,
 Thine anger. Beauteous Juno, friend alike
 To thee and to Atrides, bade me down:
 Restrain thy wrath. Draw not thy falchion forth.
 Retort, and sharply, and let that suffice.
 For I foretel thee true. Thou shalt receive,
 Some future day, thrice told, thy present loss,
 For this day's wrong. Cease, therefore, and be still.

To whom Achilles: Goddess, though provok'd
 In the extreme, I dare not disregard 260
 Thy word, which to obey is always best.
 Who hears the Gods, the Gods hear also him.

He said; and on his silver hilt the force
 Of his broad hand impressing, sent the blade
 Home to its rest, nor would the counsel scorn

Of Pallas. She to Heav'n well-pleas'd return'd,
 And in the mansion of Jove Ægis-arm'd,
 Arriving, mingled with her kindred Gods.
 But though from violence, yet not from words
 Abstain'd Achilles, but with bitter taunt 270
 Opprobrious, his antagonist reproach'd:

O charg'd with wine, in steadfastness of face,
 Dog unabash'd, and yet at heart a deer!
 Thou never, when the troops have taken arms,
 Hast dar'd to take thine also; never thou
 Associate with Achaia's chiefs, to form
 The secret ambush. No: The sound of war
 Is as the voice of destiny to thee.
 Doubtless the course is safer far, to range
 Our num'rous host, and if a man have dar'd 280
 Dispute thy will, to rob him of his prize.
 Tyrant! the Greeks are women, else themselves
 Would make this contumelious wrong thy last.
 But hearken: I shall swear a solemn oath.
 By this same sceptre, which shall never bud,
 Nor boughs bring forth as once, which having left
 Its parent on the mountain-top, what time
 The woodman's axe lopp'd off its foliage green,
 And stripp'd its bark, shall never grow again;
 Which now the judges of Achaia bear, 290
 Who, under Jove, stand guardians of the laws,
 By this I swear (mark thou the sacred oath)
 Time shall be, when Achilles shall be miss'd;
 When all shall want him, and thyself the pow'r
 To help the Achaians, whatsoe'er thy will;
 When Hector at your heels shall mow you down,
 The hero slaught'ring Hector! Then thy soul,
 Vexation-stung, shall tear thee with remorse,
 That thou hast scorn'd, as he were nothing worth,
 A chief, the soul and bulwark of your cause. 300

So saying, he cast his sceptre on the ground
 Studded with gold, and sat. On th' other side
 The son of Atreus all impassion'd stood;
 When the harmonious orator arose,
 Nestor, the Pylian oracle, whose lips
 Dropp'd eloquence—the honey not so sweet.
 Two generations past of mortals born

In Pylus, coëtaneous with himself,
He govern'd now the third—amid them all
He stood, and thus, benevolent, began : 310

Ye Gods ! great sorrow falls on Greece to day.
Priam, and Priam's sons, with all in Troy—
Oh how will they exult, what triumph feel.
Once hearing of this strife aris'n between
The prime of Greece in council and in arms.
But be persuaded ; ye are younger both
Than I, and I was conversant of old
With princes your superiors, yet from them
No disrespect at any time receiv'd.
Their equals saw I never ; never shall ; 320
Pirithous, Dryas, godlike Polypheme,
Exadius, Cæneus, and the hero son
Of Ægeus, mighty Theseus ; warriors, all,
In force superior to the race of man.
Brave chiefs they were, and with brave foes they fought,
With the rude dwellers on the mountain-heights,
The Centaurs, whom, with havock such as fame
Shall never cease to celebrate, they slew.
With these men I consorted erst, what time
From Pylus, though a land from theirs remote, 330
They call'd me forth, and such as was my strength,
With all that strength I serv'd them. Who is he ;
What prince or chief of the degen'rate race
Now seen on Earth, who might with these compare ?
Yet even these would listen to my voice,
Which hear ye also ; for compliance proves
Ofttimes the safer and the manlier course.
Thou Agamemnon ! valiant as thou art,
Seize not the maid, his portion from the Greeks,
But leave her his ; nor thou, Achilles, strive 340
With our imperial chief ; for never king
Had equal honour at the hands of Jove
With Agamemnon, or was thron'd so high.
Say thou art stronger, and art Goddess-born,
How then ? His territory passes thine,
And he is lord of thousands more than thou.
Cease, therefore, Agamemnon ; calm thy wrath ;
And it shall be mine office to entreat

Achilles also to a calm, whose might
The chief munition is of all our host. 350

To whom the sov'reign of the Greeks replied,
The son of Atreus: Thou hast spoken well,
Old chief, and wisely. But this wrangler here—
Nought will suffice him but the highest place;
He must control us all, reign over all,
Dictate to all; but he must win us first.
If the eternal Gods have made him brave,
Derives he thence a privilege to rail?

Whom thus Achilles interrupted fierce:
When I become thy tool, and cease to move 360
But at thy sov'reign will, may I be call'd
A dastard, and a fellow of no worth.
Give law to others. Think not to control
Me, subject to thy proud commands no more.
Hear yet again! and weigh what thou shalt hear:
I will not strive with thee in such a cause,
Nor yet with any man; I scorn to fight
For her, whom, having giv'n, ye take away.
But I have other precious things on board;
Of those take none away without my leave. 370
Or if it please thee, put me to the proof
Before this whole assembly, and my spear
Shall stream that moment, purpled with thy blood.

Thus they long time in opposition fierce
Maintain'd the war of words; and now, at length
(The grand consult dissolv'd), Achilles walk'd
(Patroclus and the Myrmidons his steps
Attending) to his camp and to his fleet.
But Agamemnon order'd forth a bark,
A swift one, mann'd with twice ten lusty rowers;
He sent on board the hecatomb; he plac'd 381
Chryseïs with the blooming cheeks, himself,
And to Ulysses gave the freight in charge.
So all embark'd and plough'd their wat'ry way.
Atrides, next, bade purify the host;
The host was purified, as he enjoin'd,
And the ablution cast into the sea.

Then slew they to Apollo, on the shore
Of the untillable and barren deep,

Whole hecatombs of bulls and goats, whose steam 390
Slowly in smoky volumes climb'd the skies.

Thus was the camp employ'd; nor ceas'd the while
The son of Atreus from his threats denounce'd
At first against Achilles, but command
Gave to Talthybius and Eurybates,
His heralds, ever faithful to his will:

Haste—seek ye both the tent of Peleus' son
Achilles. Thence lead hither by the hand
Blooming Briseïs, whom if he withhold,
Attended by an armed force, myself 400
Will come and seize her—He shall rue the hour.

Thus harshly charg'd he sent them, and they went.
With tardy steps unwillingly they pac'd
The ocean's border to the barks and tents,
Where lodg'd the Myrmidons. Him there they found
Beneath the shadow of his bark reclin'd,
Nor glad at their approach. Trembling they stood
In presence of the royal chief, awe-struck,
Nor question'd him or spake. He not the less
Knew well their embassy, and thus began: 410

Ye heralds, messengers of Gods and men,
Hail, and draw near! I bid you welcome both.
I blame not you; the fault is his alone
Who sends you to conduct Briseïs hence.
Go then Patroclus, haste my gen'rous friend!
Lead forth, and to their hands consign the maid.
But be themselves my witnesses before
The blessed Gods, before mankind, before
The ruthless king, should want of me be felt,
To save the host from havock—Oh! his thoughts
Are madness all; intelligence or skill, 421
Forecast or retrospect, how best the camp
May be secur'd from inroad, none hath he.

He ended, nor Patroclus disobey'd,
But led forth fair Briseïs; at his hand
Those two receiv'd her, and, departing, sought
The tent of Agamemnon. Loath she went
From whom she lov'd, and looking oft behind.
Then wept Achilles, and apart from all,
With eyes directed to the gloomy deep 430
And arms outstretch'd, his mother suppliant sought:

Short-liv'd I must be, and yet being thine,
O parent Goddess! may with cause expect
Some honour from Olympian Jove supreme;
But Jove despises me, for I am robb'd
By Agamemnon of my just reward.

So pray'd he weeping, whom his mother heard
Within the gulfs of ocean, where she sat
Beside her ancient sire. From the grey flood
Ascending sudden, like a mist, she came, 440
Sat down before him, strok'd his face, and said:
Why weeps my son? and what is thy distress?
Hide not a sorrow that I wish to share.

To whom Achilles, sighing deep, replied:
Thou knowest—why should I at large unfold
To thee, inform'd already, my complaint?
At Thebes, Eëtion's city, we arriv'd,
Smote, sack'd it, and brought all the spoil away.
Just distribution made among the Greeks,
The son of Atreus for his lot receiv'd 450
Blooming Chryseïs. Her Apollo's priest,
Old Chryses, follow'd to Achaia's camp,
That he might loose his daughter. Ransom rich
He brought, and in his hands the hallow'd wreath
And golden sceptre of the archer God,
Apollo, bore; to the whole Grecian host,
But chiefly to the foremost in command,
He sued, the sons of Atreus; then, the rest
All recommended rev'rence of the seer,
And prompt acceptance of his costly gifts. 460
But Agamemnon might not so be pleas'd,
Who gave him rude dismissal; he, in wrath
Returning, pray'd, whose pray'r Apollo heard,
For much he lov'd him. A pestif'rous shaft
He instant shot into the Grecian host,
And heap'd the people died. His arrows swept
The whole wide camp of Greece, till at the last
A seer, by Phœbus taught, explain'd the cause.
I first advis'd propitiation. Rage
Fir'd Agamemnon. Rising, he denounc'd 470
Vengeance, and hath fulfill'd it. She, in truth,
Is gone to Chrysa, and with her we send
Propitiation also to the king,

Shaft-arm'd Apollo. But my beauteous prize
Briseïs, mine by the award of all,
His heralds, at this moment, lead away.
But, if thou canst, assist me—I am thine.
Haste hence to Heav'n, and if thy word or deed
Hath ever gratified the heart of Jove,
Press him with earnest suit on my behalf. 480
For I, not seldom, in my father's hall
Have heard thee boasting, how when once the Gods,
With Juno, Neptune, Pallas at their head,
Conspir'd to bind the Thund'rer, thou didst loose
His bands, O goddess! calling to his aid
The hundred-handed warrior, by the gods
Briareus, but by men Ægeon nam'd.
For he in prowess and in might surpass'd
His father Neptune, who, enthron'd sublime,
Sits second only to Saturnian Jove 490
In joy and glory. Fearing him, the Gods
From that presumptuous enterprise abstain'd.
Now, therefore, of these things reminding Jove,
Embrace his knees; entreat him that he give
The host of Troy his succour, and shut fast
The routed Grecians, pris'ners in the fleet,
That all may find much solace in their king,
And that the mighty sov'reign o'er them all,
Their Agamemnon, may himself be taught
His rashness, who hath dar'd dishonour thus 500
The life itself, and bulwark of his cause.

To whom the Goddess, weeping while she spake:
My son! ah wherefore have I brought thee forth,
Why rear'd thee, doom'd to sorrow as thou wast?
I wish thee safe, and wish thee many years,
But vainly—for thy lot is hasty death,
And sorrow while thou liv'st. Fate, therefore, frown'd
With darkest aspect on thy natal hour.
But seeking the Olympian hill snow-crown'd,
I will myself plead for thee in the ear 510
Of Jove, the Thund'rer. Meantime at thy fleet
Abiding, let thy wrath against the Greeks
Still burn, and altogether cease from war.
For to the banks of the Oceanus,
Where Æthiopia holds a feast of Jove,

He journey'd yesterday, with whom the gods
 Went also, and the twelfth day brings them home.
 Then will I to his brazen-floor'd abode,
 That I may clasp his knees, and much misdeem
 Of my endeavour, or my pray'r shall speed. 520

So saying she left him, but with anger fir'd
 For fair Briseïs forc'd from his embrace
 By stress of pow'r. Meantime Ulysses came
 To Chrysa with the hecatomb in charge.
 Arriv'd within the haven deep, their sails
 Furling, they stow'd them in the bark below.
 Then by its tackle lowering the mast
 Into its crutch, they briskly push'd to land,
 Heav'd anchors out, and moor'd the vessel fast.
 Forth came the mariners, and trod the beach ; 530
 Forth came the victims of Apollo next,
 And, last, Chryseïs. Her Ulysses led
 Toward the altar, gave her to the arms
 Of her own father, and him thus address'd :

O Chryses ! Agamemnon, king of men,
 Hath sent me forth in haste, to render back
 Thy daughter to thee, and with her we bring
 A hecatomb on all our host's behalf
 To Phœbus, hoping to appease the God,
 By whose dread shafts the Argives now expire. 540

He spake, and gave her to him, who with joy
 Receiv'd his daughter. 'Then, before the shrine
 Magnificent in order due they rang'd
 The noble hecatomb. Each lav'd his hands
 And took the salted meal, and Chryses made
 His fervent pray'r with hands uprais'd on high :

God of the silver bow, who with thy pow'r
 Encirclest Chrysa, and who reign'st supreme
 In Tenedos, and Cilla the divine !
 My pray'r prevail'd then—the afflicted Greeks 550
 Have felt thy pow'r, and thou hast honour'd *me*.
 O hear me once again—now heal the host,
 Delay not—drive the noisome pest away.

So spake the suppliant Chryses, and was heard.
 Then pray'd the Grecians also, and with meal
 Sprinkling the victims, their retracted necks
 First pierc'd, then flay'd them ; the disjointed thighs

They, next, invested with the double cawl,
Which with crude slices thin they overspread.
The priest burn'd incense, and libation pour'd 560
Large on the hissing brands, while, him beside,
Busy with spit and prong, stood many a youth
Train'd to the task. The thighs with fire consum'd,
They gave to each his portion of the maw,
Then slash'd the remnant, pierc'd it with the spits,
And managing with culinary skill
The roast, withdrew it from the spits again.
Their whole task thus accomplish'd, and the board
Set forth, they feasted, and were all suffic'd.
When neither hunger more nor thirst remain'd 570
Unsatisfied, boys crown'd the beakers high
With wine delicious, and from right to left
Distributing the cups, serv'd ev'ry guest.
Thenceforth the youths of the Achaian race
To song propitiatory gave the day,
Chaunting to Phœbus, archer of the skies,
Melodious pœans. Pleas'd, Apollo heard.
But when, the sun descending, darkness fell,
They on the beach beside their hawsers slept;
And when the day-spring's daughter, rosy-palm'd 580
Aurora, look'd abroad, then back they steer'd
To the vast camp. Fair wind, and blowing fresh,
Apollo sent them; quick they rear'd the mast,
Then spread th' unsullied canvas to the gale,
And the wind fill'd it. Roar'd the sable flood
Around the bark, that ever as she went
Dash'd wide the brine, and scudded swift away.
Thus reaching soon the spacious camp of Greece,
Their galley they updrew sheer o'er the sands 589
From the rude surge remote, then propp'd their sides
With scantlings long, and sought their sev'ral tents.

But swift Achilles, Peleus' noble son,
Beside his gallant bark or in his tent
Pin'd all the day, nor would in council seek
Distinction, or appear in battle more,
Though his heart panted for the glorious field.
But when the twelfth fair morrow streak'd the east,
Then all the everlasting Gods to Heav'n
Resorted, with the Thund'rer at their head,

ILIAD I.

And Thetis, not unmindful of her son, 600
 From the salt flood emerging, sought betimes
 Olympus, and the boundless fields of Heav'n.
 High on the topmost eminence sublime
 Of the deep-fork'd Olympian she perceiv'd
 The Thund'rer seated, from the gods apart.
 She sat before him, to his knees applied
 Her left hand, plac'd her right beneath his chin,
 And thus the king, Saturnian Jove, implor'd:

Father of all, by all that I have done
 Or said that ever pleas'd thee, grant my suit. 610
 I ask some honour on the waning days
 Of my unhappy son, doom'd soon to die;
 For he endures dishonour now, depriv'd
 By Agamemnon of his just reward.
 But oh! consent not thou to his disgrace,
 Olympian Jove! but honour him, and grant
 Troy's host to prosper, till Achaia's host
 With tenfold honours heal his present harm.

She spake; to whom the Thund'rer nought re-
 plied,
 But silent sat long time. She, as her hand 620
 Had grown there, still importunate, his knees
 Clasp'd as at first, and thus her suit renew'd:

Or grant my pray'r, and ratify the grant,
 Or send me hence (for thou hast none to fear)
 Plainly refus'd; that I may know and feel
 By how much I am least of all in Heav'n.

To whom, o'erwhelm'd with sadness, at the last,
 Thus Jove replied: Hard task and full of strife
 Thou hast enjoin'd me; Juno will not spare
 For gibe and taunt injurious, whose complaint 630
 Sounds daily in the ears of all the Gods,
 That I assist the Trojans; but depart,
 Lest she observe thee; my concern shall be,
 How best I may perform thy full desire.
 And to assure thee more, I give the sign
 Indubitable, which all fear expels
 At once from heav'nly minds. Nought, so confirm'd,
 May after be revers'd, or render'd vain.

He ceas'd; and under his dark brows the nod
 Vouchsaf'd of confirmation. All around 640

The sov'reign's everlasting head his curls
Ambrosial shook, and the huge mountain reel'd.

Their conf'rence clos'd, they went; she down at once
With headlong plunge into the briny deep,
And to his own ethereal mansion Jove.

His dread approach perceiv'd, uprose the Gods,
And all at once, to meet the Sire of all.

He reach'd his throne and sat.—Nor had he held
That conf'rence with the daughter of the deep
By Juno unobserv'd, who all in haste, 650
As touch'd with deep resentment, thus began:

Oh close and politic! what Goddess shares
Thy counsels now? That favour free to all
Is still refus'd to me, unworthy deem'd,
Think what thou mayst, to know one thought of thine.

To whom the sire of Gods and men replied:
Juno, despair to be inform'd of all
My plans and views: Jove's consort as thou art,
Thou couldst not learn them. What thou canst, thou
shalt,

And none in Heav'n or Earth with less restraint. 660
But leave that hidden which I choose to hide,
Nor search nor ask what none in Heav'n shall know.

Then thus, with eyes full-orb'd, the spouse of Jove:
Dread son of Saturn! why these words to me?
Far less asperity might serve to chide
My first inquiry; for I ever left,
Till now, thy secret counsel to its course.
But fear now prompts me—Thou hast been beguil'd
By Thetis, daughter of the hoary Deep,
Who was an early suitress at thy knees. 670

Ah! thou hast giv'n her the assuring sign,
And Grecians are to perish at the ships
By thousands, for the glory of her son.

To whom, incens'd, the sov'reign lord of air:
Ah subtle! ever teeming with surmise,
And fathomer of my conceal'd designs,
Thy toil is vain, or (which is worse for thee)
Shall but estrange thee from mine heart the more.
And be it as thou sayst—I am well pleas'd,
That so it should be. Be advis'd, desist, 680
Hold thou thy peace. Else, if these dreadful hands

Approach thee once to seize thee, not the force
Of all the Gods shall give a check to me.

He said;—whom Juno, awful goddess, heard
Appall'd, and mute submitted to his will.
But through the courts of Jove the heav'nly pow'rs
All felt displeasure; when to them arose
Vulcan, illustrious artist, who with speech
Conciliatory interpos'd to sooth
His beauteous mother Juno, and began;— 690

What end can be expected but the worst
Of this loud brawling for the sake of man,
This din among the Gods? Farewell the feast
With all its joys, if spleen must thus prevail.
But let me warn, already not unwarn'd,
My mother to assume her sweetest smiles
To sooth my father, lest he chide again,
And the whole banquet suffer in the storm.
For if he pleas'd, the Thund'rer could unthrone
All here, and, in a moment, dash us down 700
From Heav'n to Earth—So sov'reign is his pow'r.
Then seek to sooth him; for his kindness, once
Secur'd to thee, will soon be felt by all.

He ended; and, upstarting, plac'd a cup
Full-charg'd between his mother's hands, and said:

Be meek, be patient, rule thy troubled heart;
Lest, though I love thee and would gladly aid,
I see thy punishment, and want the pow'r.
Who can resist the Thund'rer? Me, when once
I flew to save thee, by the foot he seiz'd 710
And hurl'd me through the portal of the skies.
“From morn to eve I fell,” and dropp'd, at last,
Half-dead in Lemnos, where with timely speed
The native Sintians flock'd to my relief.

So he; then Juno, beauteous Goddess, smil'd,
And smiling still, from his unwonted hand
Receiv'd the goblet. He from right to left
Rich nectar from the beaker drawn, alert
Distributed to all the pow'rs divine.
Heav'n rang with laughter not to be suppress'd 720
At sight of Vulcan in his new employ.

So spent they in festivity the day,
And all were cheer'd; nor was Apollo's harp

Silent, nor did the Muses spare to add
Responsive melody of vocal sweets.
But when the sun's bright orb had now declin'd,
Each to his mansion, wheresoever built
By the lame matchless architect, withdrew.
Jove also, kindler of the lightnings, climb'd
The couch whereon his custom was to rest 750
When gentle sleep approach'd him, and rep
With his imperial consort at his side.

BOOK II.

Argument.

Jupiter, in pursuance of his purpose to distress the Grecians in answer to the prayer of Thetis, deceives Agamemnon by a dream. He, in consequence of it, calls a council, the result of which is, that the army should go forth to battle. Thersites is mutinous, and is chastized by Ulysses. Ulysses, Nestor, and Agamemnon, harangue the people; and preparation is made for battle. An exact account follows of the forces on both sides.

SWEET sleep all night both Gods and warrior chiefs,
But not the Thund'rer, held. He, waking soon,
Mus'd how to slay the Grecians at the ships
With dreadful havoc, for Achilles' sake.

At length this counsel pleas'd him as the best
And likeliest; to dispatch an evil dream
To Agamemnon's tent, and to his side
The phantom summoning, he thus began:

Haste, evil dream! seek swift the Grecian fleet,
And, ent'ring royal Agamemnon's tent, 10
His ear possess thou thus, omitting nought
Of all that I enjoin thee. Bid him arm
His universal host, for that the time
When the Achaians shall at length possess
Wide Ilium, hath arriv'd. The Gods above
No longer dwell at variance. The request
Of Juno hath prevail'd; now, wo to Troy!

So charg'd, the dream departed. Swift he sought
Achaia's camp and Agamemnon there. 20
Him lying in his tent he found, immers'd
In dewy sleep ambrosial. At his head
The shadow stood, similitude exact
Of Nestor, son of Neleus; sage, with whom
In Agamemnon's thought might none compare.
His form assum'd, the awful dream began:

O son of Atreus, the renown'd in arms,
 Giv'st *thou* the night to sleep? It ill beseems
 To sleep all night the man of high employ,
 And charg'd as thou art, with a people's care.
 Now, therefore, mark me well; from Jove I come,
 Who much compassionates and thinks on thee, 31
 Although so far remote. He bids thee arm
 Thine universal host, for that the time,
 When the Achaians shall at length possess
 Wide Ilium, hath arriv'd. The Gods above
 No longer dwell at variance. The requests
 Of Juno have prevail'd. Now, wo to Troy
 From Jove himself! Her fate is on the wing.
 Awaking from thy dewy slumbers, hold
 In firm remembrance all that thou hast heard. 40

So spake the dream, and went; him leaving lost
 In hopes and musings not to be fulfill'd.
 Full sure he thought Troy's fatal hour arriv'd.
 Vain thought! He knew not the designs of Jove;
 That both to Greeks and Trojans he ordain'd
 Hard conflict yet, and agonies and groans.
 Starting he woke, and seeming still to hear
 The warning voice divine, with hasty leap
 Sprang from his bed, and sat. His fleecy vest
 New-woven, elegant, he first put on, 50
 And his broad mantle—brac'd his sandals, next,
 To his unsullied feet, and slung his sword
 With argent studs adorn'd; assuming, last,
 The sceptre of his sires from age to age,
 Time-proof, and unobnoxious to decay,
 He issu'd forth into the camp of Greece.

Soon as Aurora climb'd Olympus' top
 With notice to the Gods of rising day,
 He charg'd his clear-voic'd heralds to convene
 The Greeks in council. Those obey'd the charge,
 And these in haste assembled at the call. 61
 At Pylian Nestor's ship he gather'd, first,
 The senatorial chiefs, to whom his dream
 And his intended course he thus reveal'd:
 My fellow-warriors hear! A dream from heav'n,
 Amid the stillness of the vacant night
 Approach'd me, semblance close in stature, bulk,

And air of noble Nestor. At mine head
The shadow took his stand, and thus he spake:

O son of Atreus the renown'd in arms, 70
Giv'st *thou* the night to sleep? It ill beseems
To sleep all night the man of high employ,
And charg'd, as thou art, with a people's care.
Now, therefore, mark me well; from Jove I come,
Who much compassionates and thinks on thee,
Although so far remote. He bids thee arm
Thine universal host; for that the time,
When the Achaians shall at length possess
Wide Ilium, hath arriv'd. The Gods above 80
No longer dwell at variance. The requests
Of Juno have prevail'd. Now, wo to Troy
From Jove himself! Her fate is on the wing.
Charge this on thy remembrance. Thus he spake,
Then vanish'd suddenly, and I awoke.
Haste, therefore, let us arm, if arm we may,
The warlike sons of Greece; but first, myself
Will prove them, recommending instant flight
With all our ships, and ye throughout the host
Dispers'd, shall, next, encourage all to stay.

He ceas'd, and sat—and Nestor next arose, 90
The king of sandy Pylus, to address
The list'ning princes, and he thus began:

Friends, counsellors, and leaders of the Greeks!
This dream from other lips we would account
A falsehood, and renounce it as a snare;
But since he tells it who commands us all,
Haste, arm we, if we may, the sons of Greece.

He ceas'd; and ere his steps could bear him forth,
The sceptred chiefs, obedient to the sage,
All rose; meantime the people throng'd around. 100
As from the hollow rock bees stream abroad,
And in succession endless seek the fields,
Now clust'ring, and now scatter'd far and near,
In spring-time, among all the new-blown flow'rs,
So they, a various throng, from camp and fleet
O'er the green level mov'd in just array,
And tribe by tribe, to council. In the midst
Rumour, Jove's messenger, with ardent haste
Inspir'd, and urg'd them to the spot. They met.

Tumultuous was the concourse. Groan'd the earth
When down they sat, and loud was ev'ry tongue. 111
Nine heralds, then, with voices trumpet-ton'd
Enjoin'd them silence, that the royal chiefs
Might speak to them; and scarcely, at the last,
Were they all settled, and the din was hush'd,
When Agamemnon, sov'reign of the host,
Sceptre in hand, arose. (The labour'd work
Of Vulcan's art that sceptre was of old;
He gave it to the king, Saturnian Jove;
Jove to swift Hermes, messenger of Heav'n, 120
And he to Pelops; Pelops, in his turn,
To royal Atreus; Atreus at his death
Bequeath'd it to Thyestes rich in flocks,
And rich Thyestes left it to be borne
By Agamemnon, symbol of his right
To empire over Argos and her isles).
On that he lean'd, and rapid thus began:

Friends, Grecian heroes, ministers of Mars!
Hard is my lot, entangled as I am
By unpropitious Jove. He promis'd once, 130
And with a sign, that Troy should be our own;
But now (that promise void), he sends me back
To Greece, asham'd, and with diminish'd pow'rs.
So stands his sov'reign pleasure, who hath laid
Many a proud citadel in dust, and more
Hereafter shall, resistless in his might.
That such a num'rous host of Greeks as we,
Warring with fewer than ourselves, should find
No fruit of all our toil (and none appears),
Will make us vile with ages yet to come. 140
For should we now swear truce, till Greece and Troy
Might number each her own, and were the Greeks
Distributed in bands, ten Greeks in each,
Our banded decades should exceed so far
Their units, that all Troy could not supply
For ev'ry ten a man, to fill us wine;
So far the Grecians, in my thought, surpass
The native Trojans. But her walls include
Still others—men from various cities call'd,
Who much impede me, and defeat my wish 150
To desolate her streets with sword and fire.

Nine years have also pass'd, nine years complete;
Our ships are rotted, and our tackle marr'd,
And all our wives and little ones at home
Sit watching our return; meantime, the work
That brought us, is a work still unperform'd.
Accept ye then my counsel. Let us hence—
Hence to our country—since in vain we wait
The fall of Troy, not yet to be subdu'd.

So spake the sov'reign; whom, except the few 160
Already warn'd of his intent, all heard
With minds in tumult toss'd. Commotion shook
The whole assembly, such as heaves the flood
Of the Icarian deep, when south and east
Burst forth together from the clouds of Jove:
And as the rapid west descending shakes
Corn at full growth, and bends the loaded ears,
So was the council shaken. With a shout
All sprang towards the ships; up flew the dust
And overhung them; deaf'ning were the cries, 170
To clear the grooves and slide the barks to sea;
Down went the galley-props, and up to Heav'n
Their echoing transports at the thought of home.
Then baffled, fate had seen the Greeks return;
But Juno, timely, thus to Pallas spake:

Unconquer'd daughter of imperial Jove!
Alas! what see we? Shall Achaia's sons,
Borne o'er the billowy flood, regain at last
Their native shores by flight? And shall they leave,
To be the vaunt of Ilium and her king, 180
The Argive Helen, in whose fatal cause
So many thousand Greeks have perish'd there?
Haste then—descend among them—and by force
Of soft persuasion win them to repent
Of such mad purpose, ere the fleet be launch'd.

She spake; nor did Minerva not comply,
But darting swift from the Olympian heights,
Soon found, in wisdom like another Jove,
Ulysses. Fix'd he stood, and stood remote
From all his fleet, for anguish wrung his heart. 190
Approaching him, the Goddess thus began:

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Whence all this headlong hurry to the fleet?

Alas ! what mean ye ? Shall Achaia's sons,
 Borne o'er the billowy flood, regain, at last,
 Their native shores by flight ? And shall they leave,
 To be the vaunt of Ilium and her king,
 The Argive Helen, in whose fatal cause
 So many thousand Greeks have perish'd there ?
 Haste—seek the frantic people—and by force 200
 Of soft persuasion win them to repent
 Of such mad course, ere yet they launch the fleet.

She ceas'd ; whose well-known voice Ulysses own'd,
 And, casting off his cloak, which from the ground
 Eurybates his herald gather'd up,
 At Agamemnon's hand he next receiv'd
 The everlasting sceptre, and with haste
 Impetuous rush'd at once into the throng.

The prince or chief whom he encounter'd there
 He gently caution'd—Dastards fear, he said ; 210
 Thou shouldst not. Go—resume thy proper seat,
 And counsel others to return to theirs.
 To thee Atrides' purpose is unknown.
 He meant a test to prove you—nothing more—
 And vengeance follows next. At Nestor's ship
 He spake his heart—all were not present there—
 I tremble for the sons of Greece—the wrath
 Of Agamemnon is no slight concern—
 Joves makes the king, and loves the king he makes.

But him of baser sort whose shouts he heard 220
 He with the sceptre smote, and thus reprov'd :

Hence, fellow, to thy seat again—be still,
 And listen to thy rulers. When wast thou
 Of name or note in council or in arms ?
 We may by no means all be sov'reigns here.
 A host of Greeks and ev'ry Greek a king
 Were inconvenient. One, and one alone,
 Rais'd and instructed by Saturnian Jove
 To govern and to judge, may well suffice.

With such authority the troubled host 230
 He sway'd ; they, quitting camp and fleet again,
 Rush'd back to council ; deaf'ning was the sound
 As when a billow of the boisterous deep
 Some broad beach dashes, and the ocean roars.

The host once more all seated and compos'd,

Thersites still was heard, and he alone.
 Loquacious, loud, and coarse, his chief delight
 Was to inveigh against the kings of Greece,
 But always when occasion promis'd him
 The public laugh. Him Greece had sent to Troy 240
 The miscreant who sham'd his country most.
 He squinted, halted, gibbous was behind
 And pinch'd before, and on his tap'ring head
 Grew patches only of the flimsiest down.
 He hated most, and therefore most revil'd,
 Achilles and Ulysses. But the theme
 Of his shrill notes was Agamemnon now,
 'Gainst whom the Grecians, for Achilles' sake,
 Were secretly incens'd. He set his voice
 At highest pitch, and thus aspers'd the king: 50

Whereof complains, what wants Atrides now?
 Thy tents are fill'd with treasure, and contain
 The choicest damsels, giv'n thee by the Greeks,
 And taken in the towns that we have won.
 Or is more gold thy wish? A ransom brought
 By some rich Trojan for his son's release,
 Whom I, or other valiant Greek, may bind?
 Or yet some new Chryseïs to be thine,
 And thine for ever? Our supreme, methinks,
 Ought not have caus'd us that accursed plague. 260

Oh nerveless things! mere women as we are!
 Why launch we not our barks, and leave him here,
 To brood his hoards alone, that he may learn
 The value of a chief without his host?
 For he hath dar'd to irritate a man
 Far braver than himself, whose lovely prize
 He even now detains. But as for him,
 He sleeps; Achilles is an easy man,
 And gall hath none within him, or his hand
 Would make this contumelious wrong thy last. 270

Thus, mocking royal Agamemnon, spake
 Thersites. Instant starting to his side,
 Noble Ulysses with indignant brows
 Survey'd him, and severely thus reprov'd:

Thersites! railer!—peace—nor deem thyself,
 Although thus eloquent, alone excus'd
 The def'rence due to kings. Thou, least of all

Atrides' foll'wers, being, as thou art,
 So far the worst of all, shouldst dare to sport
 With royal names, or take them on thy lips. 280
 Nor art thou worthier to appoint the Greeks
 Their time to voyage home. How soon, how late,
 With what success, at last, we shall return,
 Is dark and doubtful to the wisest here.
 And whence thy spleen? and wherefore from thy seat
 Hast thou revil'd the king? It is because
 The Grecians nobly recompense his toils.
 But mark me. If I find thee yet again
 Raving and foaming at the lips as now,
 May never man behold Ulysses' head 290
 On these my shoulders more, and may my son
 Prove the begotten of another sire,
 If I not strip thee to that hide of thine,
 As bare as thou wast born, and whip thee hence
 Home to thy galley, sniv'ling like a boy.

He ceas'd, and with his sceptre on the back
 And shoulders smote him. Writhing to and fro,
 He wept profuse, while many a bloody welk
 Protuberant beneath the sceptre sprang.
 Awe-quell'd he sat, and from his visage mean, 300
 Deep-sighing wip'd the rheums. It was no time
 For mirth, yet mirth illumin'd ev'ry face,
 And laughing, thus they spake: A thousand acts
 Illustrious, both by well-concerted plans
 And prudent dispositions of the host,
 Ulysses hath achiev'd; but this by far
 Transcends his former praise, that he hath quell'd
 This sland'rer, and cut short his coarse harangue.
 The valiant talker shall not soon, we judge,
 Take liberties with royal names again. 310

So they—Then, glorious chief! Ulysses rose
 The sceptre in his hand, while at his side
 Minerva standing in the herald's form
 Commanded silence; that his words, impress'd
 On all the multitude from front to rear,
 Might influence ev'ry mind. Then thus he said:
 Atrides! wretched prince! thee now, alas!
 The Greeks all destine to peculiar shame
 In sight of all mankind. Their promise pledg'd

At their departure from the fruitful shores 320
Of Argos, never, never to return
Till Troy should lie a ruin, they renounce,
And with a puny boy's or widow's whine
Sigh out their sorrowful desires of home.

And home, I grant it, to an aching heart
Seems sweet. The seaman from his wife detain'd
One only month, while wintry storms confine
His bark in port, sits mournful at her side.
But, as for us, our exile has endur'd
Nine circling years. I, therefore, can excuse 330
The murm'ring Greeks; and yet a lean return
Succeeding hopes so rich—oh foul reverse!

My friends, be patient. Time will soon evince
If Calchas' prophecy be false or true.
For well we know, and all whom fate has spar'd
Can witness it, that, lately, while the ships,
Charg'd with the doom of Priam and of Troy,
Within the port of Aulis from all parts
Assembl'd lay, and we beside the fount
With perfect hecatombs the Gods ador'd. 340
Beneath the plane-tree, from whose root a stream
Ran crystal-bright, a wondrous sign appear'd.
A dreadful serpent, dappl'd on the back
With crimson spots, and by Olympian Jove
Himself protruded, from the altar's foot
Slipp'd into light, and glided to the tree.
Eight youngling sparrows with the parent bird
Sat screen'd with foliage on the topmost bough.
The screaming little ones with ease he gorg'd;
And while the mother, circling o'er his head, 350
With shrillest agony bewail'd her loss,
He seiz'd her by the wing, first drew her down
Within his spiry folds, and then devour'd.
The feather'd family thus all consum'd,
Jove, who had sent him, signaliz'd him too,
For he transform'd him suddenly to stone.
We wond'ring stood, to see that strange portent
Intrude itself into our holy rites,
When Calchas, instant, thus the sign explain'd:

Why stand ye, Greeks, astonish'd? Ye behold 360
A prodigy by Jove himself produc'd,

An omen, whose accomplishment indeed
Is distant, but whose fame shall never die.
E'en as this serpent in your sight devour'd
Eight youngling sparrows, with their dam, the ninth,
So we nine years must war on yonder plain,
And in the tenth, Troy's spacious town is ours.

So spake the seer, and all is now at hand.
Wait, therefore, brave Achaians ! go not hence,
Till Priam's royal city be your prize. 370

He ceas'd; and such a shout ensu'd, that all
The hollow ships return'd the deaf'ning roar
Of acclamation, the delighted host
Conspiring to extol the glorious chief.

Then Nestor rose; and, by the Gods, he said,
Your councils seem the play of idle boys
Untutor'd in the great concerns of war.
Where, now, are all your promises and vows?
Your councils manly once, your serious acts,
Libations, sacrifices, solemn oaths 380
Pass'd with the smoke away, and left behind
Mere wranglings only, such as, if prolong'd
For ages, could afford us no redress.

But, Agamemnon ! still be thou the same,
And set the battle forth as thou art wont.
And if there be a Greek, perchance, or two,
Dissentient from the rest, leave such to pine
And mope alone; since never, as they wish,
Will we revisit Argos, till events 389
Shall first have prov'd Jove's promise false or true.
For I affirm it. On the self-same day
When we embark'd from Greece, designing death
And desolation to the race of Troy ;
Both by his right-hand thunders, and the sign
Of which ye hear, Jove ratified our hopes.
Let no man therefore pant for home, till each
Possess some Trojan's wife, and till the rape
And sighs of Helen have been first aveng'd.
Who then ? what Grecian languishes and sighs
To leave us ? Let him dare to lay his hand 400
On his own vessel, and he dies the first.

But thou, O king, both exercise thy own
And hear the thoughts of others. I suggest
A measure now not worthy to be scorn'd.

Divide the host in districts and in tribes,
That each may aid his neighbour. This perform'd,
And with consent of all, thou shalt discern
With ease, what chief, what private man deserts,
And who performs his part. The base, the brave,
Such disposition made, shall both appear; 410
And thou shalt also know, if Heaven or we,
The Gods, or our supineness, succour Troy.

To whom Atrides, king of men, replied:
Oldest, and worthiest of Achaia's sons
To be consulted! O—I would to Heav'n
That I had ten, in council wise as thou,
Then, soon should Priam's royal city fall,
And yield her spoils to our victorious hands.
But Jove afflicts me. From Saturnian Jove
My doom is altercation to no end; 420
Thence came, between Achilles and myself,
That fiery clash of words, a girl the cause,
Myself aggressor.—One that breach repair'd,
Troy's long reprieve thenceforth is at an end.
Go—take refreshment now, that we may march
Forth to our enemies. Let each whet well
His spear, brace well his shield, well feed his brisk
High-mettled horses, well survey and search
His chariot on all sides, that no defect
Disgrace his bright habiliments of war. 430
So will we give the day from morn to eve
To dreadful battle. Pause there shall be none
Till night divide us. Ev'ry buckler's thong
Shall sweat on the toil'd bosom, ev'ry hand
That shakes the spear shall ache, and ev'ry steed
Shall smoke that whirls the chariot o'er the plain.
Wo then to whom I shall discover here
Loit'ring among the tents; none such with ease
Shall 'scape due punishment. The vulture's maw
Shall have his carcase, and the dogs his bones. 440

He spake; whom all applauded with a shout
Loud, as when roll'd toward some headland coast,
The billows beat against a rock that shoots
Afar into the deep, and which the flood
Leaves never, let the winds blow whence they may.
Arising, forth they rush among the ships;
Smoke ev'ry where ascends; in ev'ry tent

They take repast, and each invokes his God
For safe escape from danger and from death.
But Agamemnon in his tent prepar'd 450
For sacrifice to all-commanding Jove
A fifth year, fatted ox, and to his feast
Summon'd the noblest of the sons of Greece—
Nestor, Idomeneus, the kindred pair
Oileus' son and Telamon's, the brave
Tydides, and Ulysses sixth and last,
Jove's peer in wisdom. Menelaus went,
Heroic chief! unbidden, for he knew
His brother's mind with weight of care oppress'd.
Grasping the hallow'd meal they compass'd round 460
The destin'd ox, and Agamemnon pray'd:

Almighty Father! glorious above all!
Cloud-girt, who dwell'st in Heaven, thy throne sub-
lime,

Let not the sun go down and night approach,
Till Priam's roof fall flat into the flames,
Till I shall burn his gates with fire, and hew
His hack'd and riven corselet from the breast
Of Hector, and till num'rous chiefs, his friends,
Around him, prone in dust, shall bite the ground.

Such pray'r he made; but though Saturnian Jove
Receiv'd the hallow'd off'ring, his request 471
Not yet he granted, but to double toil
Doom'd them, and sorrow more than all the past.

They then, the triturated barley grain
First duly sprinkling, the sharp steel infix'd
Deep in the victim's neck revers'd, then stripp'd
The carcase, and divided at their joint
The thighs, which in the double cawl involv'd
They spread with slices crude, and burn'd with fire
Ascending fierce from billets sere and dry. 480
The spitted entrails next they o'er the coals
Suspended held. The thighs with fire consum'd,
They gave to each his portion of the maw,
Then slash'd the remnant, pierc'd it with the spits,
And managing with culinary skill
The roast, withdrew it from the spits again.
Thus, all their task accomplish'd, and the board
Set forth, they feasted, and were all suffic'd.

When neither hunger more nor thirst remain'd
 Unsatisfied, Gerenian Nestor spake : 490
 Atrides ! Agamemnon ! king of men !
 No longer waste we time in useless words,
 Nor to a distant hour postpone the work,
 To which Heav'n calls thee. Send thine heralds forth,
 Who shall convene the Grecians at the fleet,
 That we, the chiefs assembled here, may range,
 Together, the embattled multitude,
 And edge their spirits for immediate fight.

He spake ; nor Agamemnon not complied.
 At once, he bade his clear-voic'd heralds call 500
 The Greeks to battle. They the summons loud
 Gave forth, and at the sound the people throng'd.
 Then Agamemnon and the kings of Greece
 With haste dispos'd them in their sev'ral tribes,
 With whom Minerva azure-ey'd advanc'd,
 Bearing the precious Ægis on her arm,
 Immortal, unobnoxious to decay,
 Fring'd with twice fifty twists of purest gold,
 The worth of each twice fifty sterling beeves.
 All martial fire herself, in ev'ry breast 510
 She kindled ardours infinite, and strength
 For ceaseless fight infus'd into them all.
 Farewel the thoughts of home ! each thirsted now
 For Grecian glory, and for Greece no more.
 As when devouring flames some forest seize
 On the high mountains, splendid from afar
 The blaze appears, so, moving on the plain,
 The steel-clad host innum'rous flash'd to Heav'n.
 And as a multitude of fowls in flocks
 Assembled various, geese, or cranes, or swans 520
 Lithe-neck'd, long hov'ring o'er Cayster's banks
 On wanton plumes, successive on the mead
 Alight at last, and with a clang so loud,
 That all the hollow vale of Asius rings,
 In number such from ships and tents effus'd,
 They cover'd the Scamandrian plain : the earth
 Rebellow'd to the feet of steeds and men.
 They overspread Scamander's grassy vale,
 Myriads, as leaves, or as the flow'rs of spring.
 As in the hovel where the peasant milks 530

His kine in spring-time, when his pails are fill'd,
 Thick clouds of humming insects on the wing
 Swarm all around him, so the Grecians swarm'd
 An unsumm'd multitude o'er all the plain,
 Bright-arm'd, high-crested, and athirst for war.
 As goat-herds separate their num'rous flocks
 With ease, though fed promiscuous, with like ease
 Their leaders them on ev'ry side reduc'd
 To martial order glorious; among whom
 Stood Agamemnon "with an eye like Jove's, 540
 To threaten or command," like Mars in girth,
 And with the port of Neptune. As the bull
 Conspicuous among all the herd appears,
 For he surpasses all, such Jove ordain'd
 That day the son of Atreus, in the midst
 Of heroes, eminent above them all.

Ye muses! (ye are heav'nly, and beheld
 A scene, whereof the faint report alone
 Hath reach'd our ears, remote and ill-inform'd)
 Teach me the princes and the chiefs of Greece. 550
 The host at large—Their multitude was such,
 That to immortalize them, each by name,
 Ten mouths, ten tongues, an everlasting voice
 And breast of adamant, would ne'er suffice.
 Jove's daughters only, the Olympian choir
 Have pow'r proportion'd to the mighty task.
 I will rehearse the captains and their fleets.

Bœotia's sturdy sons Peneleus led,
 And Leïtus, whose partners in command
 Arcesilaüs and Prothoenor came, 560
 And Clonius. Them the dwellers on the rocks
 Of Aulis follow'd, with the hardy clans
 Of Hyrie, Schoenos, Scholos, and the hills
 Of Eteon: Thespia, Græa, and the plains
 Of Mycalessus them, and Harma served,
 Eleon, Erythræ, Peteon; Hyle them,
 Ilesius and Ocalea, and the strength
 Of Medeon; Copæ also in their train
 March'd, with Eutresis and the mighty men
 Of Thisbe fam'd for doves; nor pass unnam'd 570
 Whom Coronæa, and the grassy land
 Of Haliartus added to the war,

Nor whom Plataea, nor whom Glissa bred,
 And Hypothebæ, and thy sacred groves
 To Neptune, dark Onchestus. Arne claims
 A record next for her illustrious sons,
 Vine-bearing Arne. Thou wast also there
 Mideia, and thou Nissa; nor be thine,
 Though last, Anthedon, a forgotten name.
 These in Bœotia's fair and gallant fleet 580
 Of fifty ships, each bearing o'er the waves
 Thrice forty warriors, had arriv'd at Troy.

Aspledon and Orchomenos obey'd
 Two sons of Mars—Ialmenus renown'd
 In spear-fight, and Ascalaphus the brave.
 Them bore Astyoche, a virgin pure
 And undeflow'r'd, till secretly embrac'd
 In Actor's palace by the god of war.
 In thirty ships came their confed'rate pow'rs.

Epistrophus and Schedius, valiant sons 590
 Of old Iphitus, the heroic son
 Of Naubolus, the brave Phocensians rul'd.
 These Cyparissus and the rugged rocks
 Of Python sent, and Crissa the divine;
 Those Anemoria, Daulis, Panopeus,
 Hyampolis, Cephissus, sacred stream!
 And moist Lilæa at its fountain-head.
 An active race, in forty ships they came,
 And took their station on Bœotia's left.

Swift Oïlean Ajax to the field 600
 Led forth the Locrians. Of an humbler crest,
 Far humbler, and of smaller limb was he
 Than Ajax Telamon, and with a guard
 Of linen texture light his breast secur'd,
 But in all Greece none hurl'd the spear as he.
 From fair Augeia, Cynus, Scarpha, came
 His pow'rs; from Opoëis and Bessa some,
 From Tarpha, Thronius, the Boagrian banks,
 And from Calliarus the rest. All these
 Were Locrians from beyond Eubœa's isle, 610
 And forty were the barks that brought them all.

The fierce Abantes of Eubœa next—
 From Histriæa cloth'd with purple vines,
 From Chalcis, from Iretria, from the gates

Of maritime Cerinthus, from the heights
 Of Dios rock-built citadel sublime,
 And from Caristus and from Styra came
 Their warlike multitudes, in front of whom
 Elphenor march'd, Calchodon's mighty son,
 With foreheads shorn and wavy locks behind, 620
 They follow'd, and alike were eager all
 To split the hauberk with the shorten'd spear.
 Twice twenty were the ships of his command.

Nor Athens had withheld her gen'rous sons,
 The people of Erectheus. Him of old
 The teeming glebe produc'd, a wond'rous birth!
 And Pallas rear'd him; her own unctuous fane
 She made his habitation, where with bulls
 The youth of Athens, and with slaughter'd lambs,
 Her annual worship celebrate. Them led 630
 Menestheus, whom (sage Nestor's self except,
 Thrice school'd in all events of human life),
 None rivall'd ever in the just array
 Of horse and man to battle. Fifty ships
 Black-prow'd, had borne them to the distant war.

Twelve were the ships of Ajax, and he rang'd
 His band from Salamis at Athens' side.

The men of Argos and Tyrintha next,
 And of Hermione, that stands retir'd
 With Asine, within her spacious bay; 640
 Of Epidaurus, crown'd with purple vines,
 And of Træzena, with th' Achaian youth
 Of sea-begirt Ægina, and with thine,
 Masetæ, and the dwellers on thy coast,
 Wave-worn Eionæ; these all obey'd
 The dauntless hero Diomede, whom serv'd
 Sthenelus, son of Capaneus, a chief
 Of deathless fame, his second in command,
 And, godlike man, Euryalus, the son
 Of king Mecisteus, Talaüs' son, his third. 650
 But Diomede controll'd them all, and him
 Twice forty sable ships their leader own'd.

Mycenæ's noble city, and the rich
 Corinthus, Aræthyria's fair abodes,
 Orneia, and Cleonæ, Sicyon, where
 Adrastus sway'd his sceptre at the first,

With Hyperesia, Ægium, and the heights
 Of Gonoëssa, spacious Helice,
 Pellene, and the towns of all the coast
 For Royal Agamemnon furnish'd forth 660
 A hundred ships. The mightiest and the most
 His followers were. All bright with burnish'd brass
 He mov'd exulting in his glorious lot,
 His band unrivall'd and his pow'r supreme.

From hollow Lacedæmon's glen profound,
 From Phare, Sparta, and from Messa, still
 Resounding with the ring-dove's am'rous moan,
 From Brysia, from Augeia, from the rocks
 Of Laas, from Amycla, Otilus,
 And from the tow'rs of Helos, at whose foot 670
 The surf of Ocean falls, came sixty barks
 With Menelaus. From the monarch's host
 The royal brother rang'd his own apart,
 Whom, kindling with peculiar rage himself,
 He urg'd to battle, claiming at their hands
 Furious redress of injur'd Helen's woes.

Pylus, Arene, Thryos by the fords
 Of Alpheus, Æpy with her stately tow'rs,
 Pteleos and Helos, Cyparissa dark
 With broad redundance of funereal shades 680
 Amphigenæa, and of deathless fame
 Dorion. In Dorion erst the Muses met
 Threïcian Thamyris, on his return,
 From Eurytus, Oechalian chief, and hush'd
 His strains for ever; for he dar'd to vaunt,
 That, would the tuneful choir of Jove themselves
 With him contend, he would deserve the prize.
 They, therefore, so provok'd, struck blind the bard,
 And doom'd him to oblivion of his art.
 These were the cities of the spacious realm 690
 By Nestor rul'd, and ninety were the barks
 In which their pow'rs had follow'd him to Troy.

Arcadia's sons, the dwellers at the foot
 Of mount Cyllene, where Æpytus sleeps
 Intomb'd; a generation bold in fight,
 And warriors hand to hand; the valiant men
 Of Pheneus, of Orchomenos by flocks
 Graz'd numberless, of Ripe, Stratia, bleak

Enispe; Mantinea city fair,
 Stymphelus and Parrhasia, and the youth
 Of Tegea; royal Agapenor these,
 Ancæus' offspring, had in sixty ships
 To Troy conducted: num'rous was the crew,
 And skill'd in arms, which ev'ry vessel brought,
 And Agamemnon had with barks himself
 Supplied them, for, of inland realms possess'd,
 They little heeded maritime employs.

The dwellers in Buprasium, on the shores
 Of pleasant Elis, and in all the land
 Myrsinus and th' Hyrminian plain between,
 The rock Olenia, and th' Alysian fount;
 These all obey'd four chiefs, and galleys ten
 Each chief commanded, with Epeans fill'd.
 Amphimachus and Thalpius govern'd these,
 This, son of Cteatus, the other, sprung
 From Eurytus, and both of Actor's house.
 Diores, son of Amarynceus, those
 Led on, and, for his godlike form renown'd,
 Polyxenus was chieftain o'er the rest,
 Son of Agasthenes, Augeias' son.

Dulichium, and her sister sacred isles
 Th' Echinades, whose opposite aspect
 Looks toward Elis o'er the curling waves,
 Sent forth their pow'rs with Meges at their head,
 Brave son of Phyleus, warrior dear to Jove.
 Phyleus in wrath his father's house renounc'd,
 And, to Dulichium wand'ring, there abode.
 Twice twenty ships had follow'd Meges forth.

Ulysses led the Cephalenians bold.
 From Ithaca, and from the lofty woods
 Of Neritus they came, and from the rocks
 Of rude Ægilipa. Crocylia these,
 And those Zacynthus own'd; nor yet a few
 From Samos, from Epirus join'd their aid,
 And from the opposite Ionian shore.
 Them, wise as Jove himself, Ulysses led
 To Troy, in twice six galleys crimson-prow'd.

Ætolia's warriors under Thoas came,
 Andremon's son. From Olenos were they,
 From Chalcis, from Pylene, from the walls

Of Pleuro, and from rock-bound Calydon.
 For Meleager now, with all the sons
 Of Oeneus, was extinct; to Thoas' hands
 Had therefore pass'd the whole Ætolian realm,
 And forty were the barks that realm supplied.

Idomeneus, spear-practis'd warrior, led
 The num'rous Cretans. In twice forty ships
 He brought his pow'rs to Troy. The warlike bands
 Of Cnossus, of Gortyna wall'd around,
 Of Lyctus, of Lycastus chalky white, 750
 Of Phæstus, of Miletus, with the youth
 Of Rhytius him obey'd; nor these were all,
 But others from her hundred cities Crete
 Sent forth, all whom Idomeneus the brave
 Commanded, with Meriones in arms
 Dread as the God of battles blood-imbru'd.

Nine ships Tlepolemus, for mighty size
 And courage fam'd, like Hercules his sire,
 Fill'd with his haughty Rhodians. They, in tribes 760
 Divided, dwelt distinct. Jelyssus these,
 Those Lindus, and the rest the shining soil
 Of white Camirus occupied. Him bore
 To Hercules (what time he led the nymph
 From Ephyre, and from Sellea's banks
 After full many a city laid in dust),
 Astyocheia. In his father's house
 Magnificent, Tlepolemus spear-fam'd
 Had scarce up-grown to manhood's lusty prime,
 When he his father's hoary uncle slew
 Lycimnius, branch of Mars. Then built he ships, 770
 And, pushing forth to sea, fled from the threats
 Of the whole house of Hercules. Huge toil
 And many woes he suffer'd, till at length
 At Rhodes arriving, in three sep'rate bands
 He spread himself abroad. Much was he lov'd
 Of all-commanding Jove, who bless'd him there,
 And show'r'd abundant riches on them all.

Nireus of Syma with three vessels came;
 Nireus, Aglæa's offspring, whom she bore 780
 To Charopus the king; Nireus in form
 (The faultless son of Peleus sole except),
 Fairest proportion'd of the sons of Greece.

But he was heartless, and his men were few.

Nisyros, Casus, Crapathus, and Cos,
Where reign'd Eurypylus, with all the isles
Calydnæ nam'd, beneath two valiant chiefs
Their troops dispos'd; Phidippus one, and one
His brother Antiphus, begotten both
By Thessalus, whose sire was Hercules.

In thirty ships they sought the shores of Troy. 790

The warriors of Pelasgian Argos next,
Of Alus, and Alope, and who held
Trechina, Phthia, and, for women fair
Distinguish'd, Hellas; known by various names,
Hellenes, Myrmidons, Achæans, them
In fifty ships embark'd, Achilles rul'd.
But these, perforce, renounc'd the dreadful field,
Since he who should have rang'd them to the fight,
Achilles, in his fleet resentful lay

For fair Briseïs's sake; her loss he mourn'd, 800
Whom, after many toils, and after sack
Of Thebes and of Lyrnessus, where he smote
Epistrophus and Mynes, valiant sons
Of king Evenus, he had made his own.
He, therefore, sullen in his tent abode,
Dead for her sake, though soon to rise again.

From Phylace, and from the flow'ry fields
Of Pyrrhasus, a land to Ceres giv'n
By consecration, and from Iton green,
Mother of flocks; from Antron by the sea, 810
And from the grassy meads of Pteleus, came
A people, whom while yet he liv'd, the brave
Protesilaüs led; but him the earth
Now cover'd dark and drear. A wife he left,
To rend in Phylace her bleeding cheeks,
And an unfinish'd mansion. First he died
Of all the Greeks; for as he leap'd to land
Long ere the rest, a Dardan struck him dead.
Nor had his troops, though fill'd with deep regret,
No leader; them Podarces led, a chief 820
Like Mars in battle, brother of the slain,
But younger born, and from Iphiclus sprung,
Who sprang from Phylacus, the rich in flocks.
But him Protesilaüs, as in years,

So also in desert of arms excell'd
 Heroic, whom his host, although they saw
 Podarces at their head, still justly mourn'd;
 For he was fierce in battle, and at Troy
 With forty sable-sided ships arriv'd.

Pheræ and Bœbe from the broad expanse 850
 Of the Bœbean lake reflected clear,
 With Glaphyræ and Iäolchus sent
 Eleven barks, Eumelus at their head.
 Loveliest of all the sisters of her house,
 Alcestis him to king Admetus bore.

Methone, and Olizon's craggy coast,
 With Melibœa and Thaumasia sent
 Sev'n ships; their rowers were good archers all,
 And ev'ry vessel dipp'd into the wave
 Her fifty oars. Them Philoctetes, skill'd 840
 To draw with sinewy arm the stubborn bow,
 Commanded; but he, suff'ring anguish keen
 Inflicted by a serpent's venom'd tooth,
 Lay sick in Lemnos, him the Grecians there
 Had left sore wounded, but were destin'd soon
 To call to dear remembrance whom they left.
 Mean-time, though sorrowing for his sake, his troops
 Yet wanted not a chief; them Medon rul'd,
 Whom Rhena to the far-fam'd conqu'ror bore
 Oïleus, fruit of their unsanction'd loves. 850

From Tricca, from Ithome rough and rude
 With rocks and glens, and from Oechalia, town
 Of Eurytus, Oechalian-born, came forth
 Their warlike youth by Podalirius led
 And by Machaon, healers of disease
 Expert alike, and thirty ships were theirs.

The men of Ormenus, and from beside
 The fountain Hypereia, from the tops
 Of chalky Titan, and Asteria's band,
 Them rul'd Eurypylus, Evæmon's son 860
 Illustrious, whom twice twenty ships obey'd.

Orthe, Gyrtone, Oloösson white,
 Argissa and Helone; they their youth
 Had under Polypætes rang'd, the son
 Undaunted of Pyrihoüs, son of Jove.
 Him to Pirithoüs (on the self-same day,

When he the Centaurs punish'd, and pursu'd
Sheer to Æthicæ driv'n from Pelion's heights
The shaggy race), Hippodamia bore.
Nor them led he alone. With him was join'd 870
Leonteus, dauntless warrior, from the bold
Coronus sprung, who Cæneus call'd his sire.
Twice twenty ships awaited their command.

Guneus from Cyphus twenty and two ships
Led forth; the Enienes him obey'd,
And the robust Peræbi, warriors bold,
And dwellers on Dodona's wintry brow.
To these were join'd who till the pleasant fields
Where Titaresius winds; the gentle flood
Pours into Peneus all his limpid stores, 880
But with the silver-eddied Peneus flows
Unmix'd as oil; for Stygian is his stream,
And Styx is the inviolable oath.

Tenthredon's offspring Prothoüs, gallant chief,
From Peneus and from Pelion forest-crown'd,
In forty ships his brave Magnesians brought.

Say, Muse, of all who follow'd into fight
The sons of Atreus, who in worth excell'd,
And whose the noblest steeds? Eumelus' mares—
(The son of Pheres) they were noblest far, 890
Their hue, their age, their measur'd height the same,
And swift as eagles. On Pieria's hills
Bred by Apollo, the courageous pair
Exulted in the terrours of the field.
Of heroes none (while yet Achilles rag'd)
With Telamonian Ajax might compare;
Nor Ajax with Achilles once restor'd,
Nor steeds, in all the Grecian host, with his.
But he, self-prison'd in his camp, no thought
But of revenge on Agamemnon knew. 900

Mean-time, along the margin of the deep
His soldiers hurl'd the disk, or bent the bow,
Or to its mark despatch'd the quiv'ring lance.
Unharness'd at the chariot's side the steeds
Cropp'd the green lotus, or at leisure brows'd
On celery wild, from wat'ry freshes glean'd,
While under shadow of the shelt'ring tent
The chariots rested, and the charioteers

Roam'd here and there the camp, their warlike lord
Regretting sad, and idle for his sake. 910

Fire seem'd to scorch the plain where'er they trod,
And the earth groan'd, as when the lightnings hurl'd
By angry Jove in Arimi descend
On Typhon's rumour'd bed, and lash the ground.

And now from Jove, with heavy tidings charg'd,
The rapid Iris wing'd her way to Troy.
It was the time of council, when the throng
At Priam's gate assembled, young and old:
The fleet ambassadress of Heav'n approach'd,
And with the voice and form of Priam's son 920
Polites, who, confiding in his speed,
Sat posted high on Æsyeta's tomb
To watch the Grecians coming—thus began:

My father! still debating, speeching still,
As all were peace? such, such is thy delight;
But, lo, inevitable war! myself
Have witness'd many, but a host like this
Saw never yet; for, as the sands or leaves
In number, they approach to gird the town.

But, Hector, chiefly thee I shall advise. 930
Be this thy part. Within Troy's ample bounds
We have confed'rates many, and the tongues
Of men disseminated far and wide
Are various. Let the chiefs of ev'ry clime
Command their own, that none command in vain.

The Goddess spake, nor Hector disobey'd,
But clos'd the council. All at once they arm'd,
Wide flew the gates, forth issu'd horse and foot,
And boist'rous stir arose.—In Ilium's front,
On a smooth spot, a hillock lifts its head, 940
On Earth the mount of Batiæa nam'd,
But Amazon Myrinna's tomb in Heav'n.
There Troy and her allies set forth the war.

Huge Priameian Hector, fierce in arms,
Led on the Trojans; with whom march'd the most,
And the most valiant, dext'rous at the spear.

Anchises' valiant son Æneas led
The Dardans (offspring of a mix'd embrace,
Half human, half divine, in Ida's vales
Him Venus bore to his illustrious sire). 950

He rul'd the Dardan band, but not alone,
Join'd with Archilochus in that command
And Acamas, Antenor's martial sons.

From Ida's foot, and Trojans by descent,
Zeleeia's wealthy sons, who drink the clear
Æsepus, follow'd Pandarus to fight,
Lycaon's son, an archer, who by gift
From Phœbus' self obtain'd the bow he bore.

Apæsus, Adrastæa, Terias' steep
Aërial hill, and Pitueia clad 960
With spiry pines—their bands Amphius, arm'd
With linen corslet, and Adrastus led,
Sons of the ancient and unrivall'd seer
Percosian Merops. Warn'd himself, he warn'd
Them also to decline the ruthless war,
But vainly, for their destiny prevail'd.

The warriors of Percote, and who dwelt
In Practius, in Arisba, city fair,
In Sestus, in Abydus, march'd behind
Asius Hyrtacides, a dauntless chief; 970
Asius Hyrtacides, to battle drawn
From fair Arista and Selleis' bank
By tawny steeds and of superior size.

Hippothöus the spear-arm'd Pelasgians led,
Who till Larissa's glebe; Hippothöus join'd
With brave Pylæus; a fraternal pair,
The pride of Lethus, their illustrious sire.

The Thracians (all whom Hellespont includes)
Heroic Acamas and Piröus rul'd,
And rang'd for battle, the Ciconians saw 980
Træzenus' son, Euphemus, at their head.

Pæonia's archers for their leader own'd
Pyræchmes. Distant Amydon their home,
From Axius' side they came; from Axius' side,
Diffusive stream, and beautiful as broad.

Pylæmenes, a chief of sturdiest form,
From Eneti for forest-mules renown'd,
From splendid dwellings on Parthenius' banks,
From Sesamus, Cytorus, and the heights
Of Erythini, Cromna, and the rude 990
Ægialus, his Paphlagonians brought.

Epistrophus and Odius from the mines

Of distant Alybe, where silver grows,
 March'd with the Halizonians. Mysia's sons
 Chromis conducted, and his bold compeer
 The augur Ennomus; but him no skill
 In augury preserv'd, what time immers'd
 In Xanthus' stream, with many a warrior more,
 And pierc'd by swift Æacides, he died.

Ascanius, godlike youth, and Phorcys led 1000
 The Phrygians from Ascania's distant land,
 All bent on feats of arms;—Mœonia's sons—
 Mesthless and Antiphus from Tmolus' foot,
 Where dwelt their sire Phlæmenes, to whom
 The water-nymph Gygæa bore them both.

The Carians, people of a barb'rous speech,
 Attended Nastes; from Miletus they,
 From wood-crown'd Phthira, from Mæander's side,
 And Mycale's cloud-piercing summit came.
 Them Nastes and Amphimachus controll'd, 1010
 Amphimachus and Nastes, Nomion's sons;
 And, simple youth! Amphimachus to fight
 Went forth with gold bedizen'd like a girl.
 But gold him sav'd not from the deadly stroke,
 When in the river by Achilles' sword
 He perish'd, and the conqu'ror seiz'd it all.

Last, summon'd from the gulfy Xanthus' side,
 Sarpedon and the blameless Glaucus rang'd
 The firm set phalanx of the Lycian band.

BOOK III.

Argument.

The armies meet. Paris throws out a challenge to the Grecian Princes. Menelaus accepts it. The terms of the combat are adjudged solemnly by Agamemnon on the part of Greece, and by Priam on the part of Troy. The combat ensues, in which Paris is vanquished, whom yet Venus rescues. Agamemnon demands from the Trojan a performance of the covenant.

NOW marshall'd all beneath their sev'ral chiefs,
With deaf'ning shouts, and with the clang of arms,
The host of Troy advanc'd. Such clang is heard
Along the skies, when from incessant show'rs
Escaping, and from winter's cold, the cranes
Take wing, and over Ocean speed away ;
Wo to the land of dwarfs ! prepar'd, they fly
For slaughter of the small Pygmæan race.
Not so the valiant Greeks : but silent all ;
All silent, and resolv'd on mutual aid. 10
As when thick mists involve the mountain's head,
Fear'd by the shepherd-swain, but to the thief
Happier than midnight, and the eye extends
To a stone's-throw its indistinct survey,
With such thick dimness of excited dust
In their impetuous march they fill'd the air.

Now host to host oppos'd in Ilium's van
The godlike Paris shone ; a leopard's skin
Adorn'd his shoulder, that sustain'd besides
His falchion and his bow ; two spears he shook 20
With glitt'ring points, and challeng'd to contend
In arms with him the boldest of the Greeks.
Him soon as warlike Menelaus saw
Striding before his host, such joy he felt,
As feels the lion lighting in his range

On some huge carcase, antler'd stag or goat :
 By famine urg'd, nor hounds nor hunters aught
 He fears, but rends it in the sight of all.

So Menelaus in his soul rejoic'd

At sight of Paris ; vengeance in his heart

30

And in his hopes, all arm'd at once he left

His chariot with a leap, and trod the plain.

Heart-struck by conscience, Paris, at the sight
 Of Menelaus, shrank into his host,

There seeking refuge from the fate he fear'd.

As one, descrying in the woodland heights

A dreadful serpent, at the sight recoils,

His limbs quake under him, his ruddy cheek

Turn deadly pale, he flies, he disappears,

So godlike Paris, at the dreaded sight

40

Of Menelaus, plung'd into his ranks,

And vanish'd lost among the crowds of Troy.

Him Hector mark'd and sharply thus reprov'd :

Paris ! poor maniac, bound in woman's chains,

Of matchless form, but false as thou art fair,

O that thy birth had fail'd, or that thy death

Had barr'd thy nuptials ! thou hadst then escap'd

This ignominious gaze, this, public shame.

Vain wish ! but kind as can be felt for thee.

How loud the Grecians laugh ! thy noble form

50

Promis'd them deeds as noble ; but thy mind

Ill suits it, timid, feminine, and frail.

Couldst thou be such, yet traverse, with thy friends,

The billowy deep into a foreign land,

Feast with the natives, bring the beauteous bride

Of valiant princes hither, and in her

Grief to thy father, mischief to us all,

Shame to thyself, and triumph to our foes ?

And dar'st not meet him ? Ah ! thou shouldst have

known

How brave a chief thou didst not fear to wrong ;

60

And that thy lyre, and all thy specious gifts

From Venus' hand, bright locks and beauteous form,

Would lose their charms once mingled with the dust.

A slavish awe restrains them, or the host

This moment, to requite thy many crimes,

Would new attire thee in a suit of stone.

ILIAD III.

To whom the godlike Paris thus replied:
 Hector! I merit it; thy blame is just;
 And thy own heart is like the temper'd axe,
 That in the shipwright's hand divides the plank 70
 Not else divisible. The steel defies
 All opposition, and all danger thou.
 Yet, let the gifts of Venus 'scape thy blame.
 The Gods are absolute, and what they give,
 Or good, or ill, mere mortals must receive.
 Now, therefore, if it please thee, that I wage
 This desp'rate conflict, bid the people sit
 Both Greeks and Trojans, and between them place
 The warlike Menelaus and myself,
 To fight for Helen and the wealth she brought. 80
 The conqu'ror wins them both; if mine the palm,
 I keep them; and if his, he bears them home.
 Then, peace confirm'd, the Greeks shall see again
 The lovely woman of their native land,
 And ye in safety till the fields of Troy.

The heart of Hector bounded at the word.
 He issu'd forth, and with his balanc'd spear
 Athwart, push'd back the Trojans, and they sat.
 Meantime the Grecians aim'd with bow and sling
 To strike him; but the king of men exclaim'd 90
 With loudest voice, forbidding the attempt—

The gallant Hector by his air intends
 A parley—strike him not, ye sons of Greece!

He said; they paus'd, and over all the field
 Mute silence reign'd, when Hector thus began:

Ye Trojans and Achaians brazen-greav'd!
 Hear what my heart forbids me to suppress,
 The words of Paris, author of the war.
 All others on the field he bids dispose
 Their polish'd armour, all in either host; 100
 While he with Menelaus shall contend
 For Helen and her treasures; she and hers
 Shall be the conqu'ror's prize; this strife shall end;
 And peace oath-bound and amity ensue.
 The hero ceas'd, and silence still prevail'd,
 Till warlike Menelaus thus replied:

Hear now me also, on whose aching heart
 These woes have heaviest fall'n. I see with joy

The hour that separates our hosts arriv'd,
 For ye have suffer'd in my quarrel much, 110
 And much by Paris, author of the war.
 Die he who must, and peace be to the rest.
 Bring, then, two lambs, for Earth and for the Sun,
 This white, that sable, on the part of Troy.
 We will, ourselves, supply a third for Jove.
 Let Priam also solemnize, himself,
 The ceremonial, lest his faithless sons
 Transgress the sacred cov'nant. Youth is rash:
 But when an elder comes, he weighs at once
 Both past and future, and considers well 120
 How good may likeliest be deriv'd from each.

He said; and hoping an immediate close
 Of all their toils and suff'rings, all rejoic'd;
 Their chariots left, in lines they rein'd the steeds,
 Put off their armour, side by side dispos'd
 Shields, bucklers, helmets, glitt'ring on the field,
 And the hosts sat, small interval between.

Then Hector with dispatches sent forth to Troy
 Two heralds, to invite the ancient king,
 And bring the victims. With the same despatch 130
 King Agamemnon order'd to the fleet
 Talthybius for the victim due to Jove,
 Nor he the monarch's mandate disobey'd.

Iris, ambassadress of Heav'n, the while
 To Helen came. Laodice, she seem'd,
 Loveliest of all the daughters of the house
 Of Priam, wedded to Antenor's son,
 King Helicaon. In her own recess
 She found her, weaving there a gorgeous web
 Inwrought with fiery conflicts for her sake 140
 Wag'd by contending nations. To her side
 With eager looks she came, and thus she said:

Haste, dearest nymph! the field presents a sight
 To raise thy wonder. The Achaian host
 And Trojan, bent so lately on the work
 Of mutual havock, and athirst for blood,
 Sit silent (for the battle sleeps), the arm
 Of each reclining on his grounded shield,
 And with his bright spear planted at his side;
 Paris and Menelaus theirs direct 150

Against each other, and the conqu'ror's love
Shall henceforth, undisputed, all be thine.

So saying, the Goddess into Helen's soul
Sweetest desire infus'd to see again
Her former Lord, her parents, and her home.
At once, o'ermantled with her snowy veil,
She started forth, and as she went, let fall
A tender tear; nor went she forth alone,
But with two maidens, Clymene the fair,
And Æthra, to attend her hasty steps, 160
That bore her quickly to the Scæan gate.

There Priam, Panthoüs, Clytius, Lampus sat,
Thymœtes, Hicetaon, branch of Mars,
Antenor, and Ucalegon the wise,
All elders of the people; warriors erst,
But idle now through age, in voice alike
All indefatigable as the fly,
Which perch'd among the boughs sends forth at noon
Through all the grove its slender ditty sweet.

Such sat those Trojan leaders on the tow'r, 170
Who, soon as Helen on the steps they saw,
In accents quick, but whisper'd, thus remark'd :

Trojans and Grecians wage, with fair excuse,
Long war for so much beauty. O, how like
In feature to the Goddesses above!
Pernicious loveliness! Ah, hence away,
Resistless as thou art, and all divine,
Nor leave a curse to us, and to our sons.

So they among themselves; but Priam call'd
Fair Helen to his side. My daughter dear! 180
Come, sit beside me. Thou shalt hence discern
Thy former Lord, thy kindred, and thy friends.
I charge no blame on thee. The Gods have caus'd,
Not thou, this lamentable war to Troy.
Name to me yon Achaian chief for bulk
Conspicuous, and for port. Taller indeed
I may perceive than he; but with these eyes
Saw never yet such dignity and grace.
Declare his name. Some royal chief he seems.

To whom thus Helen, loveliest of her sex: 190
O worthy of all reverence from me
And filial love! I would that I had made

Some bitter death my choice, when I renounc'd
 The nuptial bed, my kindred, the delights
 Of friendship, and my daughter's dear embrace,
 For thy son's sake ! But death was not my choice.
 Grief, therefore, now consumes me night and day.
 But I resolve thee. Thou behold'st the son
 Of Atreus, Agamemnon, mighty king,
 In arms heroic, gracious in the throne, 200
 And once (unless I dream) by sacred ties
 A brother to the shameless wretch, myself.

Then him the ancient king admiring, said :
 O blest Atrides ! whom propitious Heaven
 Appointed at thy birth to reign supreme
 O'er all these thousands of the youths of Greece !
 The dext'rous charioteers of Phrygia, once,
 These eyes beheld, with Mygdon at their head
 And Otreus, godlike chiefs ! and they encamp'd
 On Sangar's banks. It was in Phrygia's day 210
 Of warfare with the man-defying race,
 The Amazons, and, chosen her ally,
 Myself was present : but a host like thine
 For multitude I saw not even there.

The venerable king observing next
 Ulysses, thus inquir'd : My child, declare
 Him also. Shorter by the head he seems
 Than Agamemnon, Atreus' mighty son,
 But shoulder'd broader, and of ampler chest ;
 He hath dispos'd his armour on the plain, 220
 But like a ram, himself, from rank to rank
 Majestic passes ; a fleece-laden ram
 Amidst a num'rous flock, all snowy-white.

To whom Jove's daughter Helen thus replied :
 In him the son of old Laertes know,
 Ulysses ; born in Ithaca the rude,
 But rich in stratagem, and deeply wise.

Then answer thus, Antenor sage return'd :
 Princess ! thou hast describ'd him ; hither once
 The noble Ithacan, on thy behalf 230
 Embassador with Menelaus, came,
 And at my board I entertain'd them both.
 The person and the intellect of each
 I noted ; and remark'd, that, when they stood

Surrounded by the senators of Troy,
 Atrides by the shoulders overtopp'd
 The prince of Ithaca; but when they sat,
 Ulysses had the more majestic air.
 In his address to our assembled chiefs,
 Sweet to the ear, but brief, was the harangue 240
 Of Menelaus, neither loosely vague,
 Nor wordy, though he were the younger man.
 But when Ulysses rose, his downcast eyes
 He rivetted so fast, his sceptre held
 So still, as if a stranger to its use,
 That, hadst thou seen him, thou hadst thought him,
 sure,

Some chaf'd and angry ideot, passion-fix'd.
 Yet, when at length the clear and mellow base
 Of his deep voice brake forth, and he let fall
 His chosen words like flakes of feather'd snow, 250
 None then might match Ulysses; leisure, then,
 Found none to wonder at his noble form.

The third, of whom the venerable king
 Inquir'd, was Ajax.—Yon Achaian chief,
 Whose head and shoulders tow'r above the rest,
 And of such bulk prodigious—who is he?

Him answer'd Helen, loveliest of her sex:
 A bulwark of the Greeks. In him thou seest
 Gigantic Ajax. Opposite appear
 The Cretans, and among the chiefs of Crete 260
 Stands, like a God, Idomeneus. Him oft
 From Crete arriv'd, was Menelaus wont
 To entertain; and others now I see,
 Achaians, whom I could recall to mind,
 And give to each his name; but two brave youths
 I yet discern not; for equestrian skill
 One fam'd, and one a boxer never foil'd;
 My brothers; born of Leda; sons of Jove;
 Castor and Pollux. Either they abide
 In lovely Sparta still, or, if they came, 270
 Decline the fight, by my disgrace abash'd,
 And the reproaches which have fall'n on me.

She said; but they already slept inhum'd
 In Lacedæmon's vale, their native soil.

And now the heralds through the city pass'd,

Charg'd, for that sacred service, with the lambs,
And with a goat-skin tumid with the wine's
All-cheering juice; Idæus also bore
The golden cups and beaker; and, arriv'd
At Priam's side, thus call'd the senior forth: 280

Son of Laomedon, arise. The chiefs
Of Ilium and of Greece invite thee down
Into the plain, to solemnize a truce.
Paris and Menelaus with the spear
Contend for Helen. Helen and her wealth
Shall be the conqu'ror's prize. Sworn peace ensues,
The Grecians seek again their native shores,
And we in safety till the fields of Troy.

He spake, and Priam, shudd'ring, bade his train
Produce his chariot. They in haste obey'd. 290
He mounted, stretch'd the reins, and at his side
Antenor pressing, next, the splendid seat,
They drove together through the Scæan gate.

Erelong, arriving on the destin'd spot,
They left the chariot, and proceeded both
Into the interval between the hosts.
At once, upstood the monarch, and upstood
The wise Ulysses. Then the heralds rang'd
The rites in order: broach'd the wine, and pour'd
Fresh water on the hands of all the kings, 300
And Agamemnon, drawing from its sheath
At his hugh falchion's side, his dagger forth,
Cut close the forelocks, which the heralds gave
In portions to the chiefs of either host.
All thus prepar'd, the sov'reign rais'd his hands
On high, and offer'd thus his pray'r aloud:

Jove, father, who from Ida stretchest forth
Thine arm omnipotent, o'erruling all,
And thou, all-seeing and all-hearing Sun,
Ye rivers, and thou conscious Earth, and ye 310
Who under Earth on humankind avenge
Severe the guilt of violated oaths,
Hear ye, and ratify what now we swear!
Should Menelaus fall by Paris' hand,
Be Helen and her wealth thenceforth his own,
While we shall cleave the billows back to Greece.
Should Paris in the bloody contest yield

His life to Menelaus, then shall Troy
Surrender Helen with the wealth she brought,
And pay such equitable fine besides, 320
As shall be famous in all times to come.

Which fine should Priam and his sons withhold
Though Paris fall, I will demand it here
In ceaseless battle, till the whole be mine.

He said, and pierc'd the victims; ebbing life
Forsook them soon; they panted, gasp'd, and died.
Then, pouring from the beaker to the cups,
They fill'd them, worshipp'd the immortal Gods
In either host, and thus the people pray'd:
All-glorious Jove, and ye the pow'rs of Heav'n, 330
Whoso shall violate this contract first,
So be their blood, their children's and their own,
Pour'd out, as this libation, on the ground,
And let their wives bring forth to other men!

So they; but Jove complied not. Then arose
Priam, the son of Dardanus, and said:

Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye men of Greece!
Hence back to wind-swept Ilium I return,
For, Menelaus with my son engag'd
In combat—how could I sustain the sight? 340
Jove knows, and the immortal Gods alone,
Which falls the victim of his fate to day.

So spake the godlike monarch, and dispos'd
Within the royal chariot all the lambs;
Then mounting, check'd the reins; Antenor next
Ascended, and to Ilium both return'd.

Then Hector and Ulysses pac'd the ground,
Brought lots and shook them in a brazen casque,
For proof who first should hurl the rapid spear.
Meantime the people rais'd their hands on high, 350
And many a Grecian thus, and Trojan, pray'd:

All-glorious Jove! whose provident survey
From Ida's summit governs all below!
Of these two combatants, set wide the gates
Of Hell for Him who caus'd these troubles first,
And be our portion amity and peace!

And now majestic Hector shook the lots,
His eyes averting wide, and, as he shook,
Forth leap'd the lot of Paris. Then, at once,

Retiring to the ranks where each had left 360
 His armour and his fiery steeds, they sat.
 Nor was fair Helen's paramour, the while,
 Inactive seen, but arming for the fight.
 His legs he first in polish'd greaves enclos'd
 With silver studs secur'd; his bosom, next,
 He guarded with a corslet from the breast
 Of young Lycaon, for his brother's size
 Was just his own; his argent-studded sword
 Of pond'rous brass, and tough broad shield he slung;
 He set his helmet on his graceful brows, 370
 Whose crest of horsehair nodded to his step
 In awful state; and, last, he seiz'd a spear
 Of massive strength, but fitted to his gripe.
 Meantime the hero Menelaus made
 Like preparation for his glorious task.

When thus the rivals, each among his friends,
 Had arm'd at ev'ry point, with eyes that flash'd
 Fiercest defiance, to the ground they mov'd.
 Each host beheld them with the steadfast gaze
 Of expectation. On the measur'd ground 380
 Full near they stood, both shook their threat'ning
 spears,

And rage incited both. First Paris hurl'd
 His quiv'ring spear, and smote the rounded shield
 Of Menelaus; but his doubling point
 Enforc'd no passage through the stronger brass.
 Next, Menelaus hurl'd. But first he pray'd:

All-righteous Jove! now grant me just revenge,
 Now let the impious aggressor die!
 That men unborn may shudder at the thought
 Of hospitality with rape repaid. 390

He said; and brandishing his massy spear,
 Dismiss'd it. Through the burnish'd buckler broad
 Of Priam's son the stormy weapon flew,
 Transpierc'd the splendid corslet and the vest
 On his smooth flank; but, with a sideward bend
 Eluding half its violence, he liv'd.
 Then, Menelaus, with the downright edge
 Of his bright falchion smote him on the casque;
 And all his blade fell shiver'd to the ground. 399
 He look'd to Heav'n, and with a groan exclaim'd—

There is no pow'r, that favours wrong as Thou,
Jove ! I believ'd, that Paris should have died
For his offence ; but, lo ! my falchion falls
In fragments, and my spear was hurl'd in vain.

Then, starting forward, by his hairy crest
He seiz'd him fast, and, turning, dragg'd him thence
Toward the Grecian host. The 'broider'd band,
That underbrac'd his helmet at the chin,
Strain'd to his smooth neck with a ceaseless force,
Chok'd him ; and now had Menelaus won 410

Immortal fame, his rival dragg'd away,
But Venus mark'd the moment, snapp'd the brace,
Though stubborn, by a slaughter'd ox supplied,
And the void helmet follow'd as he pull'd.
The hero seiz'd, and swung it to the Greeks,
Who took the prize in charge ; then spear in hand,
He flew again to pierce his rival's heart,
But easily (what cannot pow'r divine ?)
Venus thence snatch'd him, in a cloud involv'd
To his own nuptial chamber. There she left 420

Her fav'rite to inhale its sweets again,
Perfumes of ev'ry name, and went, herself,
To summon beauteous Helen. Her she found,
With many a fair spectatress of the field,
High-station'd on the Scæan tow'r, and shook
Her fragrant mantle with a sudden hand.
An ancient dame she seem'd, for Helen erst
In Sparta wont to dress her fleecy stores,
And one who dearly lov'd her. Such disguise
The Goddess wore, and whisp'ring thus began : 430

Haste—Paris calls the—on his sculptur'd couch
Dazzling alike in looks and in attire,
He waits thy wish'd return. Thou wouldst not dream
That he had fought ; he rather seems prepar'd
For dance, or, after dance, for soft repose.

So saying, she tumult rais'd in Helen's mind.
Yet soon as by her symmetry of neck,
Her beauteous bosom, and bright-beaming eyes,
She knew her, lost in wonder she replied :

Cruel ! wouldst thou ensnare me yet again ? 440
To what more distant city in the vales
Of Phrygia or Mœonia, for the sake

Of some new fav'rite, wilt thou lead me next?
 Is Menelaus' victory the cause,
 And his kind purpose to receive again
 His trait'ress, that these arts are now employ'd?
 Go—sit, thyself, with Paris, for his charms
 Renounce Olympus, seek it never more,
 Mourn or be happy, as he frowns or smiles,
 Till made his consort, or perchance his slave. 450
 I go not (now to go were shame indeed)
 To dress his couch; nor will I be the jest
 Of all my sex in Ilium. Oh! my griefs
 Are infinite, and more than I can bear.

To whom, the foam-sprung Goddess thus incens'd:
 Ah wretch! provoke not me; lest, in my wrath
 Abandoning thee, I hate thee less
 Than now I fondly love thee, and beget
 Such detestation of thee in all hearts,
 Grecian and Trojan, that thou die abhorr'd. 460

She said; Jove's daughter trembled and obey'd,
 And, closely veil'd, and with a noiseless step
 Stole after Venus, unobserv'd of all.
 In Paris' mansion, soon as she appear'd,
 Each sportive maiden to her task return'd,
 While she, far loveliest of her sex, regain'd
 Her nuptial chamber. There, the Queen of smiles,
 Obsequious, with a splendid seat, herself,
 Supplied her, and she sat; sat face to face
 With Paris, whom, with eyes as in disdain 470
 Averted, she severely thus reproach'd:

Thou hast escap'd.—Ah, would that thou hadst died
 By that heroic arm, mine husband's erst!
 Thou once didst vaunt thee in address and strength
 Superior. Go then—challenge yet again
 The warlike Menelaus forth to fight.
 But hold. Repent this folly, and provoke
 The hero of the golden locks no more,
 Lest thy next step to combat prove thy last.

She ended, to whom Paris thus replied: 480
 Ah, Helen, pierce me not with taunts so keen!
 Me Menelaus, by Minerva's aid,
 Hath vanquish'd now, who may hereafter, him.
 We also have our Gods. But let us love.

For never since the day, when thee I bore
From pleasant Lacedæmon o'er the waves
To Cranæ's fair isle, and first enjoy'd
Thy beauty, lov'd I, as I love thee now,
Or felt such sweetness of intense desire. 489

He spake, and sought his bed, whom follow'd soon
Jove's daughter, reconcil'd to his embrace.

Mean-time Atrides like a lion roam'd
In quest of Paris; but no Trojan there,
Or friend of Troy, could point to his retreat,
Whom else, detested as he was by all
Like death itself, no refuge had conceal'd.

Then rose the king of men, and thus he said:
Trojans, and Dardans, and allies of Troy!
Yourselves are witnesses—the palm is ours.
Ye, then, surrender Helen and her wealth, 500
And bring such equitable fine besides
As shall be famous in all times to come.

So spake Atrides, and Achaia's host
With loud applause confirm'd the monarch's claim.

BOOK IV.

Argument.

In a council of the Gods a dispute arises between Jupiter and Juno, which is at last compromised, Jove consenting to despatch Minerva with a charge to incite some Trojan to a violation of the truce. Minerva descends for this purpose, and in the form of Laodocus, a son of Priam, exhorts Pandarus to shoot at Menelaus, and succeeds. Menelaus is wounded, and Agamemnon, having consigned him to the care of Machaon, goes forth to perform the duties of commander in chief, in the encouragement of his host to battle. The battle begins.

THE Gods, in council, on the golden floor
Of Jove reclin'd, while graceful Hebe bore
The nectar round; alternately they drank
From golden cups, and look'd on Troy below,
When thus, with sportive acrimony, Jove
Assay'd the temper of his fiery queen:

Two Goddesses adopt Atrides' cause;
Juno of Argos, and Minerva prais'd
In Alalcomene. Their hero's toils
Amuse them both, and they are well content. 10
But Venus, loveliest Venus, she descends,
Averts her champion's danger on the spot,
And, at this moment, by her aid he lives.
But now, since Menelaus hath prevail'd,
Delib'rate—What shall follow? Dreadful war
With all its woes renew'd? Or settled peace?
If peace she choose, and all with one consent,
Stand Ilium's tow'rs, and let the Spartan bear
Helen of Argos back to Greece again.

He said; low murmurings from both ensu'd, 20
As side by side they sat contriving plagues
For hated Ilium. Pallas, though incens'd
Against her father Jove, and even fir'd
With fiercest indignation, still was mute;

But Juno, less retentive, thus replied :

Hear I aright, what said Saturnian Jove?
Are all my labours vain? and have I tir'd
The steeds of Heav'n themselves, assembling Greece
For punishment of Priam and his sons
To no effect?—This shall not please us all. 30

Then answer thus the angry God return'd :
Ah ruthless! how have Priam and his sons
So much transgress'd against thee, that thou burn'st
With never-ceasing rage to ruin Troy?
Go, make thine entrance at her lofty gates,
Priam, and all his house, and all his host
Alive devour; then, haply, thou wilt rest; —
Do even as thou wilt, that this dispute
Live not between us a consuming fire
For ever. But attend; mark well the word. 40
When I shall also doom in future time
Some city to destruction, dear to thee,
Oppose me not, but give my fury way,
As I give way to thine, not pleas'd myself,
Yet not unsatisfied, so thou be pleas'd.
For of all cities occupied by man
Beneath the sun and starry cope of Heav'n,
Me sacred Troy, me Priam, and the race
By Priam rul'd, have ever pleas'd the most.
Nor without cause. They feed mine altar well; 50
Libation there, and steam of sav'ry scent
Fail not, the tribute which by lot is ours.

To whom majestic Juno: My regard
Three cities share far more than all besides,
Argos, Mycenæ, Sparta. Should they prove
Obnoxious in thy sight, destroy them all.
I will not interpose on their behalf:
Thou shalt not hear me murmur; what avail
Complaint or force against thy matchless arm?
Yet ought not even my attempts to prove 60
Mere labour lost; I also boast a birth
Celestial: inexhaustible in wiles
Saturn, thy ancient Sire, is also mine,
And both as sister and as wife of Jove
I claim respect. But thou art lord of all.

United thus, we will hereafter use
Mutual concession, and the Gods, induc'd
By our accord, shall disagree no more.
Command Minerva, therefore, to the field,
That, warping to a base and treach'rous act 70
Some Trojan there, she may at once convert
The boundless triumph of the Greeks to rage.

So Juno; nor the sire of all refus'd,
But in wing'd accents thus to Pallas spake:

Haste; seek the field, and, influencing there
Some Trojan to a base and treach'rous act,
Turn all the triumph of the Greeks to rage.

The Goddess heard, and, what she wish'd enjoin'd,
Sprang from Olympus. As a fiery globe
Design'd by Jove a portent in the eyes 80
Of mariners, or of some num'rous host,
Glitt'ring descends and show'ring sparks around,
In semblance such she darted to the field
And dropp'd between them. Either host alike
That prodigy beheld with fix'd amaze,
And thus they said, "It is a sign from Jove.
Now follows war with all its woes again,
Or peace between us, by his fix'd award;
For Jove is arbiter of both to man."

But Pallas, like Laodocus in form, 90
A dauntless warrior, old Antenor's son,
Sought Pandarus throughout the host of Troy,
Lycaon's godlike offspring. Him she found
Erect and tall amidst his shielded band
Of valiant warriors from Æsepus' side,
And rapidly, as one in haste, began:

Shall I prevail? and dares Lycaon's son
Aim a swift arrow at the mark I wish,
At Menelaus? Not a Trojan lives,
Who will not yield thee gratitude and praise; 100
But princely Paris, at the welcome sight
Of Menelaus by a shaft of thine
Sent to his fun'ral pile, with golden heaps
From readiest hands shall recompense the deed.
Shoot then, and make the glorious chief thine aim.
But, ere thou shoot, to Lycian Phœbus vow

A hecatomb, in honour of his aid,
All firstlings of the flock, at thy return.

She ceas'd; with whom, infatuate, he complied,
And at the word uncas'd his polish'd bow, 110
The horn of a salacious mountain-goat.

That goat, forth-issuing from his cave, himself,
In ambush plac'd, had stricken in the breast,
And back into his cave supine he fell.

Full sixteen palms his measur'd length of horn
Had spir'd aloft: the bow-smith, root to root,
Adapted each, shav'd smooth the wrinkled rind,
Then polish'd all, and tipp'd the points with gold.
That bow he strang, and, stooping to his task,
Prepar'd it well for use, behind a fence 120

Of Lycian shields, lest, seeing him, the Greeks
Should fly to smite him ere the wound were giv'n.

His quiver's lid displac'd, he chose a dart
Unflow'n, full-fledg'd, and barb'd with bitt'rest wo;
He lodg'd it on the chord, but, ere it flew,

To Lycian Phœbus vow'd, at his return
To Zelia's walls, in honour of his aid,
A hecatomb, all firstings of the flock.

Then, seizing fast the reed, he drew the barb
Home to his bow, the bowstring to his breast. 130

And when the horn was rounded to an arch
He twang'd it. Whizz'd the bowstring, and the reed
With fell impatience started to the goal.

Nor, Menelaus! thee the blessed Gods
Then left, but Pallas, huntress of the spoil,
Approaching, half suppress'd the cruel shaft.

Far as a mother wafts the fly aside,
That haunts her slumb'ring babe, she gave its course
A downward slope, directing it herself

To his belt's golden ringlets, where the folds 140
Of his strong corslet should oppose it most.

The bitter weapon plung'd into his belt.
Transpiere'd that broider'd cincture; through its folds
His gorgeous corslet; stay'd not even there,

But next encount'ring his interior quilt,
Deem'd arrow-proof, and his securest guard,
It pass'd that also, with its point inscrib'd

The hero's skin, and div'd at last so deep,

That life's warm current sallied from the wound.

As when a Carian or Mœonian maid 150
Impurples iv'ry trappings for the cheeks
Of martial steeds; them many a warrior views
With wistful looks, but they, at length, become
The prince's boast, too rich for all besides;
Such, Menelaus, seem'd those purple stains,
Fast-tingeing all thy snowy limbs below.

Chill horror, when he saw the sanguine stream,
Seiz'd Agamemnon, and the wounded chief
Himself too shudder'd; but, perceiving soon,
The barb still extant and the neck, he felt 160
Hope's refluent tide succeed its lowest ebb.
But Agamemnon with a sigh, return'd
By all around them, seiz'd his brother's hand,
And, while he grasp'd it, thus complain'd aloud:

My brother! when I swore this fatal truce,
And set thee forth our champion, I conspir'd
To slay thee; therefore have the Trojans stamp'd
Their cov'nant under foot, and wounded thee.
But sacrifice, libation, solemn oaths,
Hands join'd in hands, and confidence engag'd, 170
Have still their force; and the attested Jove,
Though silent now, hereafter shall exact
Large compensation; bondage shall requite
Their children and their wives, and death themselves.
For this I know, know surely; that the day
When Priam and his house, when sacred Troy
And all her sons must perish, is at hand.
Yes: Jove himself, high-thron'd Saturnian Jove
Shall, with his storm-clad Ægis, in revenge
For this day's outrage, shock them. I relate 180
No fable. Time shall ratify the word.

But, oh my brother! should the Fates ordain
This wound thy death, what then must I endure?
I must again to Argos long-desir'd
Heart-sick with shame; for, once thy spirit fled,
The thought of ev'ry Greek will be his home,
And Argive Helen shall be left the boast
Of Priam and of Troy. Thy bones shall waste,
Sad relics of a fruitless war, beneath
A foreign glebe: and while the haughty foe 190

Insults my glorious brother in his tomb,
 Insulting also me, he shall exclaim—
 Such be the fruits of Agamemnon's wrath,
 Such ev'ry where as he has gather'd here !
 Whither he led an unsuccessful host,
 Whence he hath sail'd again without the spoils,
 And where he left his brother's bones to rot.
 So shall he speak—Then yawn, ye deeps, for me !

But Menelaus, cheering him, replied :
 Fear not, nor with thy fears infect the Greeks. 200
 The belt, the corslet, and the quilt within,
 Work of the armourer, its force repress'd,
 And the keen shaft hath pierc'd no vital part.

Then Agamemnon : Be it as thou sayst,
 Dear Menelaus ! but a skilful hand,
 To search, and medicate the wound with balms,
 That may assuage thy pangs, is needed still.

He said ; and, to Talthybius turning next,
 His herald, with thy swiftest speed, he cried,
 Summon the sacred Æsculapius' son, 210
 The prince Machaon, whom my brother needs,
 Brave Menelaus, by an archer pierc'd,
 Lycian or Trojan, practis'd in his art,
 To his own glory, and our deep distress.

The herald heard, nor heedless of the charge
 Set forth ; and as he pass'd the thronging Greeks,
 With looks of sedulous inquiry sought
 The prince Machaon. Compass'd by his band
 From Tricca's fruitful vales, the hero stood ;
 Talthybius mark'd him, and in haste began : 220

Come forth, Machaon ! Agamemnon calls ;
 Delay not ; hasten—Menelaus needs
 Thy prompt attention, by an archer pierc'd,
 Lycian or Trojan, practis'd in his art,
 To his own glory, and our deep distress.

He said : Machaon, startled at the sound,
 Led by Talthybius, swiftly as he might
 Pass'd through the crowded host. Arriv'd, they found
 The wounded prince by ev'ry chief of note
 Attended, and, amidst them all, himself 230
 Divinely graceful ; in his haste he strove,
 To draw the bearded weapon through the belt,

But, drawing, bent the barbs; he therefore loos'd
 The broider'd zone, the corslet, and the quilt,
 Work of the armourer, and, laying bare
 The wound inflicted by the bitter shaft,
 Suck'd forth the blood, then spread it smoothly o'er
 With balms, the gift of Chiron to his sire.

While Menelaus was the care of these,
 Mean-time 'Troy's shielded ranks began to move, 240
 And the unarm'd Achaians arm'd again.

Then was not Agamemnon to be seen
 Slumb'ring, dishearten'd, indispos'd to fight,
 But all impatient for the glorious field;
 His chariot bright with glitt'ring brass he left
 In charge with young Eurymedon, enjoin'd
 Attendance with the snorting steeds at hand,
 Lest strength to finish his laborious task
 Should fail him; and proceeding thence on foot,
 To visit and exhort his num'rous host, 250
 The fearless and alert with double force
 And courage he inspir'd, while thus he spake:

Argives! abate no spark of all your fire.
 The faithless never have a friend in Jove.
 Yon violators of their sacred oath
 Shall feed the vultures; Troy shall be our own;
 And ev'ry wife, and ev'ry child in Troy,
 Made captive, shall attend us home to Greece.

So cheer'd he them. But whom he saw supine,
 Or in the rugged work of war remiss, 260
 In terms of anger them he stern rebuk'd:

Dead marks for archers! shame ye thus your home,
 And feel no shame? Why stand ye thus aghast,
 Like heartless fawns, that after long pursuit
 Stand terrour-fix'd? Such seems your fix'd amaze,
 And such your dread of battle. Or ye wait,
 It may be, till the Trojans shall invade
 Your galleys on the shore, in hope that Jove,
 To save you then, himself will interpose.

Thus, in discharge of his high office, pass'd 270
 Atrides through the ranks, till he arriv'd
 Among the Cretans arming for the fight.
 There, like a boar in sturdiness of form
 He found Idomeneus his foremost lines

Arranging, and Meriones the rear.
Joy fill'd him at the sight, and with a voice
All kindness to the king of Crete he said—

In battle, in division of the spoil,
On all occasions, I distinguish thee,
Idomeneus! and when the mantling cup 280
Rewards the valour of the Grecian chiefs,
If others drink by measure, measure none
Thou know'st, but thy cup constantly as mine
Replenish'd stands, thy will thy sole restraint.
Haste then, and fight as thou hast ever fought.

To whom Idomeneus of Crete replied:
Atrides! all the friendship and the love,
Which I have promis'd, will I well perform.
Hence: hasten others, that no time be lost.
For Troy hath scatter'd to the winds all faith, 290
All conscience, and for such her treach'ry foul
Shall have large recompense of death and wo.

He said: Atrides with a joyful heart
Turn'd thence, and paus'd not till he reach'd the band
Of either Ajax; them he found prepar'd,
With all their cloud of infantry behind.
As when the goat-herd from a rocky point
Sees rolling o'er the deep, and wafted on
By western gales, a cloud, that, as it comes,
In distant prospect view'd, pitch-black appears, 300
And brings worst weather, lightning, storm, and rain,
He, shudd'ring, drives his flock into a cave;
So mov'd the gloomy phalanx, rough with spears,
And dense with shields of youthful warriors bold,
Close foll'wing either Ajax to the fight.

Them also, pleas'd, the king of men beheld,
And in wing'd accents hail'd them as he pass'd:

Brave leaders of the mail-clad host of Greece!
I move not you to duty; ye yourselves
Move others, and no lesson need from me. 310
Jove, Pallas, and Apollo! were but all
Courageous as yourselves, soon Priam's tow'rs
Should totter, and his Ilium, storm'd and sack'd
By Grecian hands, a formless ruin lie.

Them leaving, in his progress, next, he found
Brave Nestor animating to the fight

With warmest eloquence his Pylian ranks,
And issuing forth his mandates to the chiefs,
Alastor, Chromius, Pelagon the vast,
Hæmon the prince, and Bias. In his front 320
The charioteers, the chariots, and the steeds
He plac'd, his bravest infantry behind,
And in the midst, that, back'd as by a wall,
They might perforce be brave, the tim'rous few.
First to his charioteers he gave in charge
Their duty; bade them rein their horses hard,
Shunning confusion. Let no warrior, vain
And overweening of his strength or skill,
Start from his rank to dare the fight alone,
Or fall behind it, weak'ning whom he leaves. 330
And if, dismounted from his own, he climb
Another's chariot, let him wield the spear,
His wiser course, not seek to sway the reins.
Thus fought your fathers, and, these rules observ'd,
Laid many a bulwark'd citadel in dust.

Such was the counsel of the senior, taught
By long experience. Agamemnon heard
Delighted, and in accents wing'd with joy,
Old chief! he said, thy dauntless spirit asks
As firm a knee. But time unhinges all. 340
O that the burden of thy years were laid
On one far younger, and his youth were thine!
To whom the valiant Nestor thus replied:

Atrides! I would gladly now be such,
As Ercuthalion found me, whom I slew.
But other gifts the bounteous Gods bestow
On other years; and if I then possess'd
The pow'rs of youth, I boast them now no more.
Yet shall I not renounce for such a cause
My proper place, but mingling with the van, 350
Still counsel and harangue the charioteers.
This is my province; and to poise the spear,
And hurl it—young and vig'rous as they are,
And born since my decline—that task is theirs.

He said; the monarch with a joyful heart
Departing, saw the noble charioteer
Menestheus, son of Peteos, where amidst
The brave Athenians, unemploy'd, he stood.

Encompass'd by the Cephallenian youth,
 No shrinkers in the field, the wary chief, 360
 Ulysses, also stood not far remote.

For distant from the stir just then aris'n
 In either host, they knew not battle nigh,
 And, therefore, waiting stood, till other Greeks
 Should square the phalanx, and begin the fight.
 Atrides mark'd and reprimanded both :

O son of Peteos, gallant prince ! and thou
 All trick, all subtlety, and sly design !
 Why stand ye trembling here, and from afar
 Observing others ? Foremost to defy 370
 The burning battle's rage should ye be found,
 Whom foremost I invite of all to share
 The banquet, when the princes feast with me.
 There ye are prompt ; ye find it pleasant there,
 To eat your sav'ry food, and quaff your wine
 Delicious, till satiety ensue ;
 But here, though ten embattled bands should wage
 Fierce conflict first, ye could be well content.

To whom Ulysses, louting, thus replied :
 What words are these, that have escap'd thy lips, 380
 Atrides ? Wherefore call'st me slow to fight ?
 Soon as the Grecians shall repeat the clash
 Of fiery war, if thy desire be such,
 And that thy chief concern, thou shalt behold
 The father of Telemachus engag'd
 Among the foremost Trojans. But thy speech
 Was light as is the wind, and rashly made.

When him thus mov'd he saw, the monarch smil'd
 Complacent, and in gentler terms replied :

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd ! 390
 My purpose was not to exhort or chide
 Thee chiefly ; for I know thee as my friend,
 My gentlest friend, and that our hearts are one.
 Go, therefore.—If an angry word escap'd,
 Kinder shall follow it ; and may the Gods
 Make this short contest like an empty dream !

He spake, and leaving those, encounter'd next
 The son of Tydeus, Diomede the brave.
 Close hemm'd around by chariots and by steeds,
 With Sthenelus his fellow-chief he stood, 400

The son of Capaneus. A sharp reproof
These also witness'd from the king of men :

Ah son of Tydeus, the renown'd in war !
Why skulking here? why peering through the lines ?
So did not Tydeus, but the foremost fight
Chose rather ; as is testified by those
Who saw with wonder his heroic deeds.

He never met my view, but, by report,
Of all who knew him, none was brave as he.

For with the godlike Polynices once 410

He enter'd, but unarm'd and as a friend,
Mycenæ, seeking pow'rful aids to join
The host assembled for the siege of Thebes,
And earnestly they sued. We well-inclin'd,
Had granted that request, but were deterr'd
By unpropitious omens from above.

Departing, therefore, to the reedy banks
Of the Asopus, there thy sire receiv'd

An embassy to sacred Thebes in charge.

He went ; and found in Eteocles' hall 420

Num'rous Cadmeans feasting. With a heart
Estrang'd from fear, unfriended as he was,
The noble Tydeus yet provok'd them forth
To proof of manhood, and such aid obtain'd
From Pallas, that with ease he foil'd them all.
Sham'd and resentful, fifty of the town

Lay in close ambush waiting his return,

Mæon and Lycophontes at their head,

Both dauntless warriors. These thy father slew,
Save Mæon, slew them all. A voice from Heav'n.

Bade spare the herald, therefore him he sent, 431

To tell at Thebes, that he alone surviv'd.

Such one was Tydeus ; and he left a son
Less valiant, though more eloquent than he.

He ceas'd, and rev'rence of his office held
Tydides mute ; but Sthenelus replied :

Taint not thy lips, Atrides ! with a lie,

For us thou know'st superior to our sires.

To those same walls we led inferior force,

And, with that force, confiding in the Gods, 440

Thrust from her seat the seven-gated Thebes,

Where they fell victims of their own offence.

Compare no more then their renown with ours.

To whom Tydides with a louring brow :
My friend ! accept good counsel. Hold thy peace.
If Agamemnon, who hath charge of all,
Excite his host to battle, he shall hear
No blame from me. For should the Greeks prevail,
And Ilium perish, his shall be the praise,
And his the chief distress of our defeat. 450
Delay not therefore ; but if others rush
To furious fight, let us be swift as they.

He said ; and, at a leap, with all his arms
Dismounted. On his breast loud rang the shield
Of the impetuous chief. The sudden din
Had struck a terrour to the boldest heart.

As when, excited by the blowing West,
The billows crowd toward some sounding shore ;
First, on the distant broad expanse they curl
Their whit'ning heads, then thund'ring smite the land,
O'erswell the rocks, and scatter wide the spray ; 461
So mov'd the Greeks successive, rank by rank,
And phalanx after phalanx, ev'ry chief
His loud command proclaiming, while the rest,
As voice in all those thousands none had been,
Heard mute ; and, in resplendent armour clad,
With marshal order terrible advanc'd.
Not so the Trojans came. As sheep, the flock
Of some rich man, by thousands in his court
Penn'd close at milking time, incessant bleat, 470
Loud answ'ring all their bleating lambs without,
Such din from Ilium's wide-spread host arose.
Nor was their shout, nor was their accent one,
But mingled languages were heard of men
From various climes. These Mars to battle rous'd,
Those Pallas azure-ey'd ; nor Terrour thence
Nor Flight was absent, nor insatiate Strife.
Sister and mate of homicidal Mars,
Who small at first, but swift to grow, from Earth
Her tow'ring crest lifts gradual to the skies. 480
She, foe alike to both, dispers'd the brands
Of burning hate between them, and enhanc'd
The woes of battle wheresoe'er she pass'd,

And now the battle join'd. Shield clash'd with shield,
And spear with spear, conflicting corslets rang,
Boss'd bucklers met, and tumult wild arose.
Then many a yell was heard, and many a shout,
Loud intermix'd, the slayer o'er the maim'd
Exulting, and the field was drench'd with blood.
As when two torrents from the mountains shoot 490
Their mingling floods, by wintry sources fed,
Into one gulf, the solitary swain,
Roaming the distant uplands, hears the roar,
Such was the thunder of the mingling hosts.
First, by Antilochus a Trojan died,
A foremost combatant, Thalysias' son,
Brave Echepolus. On the crested casque
He smote him, in his front infix'd the spear,
And pierc'd the bone. Soul sick'ning shades of death
O'erspread the sight, and like a tow'r he fell. 500
Calchodon's offspring, Elephenor, chief
Of the well-train'd Abantes, seiz'd his feet
Impatient for the spoil, and would have drawn
The breathless body to a safe retreat;
But short was his attempt, for, as he stoop'd,
Agenor marking his unshielded side
Came spear in hand, and slew him at a thrust.
So died Calchodon's son, for whom arose
Sharp conflict; Greeks and Trojans mutual rush'd
Like wolves to battle, and man grappled man. 510
Then fell, by Telamonian Ajax slain
In his unwedded prime, Anthemion's son,
Prince Simoïsius. Him, what time she went
From Ida with her parents to attend
Their flocks on Simois' side, his mother bore,
And thence they nam'd him. But his days were few,
Too few to recompense the care that rear'd
His comely growth; for Ajax, mighty chief,
Receiv'd him on his pointed spear, and, pierc'd
Through breast and shoulder, in the dust he fell. 520
So nourish'd long in some well water'd spot,
Crown'd with green boughs, the smooth-skin'd pop-
lar falls,

Doom'd by the builder to supply with wheels
Some splendid chariot, on the bank it lies
A lifeless trunk, to parch in summer airs,
Such Ajax left, divested of his arms,
Young Simoïsïus. Then, Priam's son,
The bright arm'd Antiphus, through all the war
Hurl'd forth at Ajax; but the weapon err'd,
And Leucus reach'd instead, Ulysses' friend, 530
Drawing Anthemion's lifeless son aside.
Pierc'd through the groin he dropp'd him, and himself
Fell on the dead. Ulysses at the sight
Of Leucus slain, all bright in dazzling arms,
And fir'd with vengeance, rush'd into the van.
Full nigh he came, and, with a peering look
Cast all around, dismiss'd his glitt'ring spear.
Back fell the Trojans as the weapon left
The hero's hand. Nor was its fury vain.
It struck Democoon, Priam's spurious son, 540
Call'd from attendance on the royal mares
Kept at Abydus. The vindictive steel
At him Ulysses aim'd, and half the spear
Sent through his temples. With his sounding arms
He smote the ground, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Then Hector and the van of Troy retir'd;
Loud shout the Grecians; these draw off the dead,
Those onward march amain, and from the heights
Of Pergamus Apollo looking down
In anger to the Trojans call'd aloud : 550

Turn, turn again, ye Trojans ! face your foes.
They, like yourselves, are vulnerable flesh,
Not adamant or steel. Fair Thetis' son
Fights not. The fierce Achilles in his tent
Self-fed with mis'ry lies, and fell revenge.

Such from the lofty citadel was heard
Apollo's voice, while, progeny of Jove,
Tritonian Pallas, in the fainter Greeks,
Where such she saw, rous'd all their wonted fires.
Then Amarynceus' son, Diores, felt 560
The force of fate, bruis'd by a rugged rock
At his right heel, which Pirus, Thracian chief,
The son of Imbrasus of Ænos, threw.
Bones and both tendons in its fall the mass

Enormous crush'd. He, stretch'd in dust supine,
 Gasp'd, ey'd his friends, and spread his hands in vain,
 Till Pirus, who had giv'n the bruise, advanc'd,
 And pierc'd his navel. Through the wound's wide
 mouth

His bowels roll'd, and darkness veils his eyes.

Nor Pirus long surviv'd; a brazen spear 570
 Ætolian Thoas through his breast impell'd
 Above the pap, and fix'd it in his lungs;
 Then plucking forth the spear, he gash'd him next
 Athwart the belly with the falchion's edge,
 And stretch'd him dead. Yet stripp'd he not the slain
 Too well defended by the Thracian band,
 Who so repuls'd him with propended spears,
 That, though of largest limb, and first renown
 For bright achievements, stagg'ring he retir'd.

Thus side by side, with many a warrior more 580
 In dust extended, the Epean chief
 Diore, and the Thracian Pirus, lay.

Nought then, deserving blame had *He* perceiv'd,
 Whom yet unhurt, and by herself secur'd
 From dart or spear, Minerva should have led
 Through all that field; so thick a throng of slain,
 Both Greeks and Trojans, press'd the dusty soil.

BOOK V.

Argument.

Diomede is extraordinarily distinguished. He kills Pandarus, who had violated the truce, and wounds first Venus, and then Mars.

THEN, to exalt him in all Grecian eyes,
And purchase him an everlasting name,
Pallas gave Diomede new strength to toil,
Fresh fortitude to dare. His helmed head
She circled and his shield with living fires,
Bright as, when brightest, the autumnal star
In ocean lav'd, and recent from the deep:
His brows and ample shoulders thus illum'd,
She urg'd him forth into the thickest fight.

There was in Troy one Dares; blest with wealth;
The priest of Vulcan; blameless in his life, 11
And father of two sons, Idæus, nam'd,
And Phegeus, both well disciplin'd in arms.
Their phalanx left, these drove impetuous on
To the assault of Diomede on foot.
When now small interval was left between,
First, Phegeus hurl'd a spear, whose glitt'ring point
Approach'd but touch'd him not, innocuous borne
O'er his left shoulder. Diomede his spear
Dismissing next, and with no devious flight, 20
Transpierc'd his chest, and forc'd him to the ground.
Down leap'd Idæus, fearing to defend
His costly chariot, or his brother's corse,
Nor had himself escap'd the low'ring storm
Of instant fate, but, lest his ancient priest
Should mourn all comfort lost, him Vulcan caught,
Involv'd in midnight darkness, safe away.
Warlike Tydides, driving off the steeds,

Consign'd them to his fellow-warriors' care,
To be conducted down into the fleet. 30

The valiant Trojans, when they saw the sons
Of Dares, one beside his chariot slain,
And one by flight preserv'd, through all their host
Felt consternation. Then Minerva seiz'd
The hand of fiery Mars, and thus she spake:

Gore-tainted homicide, town-batt'ring Mars!
Leave we the Greeks and Trojans to the work
Of mutual slaughter; and the will of Jove,
Whatever, to its unimpeded course,
Lest, interfering, we incense our sire. 40

So saying, from battle she conducted forth
The stormy Mars to a sequester'd seat,
Where deep-embank'd Scamander roll'd below.
Then died the courage of the Trojan host,
And ev'ry leader of the Grecians prov'd
Victorious. First by Agamemnon's hand
Huge Odius fell dismounted to the ground,
The Halizonian chief. He turn'd to flight,
But, turning, felt implanted in his spine,
And though his breast impell'd, the monarch's spear, 50
And with resounding armour smote the plain.

Idomeneus Mæonian Borus' son,
Phæstus, arriv'd from fruitful Tarne, slew.
Him, mounting to escape, the king of Crete
Reach'd first, and with his long preventive spear
Pierc'd his right shoulder; from the chariot-front,
His eyes with Stygian horrors dimm'd he fell,
And his asailant's followers stripp'd his arms.
Scamandrius, son of Strophius, by the spear
Of Menelaus died. Well-skill'd was he, 60
To rouse and with unerring aim arrest
All savage kinds, that haunt the mountain wilds,
For him Diana taught. But Dian's art,
So oft his boast, nor even Dian's self
Avail'd him then; for as he turn'd to flight,
Deep in his spine, and through his breast impell'd,
He felt, that moment, Menelaus' spear,
And with resounding armour smote the plain.

The brave Meriones Phereclus slew,
Son of Harmonides. All arts that ask 70

A well-instructed hand his sire had learn'd,
 For Pallas dearly lov'd him. He the fleet,
 Prime source of harm to Troy and to himself,
 For Paris built, but had not, had he known
 The import of the Delphian voice divine.
 Phereclus fled; Meriones, his flight
 Outstripping, deep in his posterior flesh
 A spear implanted; close beneath the bone
 It glided, graz'd his bladder as it pass'd,
 And started forth before. Low on his knees 80
 Phereclus sank, and with a shriek expir'd.

Pedæus, whom, although his spurious son,
 Antenor's wife, to gratify her lord,
 Had cherish'd as her own—him Meges slew.
 Warlike Phylides foll'wing close his flight,
 A keen lance drove into his poll, his tongue
 Cut from the root, and through his lips enforc'd
 The glitt'ring point. He, prostrate in the dust,
 The cold steel press'd between his teeth and died.

Eurypylus, Evemon's son, the brave 90
 Hypsenor slew; Dolopion was his sire,
 Priest of Scamander, reverenc'd as a God.
 In vain before Eurypylus he fled;
 He, running, with his falchion lopp'd his arm
 Fast by the shoulder; on the field his hand
 Fell blood-distain'd, and destiny severe
 With shades of death for ever veil'd his eyes.
 Thus strenuous they the toilsome battle wag'd.
 But Diomede—Him, whether Greek he were
 Or Trojan rather, in his rapid course 100
 Thou scarce hadst known. For as an overflow
 Of some broad river swoln with wintry rains
 Sweeps down the bridges, dissipates the mounds,
 No buttress can withstand its sudden sway,
 No fence of fruitful fields, but many a work
 By sturdy swains long labour'd disappears,
 So fled the thick-embattled bands of Troy
 Swept and dispers'd by Diomede alone.

Lycaon's son descrying with what rage
 He scour'd the field, and how the seatter'd host 110
 Of Ilium fled before him, bent his bow,
 And where the scallop'd corslet gave a pass

Pierc'd his right shoulder. In his swift career
The arrow met, transfix'd him, and with blood
Stain'd all his hauberk. Pandarus that sight
Beheld exulting, and aloud exclaim'd:

Now, Trojans! ply the spur, now face your foes,
Of whom the bravest bleeds; and if, in truth,
Apollo's influence prompted me to leave
My Lycian home, I deem him soon to die. 120

So boasted he; but Diomedes unquell'd
By that keen shaft, retreated, till arriv'd
In front of his own chariot, there he stood,
And thus his faithful Sthenelus address'd:

Haste, son of Capaneus! in haste descend,
Ease my pierc'd shoulder, draw the arrow forth.

He said; then down leap'd Sthenelus, and drew
The arrow through the wound. The arrow drawn,
And while the warm blood spouted through the mail
Of his close tunic, thus the hero pray'd: 130

Unconquer'd daughter of Jove, Ægis-arm'd!
If e'er in burning fight thy favour found
My sire or me, now, Pallas! once again
Befriend me. Grant me to subdue, to reach
With my swift spear the chief whose nimbler shaft
Hath struck me first, the boaster, who believes
The sun's bright beams for ever quench'd to me!

He pray'd, and Pallas heard; she brac'd his limbs,
She wing'd him with alacrity divine,
And standing at his side, him thus bespake: 140

Now war again, Tydides! now be bold.
For, lo! I fill thee with the dauntless might
Of Tydeus; strengthen'd thus, he shook the shield.
I also purge thy sight; the mist that once
Obscur'd it, fled, thou shalt distinguish Gods
From mortals clearly; therefore, should a pow'r
From Heav'n approach to try thee, with the Gods
Contend not; but should Venus interfere,
Her chase, and not unwounded, back to Heav'n.

So spake the blue-ey'd Deity, and went. 150
Then with the champions in the van again
Tydides mingled; hot before, he fights
With threefold fury now, nor less enrag'd
Than some gaunt lion by the shepherd gall'd

As he o'erleap'd the fold, and whom his wound,
 Too slight, provokes the more; thenceforth the swain
 Lurks unresisting; flies th' abandon'd flock;
 Heaps slain on heaps he leaves, and with a bound
 Surmounting all impediment, escapes;
 Such seem'd the valiant Diomede incens'd. 160
 To fury, mingling with the host of Troy.

Astynoüs and Hypenor first he slew;
 One with his brazen lance above the pap
 He pierc'd, and one with his huge falchion smote
 Fast by the key-bone, from the neck and spine
 His parted shoulder driving at a blow.

Them leaving, Polyides next he sought
 And Abas, sons of a dream-solving seer,
 Eurydamas; their hoary father's dreams
 Or not interpreted, or kept conceal'd, 170
 Them sav'd not, for by Diomede they died.
 Xanthus and Thoon he encounter'd next,
 Both sons of Phænops, sons of his old age,
 Who other heir had none of all his wealth,
 Nor hop'd another, worn with many years.
 Tydides slew them both; nor aught remain'd
 To the old man but sorrow for his sons
 For ever lost; and strangers were his heirs.
 Two sons of Priam in one chariot borne,
 Echemon, next, and Chromius, felt his hand 180
 Resistless. As a lion on the herd
 Leaping, while they the shrubs and bushes browse,
 Breaks short the neck of heifer or of steer,
 So them, though clinging fast and loth to fall,
 Tydides hurl'd together to the ground,
 Then stripp'd their splendid armour, and the steeds
 Consign'd and chariot to his soldiers' care.

Him scatt'ring thus the ranks Æneas mark'd,
 And through the clash of spears set forth in quest
 Of godlike Pandarus. Erelong he found 190
 Lycaon's valiant son, drew near, and said—

Say, Pandarus! thy bow, thy shafts, thy fame,
 Unrivall'd here, in Lycia unexcell'd,
 Where are they now? Come, lift thine hands to Jove,
 And at yon conqu'ror, whosoe'er he be,
 To whom we owe such mischief, many a brave

And gallant youth cast breathless on the ground,
Despatch a shaft: yet should he prove a God,
As likeliest seems, avenging on our host
Neglected rites, what then can shafts avail? 200

To whom Lycaon's warlike son replied:
Æneas, wise in council, brave in fight!
I deem him by his shield, his crest, his steeds,
The valiant Diomede; but with reserve
Affirm him such, who still may be a God,
But if the conqueror of whom I speak
Be Diomede, not uninspir'd from Heav'n
He rages thus, but, at his side, unseen,
Some guardian pow'r protects his threaten'd life.
For, at his corslet's scallop, I have once 210
Already pierc'd him, and the arrow pass'd
Through his right shoulder. Destin'd ere his time
I judg'd him to his dark Plutonian home,
But still he lives; man, therefore, cannot be,
Nor can his wrath be less than wrath divine.
I would assail him mounted, but have here
No chariot, for I left eleven at home
All new, magnificent, and mantled o'er
With wide-spread hangings, while, in pairs, my steeds
Beside them standing, chew their winnow'd grain. 220
My brave old sire Lycaon many a wise
Instruction gave me at my coming forth,
And oft persuaded me to ride before
My band to battle. I refus'd to ride,
And now repent it. But the cause was fear
Lest, ever largely fed, my steeds, perchance,
Should famish, in the closeness of the siege.
Them, therefore, leaving, I arriv'd on foot
At Ilium, trusting in my bow alone,
Ordain'd to fail me and forego its use. 230
For two prime Grecians have already bled
By my sure arrows; Menelaus first,
And next this hero. Genuine was the blood,
But the effect, that they have rag'd the more.
In evil hour I, therefore, from the wall
Unhook'd it, on the day when arm'd I led,
For Hector's sake, my Lycians forth to Troy.
And should these eyes of mine once more behold

My wife, and native mansion, may I fall
 Next moment headless by an alien's hand, 240
 If I not break and burn with fire a bow,
 So false a friend and foll'wer to the fight.

To whom Æneas, Trojan chief, replied:
 Nay, speak not so. For ere that hour arrive
 We will, with chariot and with horse, in arms
 Encounter him, and put his strength to proof.
 Delay not, mount my chariot. Thou shalt see
 With what rapidity the steeds of Tros,
 Pursuing or retreating, scour the field;
 And should Tydides by the aid of Jove 250
 Still prove victorious, these shall bear us safe
 Back to the city. Come then. Let us on.
 The lash take thou, and the resplendent reins,
 While I stand up for battle, or thyself
 Receive him, and the steeds shall be my care.

Him answer'd then Lycaon's son renown'd:
 The steeds are thine, Æneas! be it thine
 To drive them. Should we be constrain'd to fly,
 Thy voice, best known, will animate them most;
 Not hearing thine, their wanted courage lost, 260
 They may refuse us rescue, and the son
 Of valiant Tydeus, furious in pursuit,
 Shall slay us both, and drive thy steeds away.
 Thine therefore be the driver's part, while I
 With my sharp spear encounter his approach.

So saying they mounted both, and furious drove
 Against Tydides. Then the noble son
 Of Capaneus observ'd, and turning quick
 His speech to Diomede, him thus address'd:

My soul's delight, my Diomede! I see 270
 Two warriors infinite in force on fire
 To give thee battle. Skilful in the bow
 Lycaon's offspring, Pandarus, is one;
 The other, he whom Venus, as he boasts,
 To his courageous sire Anchises bore,
 Æneas. Haste. Seek safety in retreat,
 Lest, all assistance of the Grecians left
 So far, thou perish, and I lose my friend.

To whom, dark-frowning, Diomede replied:
 Speak not of flight, or speak in vain to me, 280

For I am Tydeus' son, and cannot fly
Or shrink from danger; unimpair'd I feel
My vigour yet, disdain the chariot's help,
And thus will meet them; for Minerva said,
Be bold, Tydides! and I cannot fear.
If one escape us, not the swiftest flight
Shall rescue both. But mark me, and repose
Deep in thy mem'ry what I now enjoin.
Should Pallas, matchless teacher, grant me skill
To slay them both, hook fast the reins of ours, 290
And, mindful to secure Æneas' steeds,
Fly, seize, and drive them to the Grecian camp.
For Tros receiv'd their grandsires, in amends
For his son Ganymede, from Jove himself,
As fleetest of all coursers under Heav'n.
Their breed the chief Anchises with his mares
Stole from Laomedon; the foals were six,
Four pamper'd for his pleasure he reserves
In his own stalls, and to Æneas gave
This fiery pair to serve him in the field; 300
A glorious prize, might victory make them ours.

Thus mutual they conferr'd; those chiefs, the while,
With swiftest pace approach'd, and first his speech
To Diomedes Lycaon's son address'd:

Tydides, dauntless son of dauntless sire!
In vain my shaft transpierc'd thee. Now for proof
If, heal'd as soon, thou canst survive the spear.

He said, and from his forceful gripe at once
Forth flew the quiv'ring beam; it struck the shield
Of Diomedes, nor stay'd, but started through, 310
And reach'd well nigh the hauberk on his breast.
Loud shouted Pandarus—Ah, nobly thrown!
Home to thy bowels. Die, for die thou must,
And all the glory of thy death is mine.

Then answer thus brave Diomedes return'd
Undaunted. I am whole. Thy cast was short.
But as for you, ye cease not, I perceive,
Till one at least extended on the field
Shall sate the God of battles with his blood.

He said and threw. Minerva steer'd the lance 320
And, ent'ring at the nostril near his eye,
His iv'ry teeth it brake, cut short his tongue,

And glitter'd extant at his chin below.
 Down from the chariot on his radiant arms
 With hideous sound he fell ; back flew the steeds
 In wild affright, and where he fell he died.
 Then sprang Æneas forth with spear and shield,
 To guard the body ; with a lion's port
 He stalk'd around it, oval shield and spear
 Advancing firm, and, with incessant cries 350
 Terrific, death denouncing on his foes.
 But Diomede with an enormous stone
 Fill'd his wide grasp ; a weight to overcharge
 Two men, the strongest of a race like ours,
 Although he wielded it with ease alone.
 With this he smote Æneas ; on the hip
 He smote him, where the thigh-bone's slipp'ry knob
 Rolls in its cavity, the socket nam'd.
 It crush'd the socket, with its rugged points
 Tore the tough tendons wide, and stripp'd the skin.
 The hero, to his knees subsiding, lean'd 341
 On his broad palm, and darkness veil'd his eyes.

There had Æneas perish'd, king of men,
 But Venus, anxious for the son she gave
 To her belov'd Anchises in the vales
 Of Ida, gracefully her snowy arms
 Threw round him, interpos'd the lucid folds
 Of her ethereal robe, to screen his breast
 From Grecian darts, lest pierc'd he should expire
 And softly stole her darling chief away. 350

Then, heedful of his fellow-warrior's charge,
 The son of Capaneus, with fasten'd reins
 Behind them, far from the tumultuous fight
 Detain'd his own, and seizing with despatch
 Æneas' coursers drove them till he reach'd
 The Grecian host. There giving them in charge
 To his congenial friend, whom most he lov'd,
 Deipylus, that he might drive them thence
 Into the Grecian camp, the hero, next,
 Returning, climb'd his chariot, and in haste 360
 Lash'd after Diomede ; he, fierce in arms,
 Pursu'd the Cyprian Goddess, conscious whom,
 Not Pallas, not Enyo, waster dread
 Of cities close-beleaguer'd, none of all

Who o'er the battle's bloody course preside,
 But one of softer kind and prone to fear.
 When, therefore, her at length, after long chase
 Through all the warring multitude he reach'd,
 With his protruded spear her gentle hand
 He wounded, piercing through her thin attire 370
 (Ambrosial texture by the Graces wrought)
 Her inside wrist, fast by the rosy palm.
 Blood follow'd, but immortal: ichor pure,
 Such as the blest inhabitants of Heav'n
 May bleed, nectareous: for the Gods eat not
 Man's food, nor slake as he with sable wine
 Their thirst, thence bloodless and from death exempt.
 She shrieking, from her arms cast down her son,
 And Phœbus, in impenetrable clouds
 Him hiding, lest the spear of some brave Greek 380
 Should pierce his bosom, caught him far away.
 Then shouted brave Tydides after her—

Depart, Jove's daughter! fly the bloody field.
 Is't not enough, that thou beguil'st the hearts
 Of feeble women? If thou dare intrude
 Again into the war, war's very name
 Shall make thee shudder, wheresoever heard.

He said, and Venus with excess of pain
 Bewilder'd went; but Iris drawing nigh
 Forth led her through the multitude, oppress'd 390
 With anguish, her white wrist to livid chang'd.
 They came where on the left of battle sat
 The fiery Mars, his horses and his spear
 In darkness veil'd. Before her brother's knees
 She fell, and with entreaties urgent sought
 The succour of his coursers golden-rein'd:

My brother, pity me, and let thy steeds
 Bear me to the Olympian seats again.
 This wound with all its bitter pangs I owe
 To Diomede, a mortal, who would fight 400
 With Jove himself, so desp'rate is his rage.

She said; and with his golden-bitted steeds
 By Mars supplied, but heaving many a sigh,
 Climb'd the bright chariot; Iris seiz'd the scourge,
 And Heav'n-ward flew at once the willing pair.
 Arriv'd on the Olympian summit, seat

Of the immortal Gods, there Iris loos'd
And with ambrosia fed them. Venus sank
Mean-time dejected on Dione's lap,
Who close to her maternal bosom strain'd 410
Her lovely daughter, strok'd her cheek, and said:

Who gave my blameless child this dreadful wound,
As if her guilt were prov'd—What Pow'r divine?

Her then the goddess of love-kindling smiles,
Venus, thus answer'd: Diomede the proud,
Audacious Diomede; he gave the wound,
For that I stole Æneas, my own son,
From battle, dearest of mankind to me.
Nor is it now the war of Greece with Troy,
But of the Grecians with the Gods themselves. 420

Then thus Dione, Goddess all divine:
My child! how hard soe'er thy suff'rings seem,
Endure them patiently, since many a wrong
From human hands profane the Gods endure,
And many a painful stroke, mankind from ours.
Mars once endur'd much wrong, when on a time
Otus and Ephialtes bound him fast,
Sons of Aloëus, and full thirteen moons
In brazen thralldom held him. There, at length,
The fierce blood-nourish'd Mars had pin'd away, 430
But that Eëribœa, loveliest nymph,
His step-mother, in happy hour disclos'd
To Mercury the story of his wrongs;
He stole the pris'ner forth, but with his woes
Already worn, languid and fetter-gall'd.
Nor Juno less endur'd, when erst the bold
Son of Amphytrion with tridental shaft
Her bosom pierc'd; she then the mis'ry felt
Of irremediable pain severe.

Nor suffer'd Pluto less, of all the Gods 440
Gigantic most, by the same son of Jove
Alcides, at the portals of the dead
Transfix'd and fill'd with anguish; he the house
Of Jove and the Olympian summit sought
Dejected, torture-stung; for sore the shaft
Oppress'd him, into his huge shoulder driv'n.
But Pæon him not liable to death
With unction smooth of salutif'rous balms

Heal'd soon. Presumptuous, sacrilegious man!
Careless what dire enormities he wrought, 450
Who bent his bow against the pow'rs of Heav'n!
But blue-ey'd Pallas instigated him,
By whom thou bleed'st. Infatuate! He forgets,
That whoso turns against the Gods his arms
Lives never long; he never, safe escap'd
From furious fight, the lisp'd caresses hears
Of his own infants prattling at his knees.
Let therefore Diomede beware, lest, strong
And valiant as he is, he chance to meet
Some mightier foe than thou, and lest his wife, 460
Daughter of king Adrastus, the discreet
Ægialea, from portentous dreams
Upstarting, call her family to wail
Her first-espous'd, Achaia's proudest boast,
Tydides, whom she must behold no more.

She said, and from her wrist with both hands wip'd
The trickling ichor; the effectual touch
Divine chas'd all her pains, and she was heal'd.
Them Juno mark'd and Pallas, and with speech
Sarcastic pointed at Saturnian Jove, 470
To vex him blue-ey'd Pallas thus began:

Eternal father! may I speak my thought,
And not incense thee, Jove? I can but judge,
That Venus, while she coax'd some Grecian fair,
To join the Trojans, whom the Goddess loves
With such extravagance, hath heedless strok'd
Her golden clasps, and scratch'd her lily hand.

So she; then smil'd the sire of Gods and men,
And calling golden Venus, her bespake:

War and the tented field, my beauteous child, 480
Are not for thee. Thou rather shouldst be found
In scenes of matrimonial bliss. The toils
Of war to Pallas and to Mars belong.

Thus they in Heav'n. But Diomede the while
Sprang on Æneas, conscious of the God,
Whose hand o'ersadow'd him, yet even him
Regarding lightly; for he burn'd to slay
Æneas, and to seize his glorious arms.
Thrice then he sprang impetuous to the deed,
And thrice Apollo with his radiant shield 490

Repuls'd him. But when ardent as a God
The fourth time he advanc'd, with thund'ring voice
Him thus the Archer of the skies rebuk'd:

Think and retire Tydides! nor affect
Equality with Gods; for not the same
Our nature is and theirs who tread the ground.

He said; then Diomede, to shun the rage
Of the offended God, short space retir'd,
And distant from the war Apollo plac'd
Æneas, in his own interior shrine

500

In Pergamus; beneath whose ample dome,
Distinguish'd gloriously, the chief engag'd
Latona's and Diana's healing pow'rs.

Mean-time the Archer of the silver bow
An airy form prepar'd in feature, size,
And arms, himself Æneas. To secure
That vain illusion Greeks and Trojans flew
To fiery contest, and with many a stroke
The bull-hide shields and lighter targes rang.

Then thus Apollo to the warrior God: 510
Gore-tainted, homicide, town-batt'rer Mars!
Wilt thou not meet and from the fight withdraw
This man Tydides, now so fiery grown,
That he would even cope with Jove himself?
First, Venus' hand he wounded, and assail'd
Impetuous as a God, next, even me.

He ceas'd, and on the topmost turret sat
Of Pergamus. Then Mars, pernicious Pow'r,
Ranging the Trojan host, rank after rank
Exhorted loud, and in the form assum'd 520
Of Acamas the Thracian leader bold,
The godlike sons of Priam thus harangu'd:

Ye sons of Priam, monarch dear to Jove!
How long permit ye your Achaian foes
To slay the people? Till the battle rage
(Push'd home to Ilium) at her solid gates?
Behold—a chief disabled lies, than whom
We reverence not even Hector more,
Æneas; fly, save from the roaring storm
The noble Anchisiades your friend.

530

He said; then ev'ry heart for battle glow'd;
And thus Sarpedon, with rebuke severe

Upbraiding gen'rous Hector, stern began :

Where, Hector ! is the martial fire, that glow'd
Once in thy bosom ? We have heard thee boast,
That, other aids apart, and unsustain'd
Either by native Trojans or allies,
Thou and thy kindred could defend the town.
But where are now thy kindred ? none appears ;
As dogs the lion dread, so they the fight, 540
Which strangers wage, though summon'd from afar.
Myself am such ; for Lycia lies remote
Beside the gulfy Xanthus ; there I left
An infant boy, and a beloved mate,
With wealth, the wish and envy of the poor.
Yet lead I forth my Lycians, and myself
Stand fast for Troy, although the Grecians here,
Gain what they may, can nothing gain of mine.
Thou stand'st thyself indeed, but others leav'st
Dishearten'd even in their wives' defence. 550
Ah fear, lest all enclos'd as in a net,
Ye perish, and ere long no trace remain
Of Ilium's splendid dwellings—day and night
These thoughts should prompt thee, to entreat the
chiefs,

Your foreign friends, to combat in your cause
As with one heart, all bick'rings put away.

So spake Sarpedon, and his keen rebuke
Stung Hector ; to the ground all arm'd he leap'd,
Shook high his spears, and, visiting his host,
Rous'd all their pow'rs to dreadful fight again. 560
They, rallying, fac'd the Greeks, who unappall'd
Fled not, but waited them in firm array.

As from the peasant's van the wafted husk,
Parted by golden Ceres from the grain,
Falls in thick show'rs, and whitens all around,
So, turn'd at once, and mingling at command
Again in fight, the stamping coursers fill'd
Heav'n's azure vault with dust, which in its fall
Whiten'd the Grecians ! and impetuous Mars,
In aid of Ilium's host, from side to side 570
Brought darkness o'er the battle ; so enjoin'd
By Phœbus, soon as, watchful, he perceiv'd
Pallas their guardian, from the Greeks withdrawn.

And now Apollo from his unctuous shrine
Sent forth Æneas, by himself inspir'd
With might for battle, and amidst his own
Once more he stood. They saw with glad surprise
The hero safe, and to his strength restor'd;
But nought inquir'd, nor leisure found, intent
On other thoughts, and too severely task'd 580
By shaft-arm'd Phœbus, homicidal Mars,
And Discord burning still with quenchless fire.

Ulysses, either Ajax, Diomede—
These rous'd the Greeks to battle, who themselves
The force fear'd nothing, or the shouts of Troy,
But steadfast stood, like clouds by Jove amass'd
On some hugh mountain's summit, while the force
Of Boreas sleeps, with all the whistling winds,
That chase the gloomy vapours when they blow.
So stood the Grecians, waiting the approach 590
Of Ilium's pow'rs, and neither fled nor fear'd.

Then Agamemnon the embattled host
On all sides ranging, cheer'd them. Now, he cried,
Be steadfast, fellow-warriors, now be men!
Hold fast a sense of honour. More escape
Of men who fear disgrace, than fall in fight,
While dastards forfeit life and glory both.

He said, and with his rapid spear the prince
Deïcoon son of Pergasus, and friend
Of brave Æneas, slew; not less esteem'd 600
By all in Troy, such courage had he shown
In her defence, than Priam's sons themselves.
His shield he pierc'd, nor pierc'd his shield alone,
But, through his belt, his bowels; down he fell,
And with his sounding armour smote the plain.

Æneas, in return, two noblest Greeks,
The brave Orsilochus and Crethon slew,
Their sire Diocles for his wealth renown'd,
Pheræ their splendid home, and their descent
From deep broad-flowing Alpheus, Pylian stream. 610
Alpheus begat Orsilochus, a prince
Of num'rous pow'rs. Orsilochus begat
Warlike Diocles. From Diocles sprang
Twins, Crethon and Orsilochus, expert
In all the dread varieties of war.

These, in full bloom of youth, to Ilium fam'd
 For swiftest steeds had voyag'd with the Greeks,
 Just compensation seeking for the sons
 Of Atreus, in that glorious cause they fell.

As two young lions, nourish'd till of late, 620
 In some dark forest on the mountain's brow
 Beneath their dam, invading folds and stalls
 Spare neither flocks nor herds, till in return,
 Themselves assail'd, they perish by the spear,
 So they, both vanquish'd by Æneas, lay,
 Like two tall pines, extended on the plain.
 Them fall'n in battle Menelaus saw
 With pity mov'd; radiant in arms he shook
 His brazen spear, and strode into the van.
 Mars urg'd him furious on, conceiving hope 630
 Of his death also by Æneas' hand.

But him the son of gen'rous Nestor mark'd,
 Antilochus, and to the foremost fight
 Flew also, fearing lest some dire mischance
 The Prince befalling at one fatal stroke
 Should frustrate all the labours of the Greeks.
 They, hand to hand, and spear to spear oppos'd,
 Stood threat'ning dreadful onset, when beside
 The Spartan chief Antilochus appear'd.
 Æneas, at the sight of two, appall'd, 640
 Stood not, although intrepid. They, the dead
 Thence drawing far into the Grecian host,
 To their associates gave the hapless pair,
 Then, both returning, fought in front again.

Next, fierce Pylæmenes, the dauntless chief
 Of Paphlagonia's shielded band, they slew.
 Erect he rode, when with his pointed spear
 Fast by the key-bone Menelaus pierc'd
 His yielding neck; and while Atymnias' son,
 Mydon, his charioteer, with fearful haste 650
 Turn'd his fierce steeds to flight, a pond'rous stone,
 Hurl'd by Antilochus, with skilful aim
 Smote his left elbow. From his slacken'd grasp
 Loose fell the iv'ry reins and track'd the dust.
 Then flew Antilochus, and with his sword
 Struck through his temples; panting, down he fell,
 And on his neck and shoulders in the sand

(For in deep sand it chanc'd) stood long erect,
Till his own coursers spurn'd him to his length.
Antilochus his vacant seat supplied, 660
And, joyful, drove them to the camp of Greece.

Them Hector through the ranks espying flew
With clamour loud to meet them; after whom
Advanc'd in phalanx firm the pow'rs of Troy.
Mars led them, with Enyo terrour-clad;
She by the madd'ning tumult of the fight
Attended, he, with his enormous lance
In both hands brandish'd, stalking now in front
Of Hector, now attendant in his rear.

Him Diomede the bold discerning felt 670
Himself no small dismay; and as a man
Remote from hope, nor taught the swimmer's art,
If chance a rapid torrent to the sea
Borne headlong thwart his course, the foaming flood
Obstrep'rous views awhile, then quick retires,
So he, and thus his warlike band bespake:

My friends! the noble Hector's force and skill
Move with just cause our wonder, for he fights
Protected always by some Pow'r divine,
And Mars attends this moment at his side, 680
In form a man. Ye, therefore, still retire,
But facing still your foes, nor battle wage
However fierce, yet fruitless, with the Gods.

He ended; and the Trojans now approach'd.
Then Hector two well-practis'd warriors slew,
Menesthes, and Anchialus his friend,
Borne in one chariot. With compassion mov'd
Their hapless fall the tow'ring Ajax saw,
And, drawing nigh, stood first, then hurl'd a spear,
Which pierc'd Amphius; Pæsus was his home, 690
And Selagus of boundless-wealth his sire;
But, drawn by Destiny to Priam's aid,
He sought the battle. Driven through his belt,
The Telamonian hero's massy beam
Implanted in his nether bowels stood,
And, sounding, down he fell. The conqu'ror flew,
To strip his arms, but show'rs of glitt'ring darts
Around him fell, nor few his shield receiv'd;
The body press'd beneath his heel, he tugg'd

His own huge weapon forth, but seize the spoil 700
 He could not, by that iron storm assail'd.
 Fear too he felt, lest, confident and bold,
 His num'rous foes should hem him all around,
 Who push'd and urg'd him at the lance's point
 So roughly thence, that, though of highest fame
 For strength and valour, stagg'ring he retir'd.

Thus toil'd both hosts in that laborious field.
 And now resistless Fate the mighty son
 Of Hercules, Tlepolemus, impell'd
 To combat with the godlike Lycian chief, 710
 Sarpedon. Grandson huge of Jove he met
 Jove's own immediate son, and thus he said :

Why came Sarpedon hither, heartless chief
 Of Lycia's host, and ignorant of arms?
 False is that rumour, which affirms thee born
 The son of Jove; for thou art far unlike
 The Thund'rer's sons brought forth in other days.
 How glorious was the lion-hearted prince,
 My father Hercules! who, seeking here
 The horses of Laomedon, achiev'd 720
 With six ships only, and his little band,
 The fall of Troy, and widow'd all her ways.
 But thou, of mind ignoble, lead'st about
 A perishing and still diminish'd train,
 And hadst thou never left thy Lycian home,
 Troy thence had suffer'd nought; for wert thou brave
 As thou art base, thy soul should yet descend
 To Pluto's dreary realm, dismiss'd by me.

To whom the leader of the Lycian band:
 Tlepolemus! He laid this city waste 730
 For the ingratitude and folly's sake
 Of king Laomedon, who gave his claim
 A rough reply, nor would resign the steeds
 Far-sought and well-deserv'd. But where he wag'd
 Victorious war, there bleeding life away,
 The victim of my spear, shalt thou resign
 Thy soul to Pluto, and thy fame to me.

Then rais'd Tlepolemus his ashen beam,
 And both at once, their quiv'ring weapons flew.
 His neck Sarpedon's pierc'd. The mortal point 740
 Sprang forth behind, and darkness veil'd his eyes.

Tlepolemus with vengeful fury struck
His foe's left thigh, and in the bone set fast
His rueful point. But Jove preserv'd his son.

His brave attendants forth from battle bore
Godlike Sarpedon; but with pain he dragg'd
The long spear after him, through eager haste
Of his associates, left inherent still.

His also bore Tlepolemus away.

Ulysses mark'd them with a mind that dar'd 750

All danger, and a soul by vengeance fir'd;
Yet doubt perplex'd him, whether he should seek
With swift pursuit the wounded son of Jove,
Or slay more Lycians. But the Fates ordain'd

Jove's son the victim of another spear,
And Pallas, therefore, his uncertain thoughts
Deciding, turn'd them to the Lycian host.

Alastor, then, and Cœranus he smote,

Alcander, Chrominus, Prytanis the brave,

And Halius, and Noëmon. These he slew, 760

And Lycians more had slain, but from afar
The havock caught huge Hector's watchful eye,

And, to the terrour of the Greeks, he flew

All-arm'd into the van. His swift approach

The son of Jove, Sarpedon, glad beheld,

And these sad accents to his ear address'd:

Ah! son of Priam, leave me not expos'd

To Grecian hands; I wish but to expire

Within your friendly walls: for to regain

My native fields, and meet at my return 770

A smiling wife and boy, are not for me.

He ceas'd, nor Hector answer'd, but at once

Fir'd with unsparing fury for his sake

Flew to repulse the Grecians. Then beneath

Jove's spreading beech his fellow warriors laid

Sarpedon down, where Pelagon, his brave

And lov'd companion, drawing from his thigh

The ashen spear, in lifeless languor lost

And sickly mists awhile the hero lay,

But, fann'd by northern breezes, liv'd again. 780

Press'd by the double force of Hector's arm

And Mars himself, the Grecians neither sought

Their camp by flight, nor stood; but once inform'd

That Mars oppos'd them, step by step retir'd,
 Whom first, whom last slew then the mighty son
 Of Priam, Hector, and the brazen Mars !
 First godlike Teuthras, an equestrian chief,
 Orestes, Trechus of Ætolian race,
 Ænomaus, Helenus from Ænops sprung,
 And brisk in fight Oresbius; rich was he, 790
 And covetous of more in Hyla dwelt
 Fast by the lake Cephissus, where abode
 Num'rous Bœotian chiefs besides, themselves
 Wealthy, and rulers of a wealthy race.
 Jove's beauteous consort, Juno, soon perceiv'd
 These Greeks expiring in the storm of war,
 And thus, with eager haste, to Pallas spake :
 Pallas ! all-conqu'ring progeny of Jove !
 Vain was our word to Menelaus giv'n,
 That he should bear the spoils of Ilium home, 800
 If havock-spreading Mars thus madly rage
 With no control of ours. Haste—put we on
 Our might for battle too, and seek the fight.
 She spake; nor blue-ey'd Pallas not complied.
 Then Juno, Goddess dread, from Saturn sprung,
 Her coursers gold-caparison'd prepar'd
 Impatient. Hebe to the chariot roll'd
 The brazen wheels, and join'd them to the smooth
 Steel axle; twice four spokes divided each,
 Shot from the centre to the verge. The verge 810
 Was gold by fellies of eternal brass
 Guarded, a dazzling show ! The shining naves
 Were silver; silver cords and cords of gold
 The seat upbore; two crescents blaz'd in front.
 The pole was argent all, to which she bound
 The golden yoke, with its appendant charge
 Inserted, braces, straps, and bands of gold.
 But Juno to the yoke, herself, the steeds
 Conducted forth, on fire to join the fight.
 Mean-time Minerva, progeny of Jove, 820
 On th' adamantine floor of his abode
 Let fall profuse her variegated robe,
 Labour of her own hands. Then put she on
 The corslet of the Thunderer her Sire,
 And arm'd her for the field of wo complete.

She charg'd her shoulder with the dreadful shield,
 The shaggy Ægis, border'd thick around
 With Terrour; there was Discord, Prowess there,
 There hot Pursuit, and there the feature grim
 Of Gorgon, dire deformity, a sign 830
 Oft borne portentous on the arm of Jove.
 Her golden helm, whose concave had suffic'd
 The legions of a hundred cities, rough
 With warlike ornament superb, she fix'd
 On her immortal head. Thus arm'd, she rose
 Into the flaming chariot, and her spear,
 Huge, pond'rous, irresistible, receiv'd,
 With which Jove's awful daughter levels ranks
 Of heroes, against whom her anger burns.
 Juno with lifted lash urg'd quick the steeds; 840
 At her approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide
 Unfolding gates of Heav'n; the heav'nly gates
 Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge
 Of the Olympian summit appertains,
 And of the boundless ether, back to roll,
 And to replace the cloudy barrier dense.
 Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds;
 Apart from all and seated on the point
 Superior of the cloven mount, they found
 The Thunderer. There beauteous Juno stay'd 850
 Her fiery steeds, and thus the Sov'reign King,
 Saturnian Jove, consulted ere she pass'd:

Jove! see'st thou unincens'd these deeds of Mars,
 How many noblest Grecians he has slain,
 All shamelessly, and all with grief of heart
 Deplor'd by me? But Venus views well-pleas'd,
 And Phœbus, acts to which themselves have mov'd
 The lawless ravager. Eternal Sire!
 Shall I displease thee, should I punish Mars,
 And chase him deeply-wounded from the field? 860

To whom the cloud-assembling pow'r replied:
 Incite the warlike Pallas to the task
 Much rather, long accustom'd to inflict
 On him just recompense of pain and wo.

He said, and beauteous Juno nought displeas'd
 Lash'd on her steeds. They readily between
 The earth and skies their midway flight began.

Far as he kens, who from his airy seat,
 Some lofty rock, looks o'er the wat'ry waste,
 So far, at ev'ry bound, with echoing hoofs 870
 Advance the steeds of Heav'n. Erelong arriv'd
 Where Simois and Scamander meet and mix
 Their confluent streams, there beauteous Juno loos'd,
 And in a misty veil her steeds conceal'd,
 And, at command of Simois, on his bank
 Their wonted food, ambrosia, largely sprang.

They, like two doves on balanc'd pinions, wing'd
 Their swift smooth way into the host of Greece,
 Impatient to assist them; and, arriv'd
 Where well-nigh all the mightiest close around 880
 Tydides stood, in aspect lion-like,
 And terrible in strength as forest-boars,
 There, Juno, in the form and with the voice
 Of Stentor, as the brazen trumpet clear,
 And loud as fifty others, sent a cry
 From side to side through all the Grecian lines:

O splendid warriors! form'd to please the eye,
 And shame your country! while Achilles fought,
 That godlike chief, no Trojan stepp'd beyond
 The Dardan gates, through terrour of his arm: 890
 But now they brave you even at the fleet.

She ceas'd, and all caught courage from the sound.
 But Pallas flew to Diomedes. She found
 That princely warrior at his chariot-side,
 Cooling his wound inflicted by the shaft
 Of Pandarus; for it had long endur'd
 The chafe and sultry pressure of the belt,
 That bore his ample shield, too pond'rous now
 For his enfeebled hand. He wip'd the gore
 Beneath his belt, when Pallas, with her arm 900
 Thrown o'er the yoke, the hero thus reprov'd:

Tydides shows few traces of his sire.
 Tydeus, small-limb'd, was strenuous yet in fight.
 For when his fierce propensity to deeds
 Of bold emprise had no consent of mine,
 What time, despatch'd ambassador, he sat
 Friendless among the num'rous youths of Thebes,
 And I exhorted him, myself, to share
 The banquet quietly; yet, prompted still,

As always, by his own undaunted heart, 910
He challeng'd forth their ablest, and with ease,
In ev'ry trial, such effectual aid
I gave him, prov'd superior to them all.
But Thou, whom I encompass, whom I guard;
And with express command urge forth to fight,
Thou faintest, either through excess of toil,
Or heartless fear; then boast thee Tydeus' son,
And valiant Æneus' progeny no more.

To whom thus valiant Diomedes replied:
Daughter of Jove! I know thee, and disclose, 920
Most willingly, my inmost soul to thee.
Me neither fear, nor dull desire of rest,
Withholds from battle, but thy own commands,
Remember'd still, that of Immortal Pow'rs,
Save Venus only, should she seek the field,
I should encounter none, nor spare to send
The foam-sprung Goddess wounded back to Heav'n.
I, therefore, seeing that the fight is sway'd
By Mars himself, retire, and have enjoin'd
That course to all the Greeks of my command. 930

Him answer'd then the Goddess azure-ey'd:
Tydides! Diomedes, my heart's delight!
Fear not this Mars, nor fear thou other pow'r
Immortal, but be confident in me.
Arise. Drive forth. Seek Mars; him only seek;
Him hand to hand engage; this fiery Mars
Respect not aught, base implement of wrong
And mischief, shifting still from side to side.
He promis'd Juno lately and myself,
That he would fight for Greece, yet now forgets 940
His promise, and gives all his aid to Troy.

She said, and drawing backward by his arm
The hero Sthenelus, who with a leap
Alighted, mounted ardent to his place,
And sat by Diomedes. Then groan'd aloud
The beechen axle; for it bore to fight
An awful Goddess and a peerless chief.
She seiz'd the reins, and rapid in career
Flew to encounter Mars. Just then the God
Had slain huge Periphas, the prime in arms 950
Of all Ætolia's band, Ochesius' son.

Him Mars had slain; when to elude the sight
 Of the tempestuous Pow'r, Minerva fix'd
 The dark Tartarean helmet on her head.
 At sight of Diomede, the gory Mars
 Leaving gigantic Periphas outstretch'd
 Where he had slain him, with impetuous speed
 Flew to encounter Tydeus' noble son.
 They met; when, with determin'd fury, Mars
 O'er yoke and bridle hurl'd his glitt'ring spear. 960
 Minerva caught, and turning it, it pass'd
 The hero's chariot-side, dismiss'd in vain—
 Then took the spear of Diomede its flight,
 And Pallas sent it through the belt of Mars,
 And deep into his bowels. There she fix'd
 Then suddenly revuls'd the brazen point,
 Rending him as she pull'd. Loud bellow'd Mars,
 Nine thousand men, ten thousand, scarce so loud
 Joining fierce battle. Tremors seiz'd the hosts
 Of Greece and Troy, both hearing with dismay 970
 The roars of Mars insatiable with war.

Such as the dimness is when summer winds
 Breathe hot, and sultry mist obscures the sky,
 Such, brazen Mars, ascending, wrapp'd in clouds,
 The spacious heav'ns, to Diomede appear'd.
 Borne rapidly to the Olympian heights
 Seat of the Gods, beside Saturnian Jove
 He sat, disclos'd his hurt, the sanguine stream
 Immortal issuing from his body show'd,
 And in self-moaning accents thus complain'd: 980

See'st thou, O Jove, and see'st thou unincens'd
 These injuries, with which the Gods afflict
 Each other daily, for the sake of Man?
 Our strife is all from thee. For thou hast brought
 A foolish and contentious daughter forth,
 Whose sole delight is mischief. All endure,
 All Heav'n, herself except, thy stern control,
 She never; Her, no word of thine, or deed
 Reproves or checks, because she sprang from Thee.
 She fills with rage against the Gods themselves 990
 The heart of Diomede; he punctur'd first
 The hand of Venus near her lovely wrist,
 Then, godlike in assault, pierc'd also me.

But I escap'd; else long had I endur'd,
O'erwhelm'd with horrid carnage, countless woes,
Or, strengthless, had surviv'd a thousand wounds.

To whom with dark displeasure Jove replied :
Sit not, base traitor, mutt'ring thus to me,
Since I detest thee for thy fierce delight
In strife and battle above all in Heav'n. 1000
Thou hast thy mother's temper; I discern
All her insufferable spleen in thee.
Her scarce by words alone, myself control,
And, therefore, deem thy suff'rings an effect
Of her contrivance. But thy birth forbids,
That thou shouldst suffer long, by Juno born,
And born to me. Thus odious, hadst thou sprung
From any Pow'rs that dwell in Heav'n besides,
Long since thou hadst, thyself, dwelt far below.

He ceas'd, and summon'd Pæon to his aid, 1010
The virtues of whose sov'reign balms at once
Restor'd him, for he was not born to die.
As juice of figs soon fixes to a curd
The fluid milk, stirr'd rapidly around,
So soon was Mars by Pæon's skill restor'd.
Then, lav'd by beauteous Hebe, and attir'd
In robes ambrosial, at the side of Jove,
Exulting, on his glorious throne he sat.

And now, Mars driven from the dreadful field, 1020
That he had drench'd with blood, Jove's awful spouse
And Pallas, reascending, sought the skies.

BOOK VI.

Argument.

The battle is continued. The Trojans being closely pursued, Hector by the advice of Helenus enters Troy, and recommends it to Hecuba, to go in solemn procession to the temple of Minerva; she with the matrons goes accordingly. Hector takes the opportunity to find out Paris, and exhorts him to return to the field of battle. An interview succeeds between Hector and Andromache; and Paris, having armed himself in the mean-time, comes up with Hector at the close of it, when they sally from the gate together.

THUS left to wage the furious fight alone,
Trojans and Greeks stretch'd forth the brazen spear
With various fortune, on the middle plain
By Simoïs lav'd and Xanthus' gulfy stream.

First, Ajax, bulwark of the Grecians, broke
A Trojan phalanx, and illum'd with hope
The minds of all his foll'wers, for he struck
Eusorus' son, huge Acamas, the chief
And bravest of the Thracians. Close beneath
The shaggy crest he smote him, through his casque 10
Transpierc'd the bone, and darkness veil'd his eyes.

Brave Diomede a chief Percotian slew,
Axylus of Arisba, Teuthras' son,
Wealthy and much belov'd; for dwelling nigh
The public way, none pass'd him unrefresh'd.
But no man, then, of all his num'rous guests
Sprang forth to save him, or his valiant friend
Calesius, guiding, as it chanc'd, that day
His chariot, whom Tydides also slew.

But Dresus and Opheltius sought the shades, 20
Slain by Euryalus, who next his arms
On Pedasus and on Æsepus turn'd,
Brethren and twins. Them Abarbarea bore,
A Naiad, to Bucolion, son renown'd

Of king Laomedon, his eldest born,
 But surreptitious, and with care conceal'd.
 Bucolion pasturing his flocks embrac'd
 The lovely nymph; she bore him at a birth
 Two future warriors, but Mecisteus' son
 Slew both, and stripp'd them of their gorgeous arms. 50
 Stubborn in battle Polypætes slew
 Astyalus. Ulysses with his spear
 Transfix'd Pydites, a Percosian chief,
 And Teucer, Aretaön; with his lance
 Antilochus the brave Ablerus pierc'd,
 And Agamemnon, Elatus; he dwelt
 Among the hills of lofty Pedasus,
 On Satnio's banks, smooth-sliding river pure,
 The flight of Phylachus avail'd him nought,
 Cut short by Leïtus; Evæmon's son 40
 Laid low in dust Melanthius, and, on fire
 With martial ardour, Menelaus seiz'd
 And took alive Adrastus; for his steeds,
 Scouring the plain in terrour, plung'd at length
 Into a myrtle thicket, where detain'd
 And struggling to escape, they snapp'd the pole,
 And with the splinter'd fragment flew to Troy
 Following the flight of others, scar'd as they.
 Prone on his face beside his chariot-wheel
 Down fell Adrastus; with his lifted spear 50
 Prepar'd to strike him Menelaus stood,
 When thus the suppliant chief his pity sought:

Oh, son of Atreus, let me live! accept
 Illustrious ransom! In my father's house
 Is wealth abundant, gold, and brass, and steel
 Of truest temper; these he will impart,
 Till he have gratified thine utmost wish,
 Inform'd that I am captive in your fleet.

He said, and Menelaus, by his words
 O'ercome, had soon dismiss'd him to the fleet 60
 Giv'n to his train in charge, but swift and stern
 Approaching, Agamemnon interpos'd:—

Oh! brother, whence this milkiness of mind,
 These scruples about blood? Thy Trojan friends
 Have doubtless much oblig'd thee. Die the race!
 May none escape us! Neither he who flies,

Nor ev'n the infant in his mother's womb
Unconscious. Perish universal Troy
Unpitied, till her place be found no more !

So saying, his brother's mind the hero turn'd, 70
Advising him aright; he with his hand
Thrust back Adrastus, and the king himself
His bowels pierc'd. Supine Adrastus fell,
And Agamemnon, treading down the corse
With a firm foot, pluck'd forth his ashen spear.
Then Nestor, raising high his voice, exclaim'd :

Friends, heroes, Grecians, ministers of Mars !
Stay none behind desirous of the spoil,
But slay we now ; that done, ye may at ease
Traverse the plain and strip them where they fell. 80

He said, and all took courage at his word.
Then had the Trojans into Troy retir'd
By the heroic Danaï repuls'd,
So was their spirit daunted, but the son
Of Priam, Helenus, an augur far
Excelling all, at Hector's side his speech
To him and to Æneas thus address'd :

Æneas ! Hector ! since to sway the hosts
Of Troy and Lycia chiefly rests on you,
In all emergencies of battle known 90
As chief in might and wisdom ; stand yourselves,
And stay the people here before the gates,
Ere yet, pursu'd into the clasping arms
Of their own wives, they perish ev'n there,
And make the triumph of the Greeks complete.
This done, though worn with toil, yet urg'd not less
By strong necessity, we will exhort
Phalanx by phalanx the collected host,
And, on this spot, give battle. Thou, the while,
Hector ! shalt enter Ilium, and enjoin 100
Our royal Mother, that the sacred doors
Of Pallas' temple in the heights of Troy
Thrown open, and the matrons all conven'd,
She spread the widest, richest, most of all
Her fav'rite mantle at the Goddess' feet,
And vow twelve yearling heifers never yet
Prick'd by the goad, an off'ring in her shrine,
Will she but pity Troy, defend our wives

And infant children, will she but avert
The son of Tydeus from our sacred walls, 110
This dreadful Diomede; of all the Greeks,
In my account, most valiant; for he strikes
Our host with terroure, such as not himself
Achilles, though reputed Goddess-born.
This chief is fierce indeed; nor lives the man,
Whose force in fight may be with his compar'd.

He said; nor Hector uncomplying heard
His brother's voice, but with an instant leap,
All-arm'd, alighting, shook his glitt'ring spear,
And flying through his host, from side to side 120
Fir'd all their hearts to dreadful fight again.

They, turning, fac'd the Greeks; the Greeks retir'd,
And ceas'd from slaughter; for some God, they thought,
Had stoop'd from Heav'n to give the Trojans aid,
So suddenly they turn'd. Then Hector sent
His loudest voice through all the pow'rs of Troy:

Ye valiant Trojans, and ye Trojan aids
Assembled from afar! my friends, be men;
Rouse all your fire and force, while, ent'ring Troy:
I call our hoary ancients and our wives 130
To pray'rs and vows of hecatombs to Heav'n.

So saying the hero went, and, as he strode,
The bull-skin border of his bossy shield
Smote on his heels, and on his neck behind.

Then Tydeus' son and Glaucus, Lycian chief,
Son of Hippolochus, between the hosts
Advanc'd to combat; fiercely they approach'd
And soon they met, when thus Tydides said:

Prince! who art Thou, whom in the glorious field
Till now I ne'er beheld, although so far 140
Beyond all others thou hast now presum'd,
Regardless of my spear? Ah! They are sons
Of hapless sires, who dare encounter me.

But Thou perhaps art heav'nly; and if such,
I fight not with inhabitants of Heav'n.

That war Lycurgus, son of Dryas, wag'd,
Nor long surviv'd. From Nyssa's sacred heights
He drove the nurses of the lawless God,
Thought-drowning Bacchus. To the ground they cast,
All cast their leafy wands, while, ruthless, he 150

Spar'd not to smite them with his murd'rous axe.
 Himself, affrighted Bacchus, sought the deep,
 And sank to Thetis' bosom, where secure
 From his fierce threats the trembling God repos'd.
 Then were the peaceful Pow'rs above incens'd
 Against Lycurgus, who, of sight bereft
 By Saturn's son, soon perish'd, by the Gods,
 For Bacchus' sake, throughout all Heav'n abhorr'd.
 With them I therefore fight not; but if earth
 Produce thy food, and thou be man, approach, 160
 And win a swift dismissal to the shades.

To whom th' illustrious Lycian chief replied :
 Why asks the brave Tydides whence am I ?
 For, as the leaves, so springs the race of man.
 Chill blasts shake down the leaves, and warm'd anew
 By vernal airs the grove puts forth again :
 Age after age, so man is born and dies.
 Yet, if intelligence of my descent
 Engage thy wish, a theme to many known,
 In fruitful Argos' bosom stands a town 170
 Nam'd Ephyra; there, Sisyphus, replete
 Past all mankind with shrewdest cunning, dwelt,
 Sisyphus, call'd Æolides. From him
 Descended Glaucus, and from Glaucus sprang
 Bellerophon, on whom the Gods bestow'd
 Fair form, clear courage, and the kindest heart.
 But Prætus, for to Prætus Jove had giv'n
 All pow'r in Argos, purposing his death,
 Contriv'd to banish him; for Prætus' spouse,
 The queen Anteia, burning with the fires 180
 Of lawless lust, had woo'd, but fail'd to win,
 Virtuous Bellerophon, and for that cause
 Thus charg'd him falsely to the royal ear :

Or die thyself, O king, or doom to death
 Bellerophon, who sought to force the queen.

She said, and by the shameless fiction fir'd
 Her husband's wrath; but, lest he should offend,
 Slaying his guest himself, he sent him thence
 To Lycia, with the blackest crimes aspers'd
 In tablets closely seal'd, which he should show 190
 To queen Anteia's father there, and die.
 Thither, safe guided by the Gods, he went,

And on the banks of Lycian Xanthus found
 Free entertainment from the lord of all
 That spacious realm. Nine days he pil'd the board
 For his regale, the feast, each day, a steer;
 And on the tenth bright morrow bade him speak
 His errand, and demanded at his hands
 His son-in-law's seal'd tablets. He perus'd
 The dread contents, and doom'd him to assail 200
 And slay the vast Chimæra, monstrous form!
 Terrible miscreation! lion-fac'd,
 With dragon-tail, shag-bodied as the goat,
 And from her jaws ejecting streams of fire.
 He fought with, and, assur'd by signs from Heav'n,
 Destroy'd her. Furious conflict, next, he wag'd
 (With men, none like it, in his own account)
 With the whole host of Solymi; and, last,
 Slew all the warlike Amazonian race.
 But still another snare in close reserve 210
 The monarch kept, the bravest of his realm
 In secret ambush watching his return.
 These saw their home no more; the matchless prince,
 Bellerophon, prevailing slew them all.
 Thus taught, at length, by his illustrious deeds
 His godlike worth, the king enjoin'd him stay,
 Gave him his daughter, and, with her, the half
 Of all his regal honours, adding lands
 In value such as other none possess'd,
 All pleasant, these for vines, for tillage those. 220
 She bore Bellerophon, her valiant spouse,
 Three births; the first Hippolochus, the next,
 Isandrus, and Laodamia, last.
 Laodamia bore the dauntless chief
 Sarpedon, to the stol'n embrace of Jove.
 But wrath and hatred from offended Heav'n
 Seizing Bellerophon, he, self-exil'd
 From all resort of man, and self-consum'd
 With pining melancholy, roam'd forlorn
 The wild Aleian waste. Blood-craving Mars, 230
 In battle with the Solymi, destroy'd
 His son Isandrus; and his daughter died
 Sad victim of bright-orb'd Diana's ire,
 Myself I call son of Hippolochus.
 He sent me forth to Troy, and when he sent

Much counsell'd me, and gave me thus in charge :

“ Yield place to none. When glory is the prize

“ Be foremost ever. Tremble to disgrace

“ Thy brave progenitors, the noblest chiefs

“ Of Ephyrean or of Lycian name.” 240

Such blood is mine, and such descent I boast.

He ceas'd. Then valiant Diomedes rejoic'd.

He pitch'd his spear, and to the Lycian prince

In terms of peace and amity replied :

Then, from of old, and by paternal claim,

Thou art my guest ; for such, full twenty days,

Was, once, Bellerophon at Æneus' board,

And mutual gifts their mutual friendship seal'd.

A belt of brightest purple Æneus gave,

A cup Bellerophon ; and, coming forth, 250

I left the golden pledge secure at home.

Child as I was when Tydeus fell at Thebes

With all the people, I of Him retain

No mem'ry ; but, henceforth, thy friend and host

Am I in Argos, and in Lycia Thou,

Should e'er I chance to visit Lycia, mine.

We will not combat ; will not even join

Mix'd battle ; Troy and her allies will yield

Me many a victim, reach'd in swift pursuit,

And giv'n me by the Gods ; mean-time, thyself, 260

Of all the Greeks, smite even whom thou mayst.

And make we, now, such interchange as needs

Of armour ; so shall all around be taught,

That we inherit from our sires a bond

Of social compact, and are, therefore, friends.

So they, and from their chariots to the ground

Descending, join'd at once both hands and hearts.

Then Jove so blinded Glaucus, that for brass

He barter'd gold ; gave armour such as cost

A hundred oxen for the cost of nine. 270

Mean-time to Hector, at the Scæan gate

And beech-tree now arriv'd, Troy's daughters fair

And matrons ran, each anxious to inquire

The fate of husband, brother, son, or friend.

He bade them in procession thence to pray'r,

For many a shaft of wo was on the wing.

But when he reach'd the palace of his sire,

Fac'd with bright porticoes, that over-arch'd

The fifty chambers lin'd with polish'd stone,
 And mutually adjoin'd, in which the sons 280
 Of Priam with their wedded wives repos'd;
 And opposite were built within the court
 Twelve other chambers lin'd with polish'd stone,
 And mutually adjoin'd, in which repos'd
 Priam's chaste daughters with his sons-in-law,
 There, while the gentle mother of the chief
 His loveliest sister sought, Laodice,
 She found himself, seiz'd fast his hand, and said:

Why comes my dauntless son from battle home?
 Our hated foes too surely menace Troy 290
 With instant ruin, and thy soul's distress
 Sends thee to Pergamus with pray'r to Jove.
 But haste not hence, till, first, libation pour'd
 To all above, thou drink and be refresh'd,
 For wine new-nerves the faint, and, task'd so long
 With Troy's protection, thou canst scarce be less.

She said, and thus her warlike son replied:
 My mother much rever'd! no wine for me;
 Quench not my valour, steal not from my limbs
 Their needful force with draughts of luscious wine. 300
 I dare not pour, with unwash'd hands, to Jove
 The rich libation forth; it cannot be,
 That I should supplicate, thus foul with stains
 Of gory battle, the tempestuous God.
 But thou, ascending with the gather'd train
 Of all our matrons to the lofty shrine
 Of Pallas, there burn incense, there extend
 The mantle on her knees, thy fav'rite most
 For amplitude and tints of various hue,
 And vow, besides, twelve heifers of the year, 310
 Untaught to toil, a sacrifice of praise,
 Will she but pity Troy, and in behalf
 Of all our wives and little ones, preserve
 These sacred tow'rs from Diomede, whose force,
 Wherever felt, makes fugitives of all.
 Seek, therefore, thou the temple, while, unless
 That hope be vain, myself call Paris forth.
 Ye gulfs yawn under him! who as he grew
 (Such Jove ordain'd him), grew the curse of Troy,
 Of Priam and his sons. Oh! were but He 320

Once plung'd into the shades, methinks my soul
Could then forget that she had ever mourn'd.

He said; the queen departed, issu'd forth
Her mandate, and the summon'd matrons came.

Herself, the while, her chamber ever sweet
With burning odours sought. There stor'd she kept
Her mantles of all hues, accomplish'd works
Of fair Sidonians wafted o'er the Deep
By godlike Paris, when the galleys brought
The high-born Helen to the shores of Troy. 330
From these, the widest and of brightest dyes
She chose for Pallas; radiant as a star
It glitter'd, and was lowest plac'd of all.
All thus prepar'd, with Hecuba to lead
Their solemn steps, the matron-march began.

Slow they ascended; but, the sacred heights
At length subdu'd, Theano, as they came,
From Cysseus sprung, Antenor's lovely spouse,
And priestess by the gen'ral voice, threw wide
The temple-doors. Then all with lifted hands 340
Upsent a shout to Heav'n; Theano spread
The votive mantle, and her ardent suit
To Jove's all-beauteous daughter thus preferr'd:

Awful Minerva! worthiest to be prais'd!
Troy's guardian Pow'r! Now break Tydides' spear,
And prone in dust before the Scæan gate
Extend himself, that, ere the sun decline,
Twelve yearling heifers, never taught to toil,
May heap thine altar, for thy pity shown
To us, our babes, and universal Troy. 350

Such pray'r she breath'd, and such, but fruitless,
they;

Minerva unpropitious heard them all.
But Hector now the splendid mansion reach'd
Of Paris, by himself design'd, and rear'd,
Himself attending, with the purchas'd aid
Of Troy's best architects. House, chamber, hall,
The structure own'd, and on the tow'ring heights
Of Ilium stood, near Hector's and his sire's.
There enter'd Hector, bearing in his gripe
Eleven cubits' length of massy spear, 360
The burnish'd head bound fast with circling gold.

In Helen's chamber, busied with his arms,
He found him, now his hauberk, now his shield
Bright'ning still more, and practising his bow.
There also, tasking her fair artists, sat
The Argive Helen. Him the hero mark'd
With eyes of scorn, and, bitter, thus began:

Why thus recluse and sullen? In defence
Of these high tow'rs the people melt away;
A fire surrounds them; for thy sake it burns, 370
And thou regard'st not; who, thyself, wouldst draw
Thy falchion on another slack as thou.
Forth—or the flames, this moment, seize the town.

To whom the godlike Paris thus replied:
Hector! thy gloomy brow and stern reproof
Want not just cause; yet grant a list'ning ear.
No sullen grudge against the Trojan host
Hides me from battle, but the wish alone
To sooth my sorrows. Helen urges too
With soft persuasion my return to fight, 380
And I refuse not; for the vanquish'd oft
Proves victor in his turn. Thou, therefore, wait
While I shall arm; or go; and, I mistake,
Or, gladly following, I shall reach thee soon.

He ceas'd, nor Hector spake; but Hector's ear
With soothing speech fair Helen thus address'd:

Brother of hateful sister, self-abhorr'd,
And by all hearts, for ills that I have caus'd!
Oh that rude winds had snatch'd me, at my birth,
To some lone mountain-top, or whelm'd me deep 390
In Ocean's briny gulfs, or e'er the flames
Of this devouring war had blaz'd for me.
But since the Gods thus purpos'd, to have found
A partner of my crime less dead to shame
And fear of scorn, had somewhat sooth'd my woes.
But Paris—He disdains, and ever will,
All reason, all discretion; and shall find,
Or I mistake, his merited reward.
But, brother! pass the threshold, and awhile
Here sit beside me; for no bosom aches 400
And suffers as thy own for Paris' guilt
And worthless Helen's whom the Gods ordain'd
Sad themes of song in ages yet to come.

To whom the warlike Hector huge replied :
 Invite not me, fair Helen ! to a seat
 (Though kindness prompt thee) which I must refuse,
 By this emergence hurried to the aid
 Of friends much needing me. Thou, therefore, urge
 This loit'rer forth, nor let himself employ
 Less haste to reach me ere I quit the town. 410
 For I shall hence to visit at our home
 My lov'd Andromache, mine infant boy,
 And my domestics; whom if I shall view
 Hereafter, or the Gods ordain me, first,
 To fall in battle, is unknown to me.

He ceas'd, retir'd, and in a moment pass'd
 To his own mansion; but he found not there
 His beauteous spouse, then standing on the tow'r,
 With her attendant nurse and infant boy,
 All sighs and tears. He, missing whom he sought, 420
 His soul's delight, turn'd thence; but ere he left
 The portal, of her women thus inquir'd :

Speak, damsels of her train ! and well beware,
 That ye speak truly ! Whither went from home
 My chaste Andromache ? To breathe her vows
 In Pallas' temple ? or to weep retir'd
 With some fair sister of the Royal house ?

To whom the chief in office o'er them all :
 Since, Hector ! with such strenuous command,
 Thou hast enjoin'd me truth—She neither sought 430
 Minerva's temple, nor to weep retir'd
 With any sister of the Royal house ;
 But taught by rumour, that the Trojan arms
 Oppos'd in vain the Grecian, wild with wo
 She bade the nurse bear after her her charge,
 Thy darling boy, and flew to mount the tow'r.

She said; forth rush'd the hero, to retrace
 His former steps, and the huge city soon
 Left all behind him, to the Scæan gate
 Now came, his destin'd pass into the field. 440
 There, pale and panting (for she ran), he met
 Andromache. In Hypoplacian Thebes
 Her wealthy sire the brave Eëtion dwelt,
 Eëtion, ruler of Cilicia's realm
 In Hypoplacian Thebes the forest-crown'd.

His daughter was the valiant Hector's wife.
Thus wing'd with haste she came, and with like haste
The virgin-nurse, enfolding in her arms
His yet unwean'd and helpless little one,
Fair as the star of morn. Him Hector nam'd 450
Scamandrius; but the citizens of Troy
Astyanax; for other guardian aid
Effectual, none, than Hector's, Ilium knew.
Mute, but with smiles paternal, on his child
The father gaz'd, whose hand his lovely spouse
Seiz'd fast, the while, and, weeping, thus began:

Ah! doom'd, thyself, the victim of thy own
Too daring courage! Pity of thy boy
Thou feel'st not, or of me, thy widow soon,
For soon the whole united Grecian host 460
Will overwhelm thee, and thou must be slain.
Earth yield me, then, a tomb! for refuge else
Or none so safe have I, thenceforth forlorn
Of all defence, since father I have none,
Or mother's genial home to shelter me.
Achilles, when he sack'd Cilician Thebes,
And fir'd her lofty domes, my father slew;
He slew Eëtion—but, a decent awe
Forbidding him to bare a royal corse,
He burn'd him with his arms, heap'd high the soil 470
That hides his urn, and the Oreades,
Jove's daughters, circled it around with elms.
My seven brothers, feeding in the field
Their flocks and herds, all perish'd in a day,
For dread Achilles found and slew them all.
My mother, whom in all her green retreats
Hypoplacus obey'd, when, rich in spoils,
The conqu'ror steer'd his gallant barks to Troy,
Came captive in the fleet, but, ransom'd hence
At countless cost, revisited her home, 480
And, by Diana pierc'd, at home expir'd.
All these are lost; but in thy wedded love,
My faithful Hector! I regain them all.
Come then—let pity plead! to spare thy boy
An orphan's woes, and widowhood to me,
Defend this tow'r; and where the fig-tree spreads
Her branches, station thy collected force,

For there Idomeneus, the king of Crete,
 Tydides, either Ajax, and the sons
 Of Atreus, thrice with their united pow'rs 490
 Have press'd to seize the city; whether taught
 By some interpreter of signs from Heav'n,
 Or prompted by remark and self-advis'd.

To whom majestic Hector thus replied:
 Thy cares are all mine also. But I dread
 The matron's scorn, the brave man's just disdain,
 Should fear seduce me to desert the field.
 No, my Andromache! my fearless heart
 Me rather urges into foremost fight,
 Studios of Priam's glory and my own. 500

For my prophetic soul foresees a day
 When Ilium, Ilium's people, and, himself,
 Her warlike king, shall perish. But no grief
 For Ilium; for her people; for the king
 My warlike sire; nor even for the queen;
 Nor for the num'rous and the valiant band
 My brothers, destin'd, all, to bite the ground,
 So moves me, as my grief for thee alone,
 Doom'd then to follow some imperious Greek,
 A weeping captive, to the distant shores 510
 Of Argos; there to labour at the loom
 For a task-mistress, and with many a sigh,
 But heav'd in vain, to bear the pond'rous urn
 From Hypereia's, or Messeis' fount.

Fast flow thy tears the while, and as he eyes
 That silent show'r, some passing Greek shall say—
 “ This was the wife of Hector, who excell'd
 “ All Troy in fight when Ilium was besieg'd.”
 While thus he speaks, thy tears shall flow afresh,
 The guardian of thy freedom while he liv'd 520
 For ever lost; but be my bones inhum'd,
 A senseless store, or e'er thy parting cries
 Shall pierce mine ear, and thou be dragg'd away.

The hero ended, and his hands put forth
 To reach his boy; but with a scream the child
 Still closer to his nurse's bosom clung,
 Shunning his touch; for dreadful in his eyes
 The brazen armour shone, and dreadful more
 The shaggy crest, that swept his father's brow.

Both parents smil'd delighted; and the chief 530
Set down the crested terrour on the ground,
Then kiss'd him, play'd away his infant fears,
And thus to Jove and all the Pow'rs above:
Grant, O ye Gods! such eminent renown
And might in arms, as ye have giv'n to me,
To this my son, with strength to govern Troy.
From fight return'd, be this his welcome home—
“He far excels his sire”—and may he rear
The crimson trophy, to his mother's joy!

He spake, and to his lovely spouse consign'd 540
The darling boy; with mingled smiles and tears
She wrapp'd him in her bosom's fragrant folds,
And Hector, pang'd with pity that she wept,
Her dewy cheek strok'd softly, and began;

Weep not for me, my love! no mortal arm
Shall send me prematurely to the shades,
Since, whether brave or dastard, at his birth
The Fates ordain to each his hour to die.
Hence, then, to our abode; there weave or spin,
And task thy maidens. War to men belongs; 550
To all of Troy; and most of all to me.

So saying, the hero to his brows restor'd
The tufted helmet, and his lovely spouse,
(Oft turning as she went, and show'ring tears
Of tend'rest sorrow) left him, as he bade.
Arriving where, the terrible in arms,
Her Hector dwelt, with such afflictive moans
She pierc'd their hearts, that all her num'rous train
Mourn'd also; mourning Hector still alive,
In his own palace, as already slain, 560
For all hope fail'd them of his safe return.

Nor Paris now delay'd, but clad in arms
Of brightest lustre, wing'd his rapid course
Through the wide city right toward the field.
As when some courser, leaving far behind
His broken cord, on sounding hoofs escapes;
To lave, as oft, in sliding waters smooth,
All joy, he flies; or with exalted neck,
Wide-floating mane, and pliant limbs, to seek
In well-known haunts his fellows lost so long; 570
So, clad in sun-bright arms, from Ilium's heights

Down flew the joyful Paris ; soon he came
Where, after sweetest colloquy, though sad,
With his Andromache, the godlike chief
His brother stood ; then, turning to the gate,
And with preventive quickness, thus he said :

My brother ! Thy command of Haste—I fear,
Seems ill obey'd, and thou hast deem'd me slow.

To whom the warlike Hector thus replied :
Thou want'st not courage ; such as in the field 580
Might well exempt thee from all just reproof ;
But thou art much remiss ; and when the host,
More active in thy cause than thou thyself,
Dishonour thee, the shame seems half my own.
But let us hence—these flaws shall chance no more ;
Jove grant us once to quaff the goblet fill'd
To all the Gods, for our Achaian foes
At length expell'd, and liberty secur'd.

BOOK VII.

Argument.

Ajax and Hector engage in single combat. The Grecians fortify their camp.

AND now the warlike Hector through the gate
With Paris rush'd, their bounding hearts alike
Athirst for battle. Welcome to their host
They came, as favourable gales vouchsaf'd
To seamen fainting at the pond'rous oar.

Paris, Menestheus king of Arna, slew,
Philomedusa's offspring, whom she bore
To mace-arm'd Arëithoüs. Mean-time,
Eioneus, where casque and corslet meet,
Receiv'd the spear of Hector in his neck. 10
Glaucus, brave leader of the Lycian bands,
Son of Hippolochus, Iphinoüs, son
Of Dexias, springing to his rapid steeds
Pierc'd thro' the shoulder. He with strengthless limbs
Sank to the dust, and where he fell expir'd.

Minerva, blue-ey'd virgin, from above
Seeing the Greeks thus slaughter'd, on full wing
Stoop'd from Olympus' summit down to Troy,
Whose guardian God, Apollo, to the beech
Flew forth to meet her; when the radiant Pow'r, 20
Son of the Sov'reign of the skies, began—

Press'd by what ardent purpose, hast thou left
Olympus, daughter of Imperial Jove?
Com'st thou that victory's long-dubious scale
Incline at last to Greece, for Ilium's woes
Ne'er move thy pity? Rather far pursue
My counsel, and consent to give repose
This day to both. The morrow shall again
Rekindle war, war never more to cease

Till Ilium fall ; since less will ne'er suffice, 30
To pacify the spouse of Jove, or thee.

To whom the Goddess of the azure eyes :
I not dissent, Apollo ! for I left,
Myself, Olympus, purposing the same.
But speak. The battle burns. How slake the fire ?

Then answer, thus, the king, Jove's son, return'd :
Urge we the noble Hector to demand
A single chief to cope with him. The Greeks,
Disdaining such defiance, will attend
The hero's summons, and a truce ensues. 40

He ended, and it pleas'd Minerva well.
Such consultation of the Gods, the son
Of Priam, Helerus, attentive heard,
And seeking Hector, thus the seer began :

Hector ! my brother ! like the Gods themselves
In wisdom, shall my counsel win thine ear ?
The hosts both seated on the plain, demand
A Grecian chief to cope with thee alone.
For, by the living Gods inspir'd, I know
Most surely—This is not thy day to die. 50

He said ; then Hector, with exulting heart,
And grasping in the midst his balanc'd spear,
Press'd back the foremost Trojans, and they sat.
Down sat the Grecians also, by command
Of Agamemnon ; and, above them all
Exalted, Pallas and Apollo, pleas'd
Spectators both, but vulture-like in form,
Perch'd on the branches of the sacred beech.
Rough stood the frowning field with horrent spears
And bristly crests erect, for close they sat. 60

As when the West-wind rising, Ocean shows
A darker surface, furrow'd by the gale,
Such seem'd the seated hosts, when, both between,
The valiant Hector, thus, aloud exclaim'd :

Trojans and Greeks attend ! I shall to both
Speak my delib'rate thoughts and well-advis'd.
Jove, unpropitious to the truce, ordain'd
Its violation ; and his purpose still
Is evil and calamitous to both,
Till either Ilium stoop to you, or ye 70
With all your fleet shall perish on the shore.

The flow'r of Greece is with you. Let the Greek
Of all your host, whose spirit prompts him forth,
Come forth to cope with Hector; and be Jove
Witness between us; if his spear prevail
And I fall under him, he shall account
My spoils his own, and bear them to the fleet;
But he shall yield my body to receive
Its due funereal rites from Trojan hands.
But should Apollo make the vict'ry mine, 80
Him then despoiling, I will high suspend
His arms against the temple of the God,
But will resign his corse, that it may share
Funereal rites, and ye shall heap his tomb,
Where all who cleave the Hellespontic wave
In after-times shall see it, and shall say—
“ A warrior's bones in yonder tomb inurn'd
“ Have moulder'd long, whom glorious Hector slew.”
Thus shall they speak, and speaking thus, transmit
To latest times my never-dying praise. 90

He ceas'd, and none replied. The proffer'd fight,
Although they blush'd to shun, all fear'd to wage.
When, thus, with aching heart and mind on fire
With indignation, Menelaus spake :

Ah ! women-warriors—in ostent and air
Heroic chiefs, but feminine in heart—
Shame never equal'd ours, if Hector find
No Grecian here to meet him. Heartless, dull,
Mere earth and water ! Dead to glory's call !
Possess your seats ; I will, myself, attend 100
His summons ; conquest is the gift of Heav'n.

He said, and instant shone in arms again.
Then, Menelaus ! hadst thou fall'n beneath
A mightier far than thou, but that the kings
All sprang to stop thee, and the king of all,
Imperial Agamemnon, first ; who seiz'd
Thy right hand, press'd it tenderly, and said :

Why raves my brother thus ? what cause provokes
This frantic rashness ? bent as thou appear'st
On thy own hurt, yet think, and be advis'd. 110
Seek not, for anger's sake against the Greeks,
To cope with Hector, terrible to all.
Even Achilles, mightier far than thou,

Dreads Hector, and acknowledges his force
Tremendous, starting, if perchance they meet.
Thou, therefore, to thy seat again. The Greeks
Will find for him a champion, who, robust
And dauntless though he be, shall task his strength
So rudely, that exhausted by the toil
Of such fierce conflict, if at last he live, 120
He shall with pain escape, and wish repose.

Thus, wisely counselling him he prevail'd,
And Menelaus to his band retir'd,
Where soon they loos'd his armour, and he sat.
Then, Pylian Nestor rising, thus began :

Ah ! day of dire calamity to Greece !
Peleus, that noble counsellor and chief
Of the brave Myrmidons, was wont to hear
With rapture my recital, while I trac'd
The blood of all our heroes to its source. 130
But learning, as he must, that one and all
They shrank from Hector, how will he lament,
How supplicate with lifted hands to Jove
A swift dismissal to the shades below !
Jove ! Phœbus ! Pallas ! Would that I were young
As when the Pylians and Arcadians fought
Beside the Celadon, and we besieg'd
The tow'rs of Pheia on the Jordan's side.
Before Arcadia's host, defying all
The flow'r of Pylus, Ereuthalion stood, 140
A godlike chief, in Areïthous' arms.
King Areïthous, Corynetes nam'd
For that he combated and burst his way
Through the firm phalanx, arm'd with neither bow
Nor quiv'ring spear, but with an iron mace.
Him not by force superior, but by guile,
Within a narrow pass, Lycurgus slew.
There nought his mace avail'd to intercept
His sudden doom ; for with preventive spear
Lycurgus pierc'd him through his belted waist, 150
And fix'd him to the soil, then stripp'd his arms,
Giv'n to the vanquish'd by the God of war,
And wore the spoils himself, but, growing old,
On Ereuthalion his charioteer
Conferr'd them, and he wore the splendid boon

What time he brav'd the Pylians. They, alike
 Sat trembling, all, with dread; none dar'd arise.
 But me, though youngest of them all, no fears
 Deterr'd, no tremors shook, by Pallas' aid
 I fought successful, made the glory mine, 160
 And, matchless as he was in force and size,
 Outspread his giant vastness on the plain.
 O for such youth, such vigour now! not long
 Should Hector seek a champion here in vain,
 Though ye, the chiefs of whom Achaia boasts
 With justest cause, seem deaf to his demand.

So spake the sage, nor fewer, when he ceas'd,
 Than nine arose, and foremost far of all
 King Agamemnon; after him, the brave
 Tydides; Oïlean Ajax, next, 170
 And Telamonian, terrible in fight;
 Then king Idomeneus, and, grim as Mars,
 His friend Meriones; Evæmon's son
 Eurypylus; Andræmon's, the renown'd
 Thoas; and Ithaca's Ulysses last.

These nine arose, whom Nestor thus address'd:
 Now let the lots decide. The chief, whose lot
 Shall send him forth, much glory shall confer
 On Greece, and much shall for himself acquire,
 Escaping, if he may, this arduous strife. 180

He said, and, with his signature impress'd,
 Each plac'd his lot in Agamemnon's helm.
 Then pray'd the people, and, with eyes and hands,
 Uplifted to the spacious heav'ns, they said—

Choose Ajax, Tydeus' son, or Him who sways
 Mycene's wealthy realm, propitious Jove!

Then, Nestor shook the lots, and as he shook,
 Forth leap'd, responsive to the wish of all,
 The lot of Ajax. Through the crowded ranks
 The herald bore it; of those valiant chiefs 190
 Eight view'd the signature, which eight disown'd,
 But when he reach'd the hero whose it was,
 Illustrious Ajax—in his open palm
 He plac'd the lot; the hero with delight
 Survey'd it, cast it at his foot, and said:

My friends! with joyful hope that I shall foil
 Brave Hector, I pronounce the lot my own,

Now, therefore, I will arm ; and ye, the while,
 Pray'r offer to the King, Saturnian Jove ;
 But silent, lest the Trojans hear ; or, since 200
 We need no cold precautions, pray aloud.
 Me none by force superior, none by skill
 Shakes or supplants. I was not, as I trust,
 Born, rear'd, and disciplin'd to feats of arms
 In Salamis, to prove a novice now.

He said ; and to the spacious heav'ns at once
 All rais'd their eyes, and worshipp'd Jove aloud :

Supreme, all-governing, Idæan Jove,
 Grant Ajax victory ! But if alike 210
 Each hero share thy love, impartial grant
 To each like share of glory and renown !

While thus the Grecians pray'd, their champion
 arm'd ;

And arm'd completely, as enormous Mars
 Moves forth, when jarring nations, fir'd by Jove
 With fellest hatred, meet, so mov'd the huge
 Terrific Ajax, bulwark of the Greeks,
 Smiling ferocious, with impatient haste
 Striding, and brandishing his massy spear.
 Him view'd the Greeks exulting ; with appal
 The Trojans ; and with palpitating heart 220
 Ev'n Hector ; but that Hector should retreat,
 Or seek safe refuge, in his ranks conceal'd,
 From whom himself had challeng'd, shame forbade !
 Ajax approach'd him, bearing, like a tow'r,
 His seven fold brazen shield, by Tychius wrought
 With art elaborate, like whom was none
 In shield-work, and whose home in Hyla stood ;
 He fram'd the various shield with seven hides
 Of fatted beeves, all plated o'er with brass,
 Which Ajax bearing even to the face 230
 Of Hector, menacing him thus began :

Now, Hector ! learn what Grecians have arriv'd
 Besides that forceful breaker of the ranks
 Achilles, warrior with a lion's heart.
 He, fir'd with wrath against the King of men,
 Keeps close in camp ; but such as thou in me
 Behold'st, prepar'd to answer thy demand,
 Abound amongst us. Pause not, but begin.

To whom the warlike Hector thus replied;
Ajax ! illustrious chief of num'rous Greeks, 240
I am no child, whom thou mayst hope to scare
With words, or woman ignorant of war,
But am in arms well-practis'd ; many a Greek
Hath bled by me, and I can shift my shield
From right to left, reserving to the last
Force that suffices for severest toil.
War, whether wag'd on foot, or from between
My rapid steeds, alike, is sport to me.
Yet, dreadful as thou art, I will not slay
Thee with a sly, but with an open stroke. 250

He said, and shook, and hurl'd his quiv'ring spear.
It struck the shield of Ajax ; through the brass,
Its eighth integument, through six of hide
It flew, and spent its fury in the seventh.
Then Ajax at the son of Priam hurl'd,
And struck his splendid shield. Sheer through his
shield

The weapon through his high-wrought hauberk flew,
And ripp'd the tunic on his flank ; but he,
Low-stooping, shunn'd the death. Then pluck'd
they back

Each his own spear, and lionlike, or like 260
Two forest-boards of scarce inferior might,
Fell to close onset. Priam's son the shield
Of Ajax on its centre struck, but fail'd
To pierce it, baffled by his bending point.
But Ajax, bounding, the superior verge
Of Hector's shield transpierc'd, and his assault
Check'd with a glancing wound, but deep impress'd
On his neck side ; the crimson current sprang.
Yet ceas'd not Hector, but, retiring, heav'd 269
A black, rough, huge stone-fragment from the plain,
Which hurling at the seven-fold shield, he smote
Its central boss ; loud rang the brazen rim.
But Ajax, heaving a far heavier, whirl'd
The mass in air, then sent it from his grasp
With force resistless. Through the bursting hide
Of Hector's shield the mill-stone burthen fell
On his bruis'd knees, and overwhelm'd beneath the disk
Supine he lay, but started soon again,
Rais'd by Apollo. Then with falchions drawn

At once to close encounter they had fall'n, 280
But that Idæus, herald of the Gods
In Ilium, and Talthybius, for the Greeks,
Each his protended sceptre interpos'd
Between them, and Idæus thus began:

My children! cease from conflict. Jove alike
Protects and loves you both. Ye are alike
Valiant, and other proof than ye have giv'n
Needs none. Dim night-fall bids you now desist.

To whom gigantic Ajax in return:
Idæus! speak but Hector, who defied 290
The flow'r of Greece to fight, as thou hast spok'n,
And I am well-content. He first provok'd
The combat; let it cease at his desire.

He said, and warlike Hector thus replied:
Ajax! since thou in bulk, and strength, and skill
To hurl the spear, surpassest even all
Thy fellow-Greeks; desisting therefore, now,
From farther conflict, we will wage again
This strife hereafter, till deciding Heav'n
Appoint clear vict'ry to thyself, or me. 300
But night is urgent; go then, and console
Thou all the Grecians, 'specially thy friends
And chos'n companions, while, returning safe,
I gratify no less the vet'ran chiefs
Of Ilium, and the matrons, who beneath
Their sacred dome shall thank the Gods for me.
But first exchange we gifts, that Greek alike
And Trojan, speaking of our strife, may say—
“Furious they met; with soul-consuming rage
“Assail'd each other; but they parted friends.” 310

He said, and with its sheath and shapely belt
His argent-studded sword to Ajax' hand
Presented, and from Ajax' hand receiv'd
A belt of brightest purple in return.
Thus parted they, to his Achaian friends
Ajax, and Hector to the Trojan throng.
Great joy they felt at his approach; they saw
(Yet scarce believing), saw him safe escap'd
Those dreadful hands, and led him to the town.
Mean-time his friends to Agamemnon led 320
Ajax elate with vict'ry, and the king,
Returning to his tent, there slew an ox

Of the fifth year in sacrifice to Jove
 Omnipotent. They, gath'ring all around
 The victim, flay'd him, sever'd at the joint
 His num'rous parts; suspended on the spits
 The well-minc'd viands, with attentive care
 Watch'd, and withdrew them from the spits again.
 Thus all prepar'd, they feasted, and no want
 Of his due portion any guest sustain'd. 350
 But Ajax most was favour'd, whom the king,
 The son of Atreus, with the whole huge chine
 Distinguish'd, as the hero of the day.
 All claims of thirst and hunger now suffic'd,
 The ancient Nestor, whose advice had prov'd
 Already wise, consulting yet again
 The gen'ral weal, first rising, thus began:

Atrides, and ye prime of all our host!
 Relentless Mars hath sprinkled with the blood 359
 Of many a Greek, whose soul hath sought the shades,
 Scamander's grassy side. Thou, therefore, cause
 The battle cease from morrow's early dawn,
 When we will haste with oxen, mules, and wains,
 To wheel their bodies down toward the fleet,
 Where we will burn them, that the bones of each
 May be deliver'd safe, at our return,
 To his own children. Heaping high the soil,
 We next will elevate around the pyre
 One tomb for all, and to the tomb adjoin'd
 We will construct high tow'rs for the defence 350
 Of us and of our fleet. In ev'ry tow'r
 Strong valves and solid shall afford free pass
 (Thrown open) to the chariot and its steeds;
 And, scoop'd without, a deep and hollow foss
 Shall intercept all entrance, lest the foe
 Arm'd in full force make inroad on the camp.

He ceas'd; applause unanimous ensu'd
 From all the chiefs. But Pergamus, the while,
 Rang with disorderly and loud dispute
 Maintain'd at Priam's gates, where wise and good 360
 His counsel, first, Antenor thus propos'd:

Ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies of Troy,
 Hear my best counsel. Give we to the sons
 Of Atreus instantly the Grecian dame

With all her treasures. For a broken truce
Now blasts our efforts, and no chance I see
Of happier days on easier terms than these.

He ceas'd and sat; when from his seat upsprang
Illustrious Paris, beauteous Helen's mate,
And with impatient eagerness replied: 370

Antenor! Thou couldst, doubtless, have advis'd
Better than thus offensively to me!
Or if this counsel be, in truth, thy best,
The Gods themselves distract thee. Therefore hear,
Ye Trojans! my fix'd purpose, in return.
Helen is mine, an unsunder'd prize
For ever; but the treasures with herself
From Argos brought, all those I will resign,
Increas'd with large addition of my own.

He spake and sat, when godlike-wise arose 380
Dardanian Priam. With the gen'ral good
His bosom teem'd, and thus the sage began:

Ye Trojans! Dardans! and allies of Troy!
Hear, now, me also. Take, as ye are wont,
Your supper now, and supper ended, each
Be vigilant in his appointed place.
At early dawn Idæus shall report
To either son of Atreus, at the fleet,
The speech of Paris, author of the war.
He also shall this prudent course propose, 390
That battle cease till their funereal fires
Consume the slain, thenceforth to burn again,
Till Heav'n make final vict'ry theirs or ours.

He ceas'd and all consented. Band by band
Then took they each repast, and at the dawn
Idæus sought the fleet. He found the Greeks
In consultation gather'd at the stern
Of Agamemnon's ship. Amidst them all
The herald thus his errand spake aloud:

Atridæ, and ye noblest sons of Greece! 400
Priam and the illustrious chiefs of Troy
(May it but please you) send me to report
The mind of Paris, author of the war.
All Helen's treasures (would that he had died,
Or e'er he brought them hither) he resigns
Increas'd with large addition from his own;

But royal Menelaus' youthful spouse,
 Deaf to the voice of all, he still detains.
 Thus also, they command me, that I ask
 A pause of battle, till, the slain consum'd 410
 In fun'ral fires, our conflict be renew'd,
 Nor cease again, till victory descend
 From all-deciding Heav'n on us or you.

He ceas'd, and all were silent; silent long
 All sat, till thus brave Diomede exclaim'd:

No. Neither Helen now will we accept,
 Nor Helen's treasures. Infancy itself
 May now see clearly Troy's impending doom.

He ceas'd; when all Achaia's sons aloud
 Extoll'd his counsel, and the King of men 420
 To Troy's attentive herald thus replied:

Thou hear'st, thyself, the answer of the Greeks,
 Idæus! and myself return the same.
 As for the slain, I grudge not them the rite
 Funereal; soonest to concede is best
 Their sole demand to bodies slain in fight;
 Jove, therefore, witness the consent I swear.

He said, and Heav'nward rais'd his sceptred hand.
 At once to sacred Ilium his return
 Idæus sped. Collected still he found 430
 In full assembly the Dardanian chiefs
 And Trojans, for they watch'd his wish'd return.
 His message in the midst declar'd, at once
 Arising all thence hasted, these to seek
 The scatter'd slain, to gather fuel those.
 The Grecians, also, issuing from the fleet,
 Collected fuel, some, and, some, the slain.

Soon as the sun, new risen from the calm
 And silent Deep, now climb'd the skies, and smote
 With slanting beam the fields, the gath'ers met. 440
 The dead so foul with gore as to be scarce
 Distinguishable, with pure water cleans'd,
 Profusely weeping, on the wains they plac'd,
 But noiseless was their grief, so Priam bade;
 They, therefore, sad but silent, on the pyre
 Dispos'd, consum'd them, and return'd to Troy.
 The Grecians also, with afflicted hearts,
 Their slain associates heaping on the pyre,

Consum'd them, and return'd into the fleet.
 Gray dawn appearing, chosen from the rest 450
 A band of Greeks arose, and on the plain
 Heap'd round the pile one common tomb, and rais'd,
 For safety of themselves and fleet, the wall
 Around it with high tow'rs, and in the tow'rs
 Strong gates for chariot-pass; then scoop'd without
 The deep and spacious foss, with pointed stakes
 Thick-planted numberless. So toil'd the Greeks.

Enthron'd beside the Thunderer, the Gods
 That mighty work survey'd, and, most incens'd,
 Thus Neptune, shaker of the shores, began : 460

O Jove ! exists there on the boundless Earth
 Who will henceforth consult us ? Turn thine eyes
 To yonder wall, which, no religious rite
 Preliminary first perform'd, the Greeks
 Have rais'd and compass'd with a foss, to guard
 Their fleet from inroad. Far as orient day
 Shall be diffus'd the glory of this deed.
 While Phœbus' arduous work and mine, the wall
 Built for Laomedon, shall be forgot. 469

To whom, much mov'd, the Thunderer replied :
 Ah ! what hath Neptune spoken, great in pow'r ?
 That fear a God, defective in the force
 Possess'd by thee, might feel with juster cause.
 No. Far as orient day shall spread thy fame.
 Soon as the Grecians shall have reached again
 Their native shores, arising thou, the wall
 Strike flat, and overwhelm it in the deep ;
 Then spread the beech with sand, that neither place
 Nor remnant of the work thenceforth appear. 479

While thus the Gods conferr'd, the sun declin'd,
 And, ceasing from the toil, their Grecian host
 Slew beeves and supp'd. Meanwhile from Lemnos
 came

Ships num'rous charg'd with wine, dispatch'd in haste
 Thence by Euneus, the illustrious son
 Of Jason and Hypsipyle. Besides
 The portion destin'd for the gen'ral use,
 A thousand measures he had stow'd on board
 For Atreus' royal sons. The galleys soon
 Unladen of their freight, some barter'd brass,

Some steel, or oxen, or their hides, for wine, 190
And some their captives. Thus were *they* supplied,
And the whole host prepar'd a glad regale.
All night the Grecians feasted, and the host
Of Ilium, and all night imperial Jove
Portended dire calamities to both,
Thund'ring tremendous!—Pale was ev'ry cheek;
Each pour'd his goblet on the ground, nor dar'd
The hardest drink, till he had first perform'd
Libation meet to the Saturnian King
Omnipotent; then, all retiring, sought 500
Their couches, and partook the gift of sleep.

BOOK VIII.

Argument.

Jove calls a council, in which he forbids all interference of the Gods between the Greeks and Trojans. He repairs to Ida, where, having consulted the scales of destiny, he directs his lightning against the Grecians. Nestor is endangered by the death of one of his horses. Diomedes delivers him. In the chariot of Diomedes they both hasten to engage Hector, whose charioteer is slain by Diomedes. Jupiter again interposes by his thunders, and the whole Grecian host, discomforted, is obliged to seek refuge within the rampart. Diomedes, with others, at sight of a favourable omen sent from Jove in answer to Agamemnon's prayer, sallies. Teucer performs great exploits, but is disabled by Hector. Juno and Pallas set forth from Olympus in aid of the Grecians, but are stopped by Jupiter, who reascends from Ida, and in Heaven foretells the distresses which await the Grecians.

Hector takes measures for the security of Troy during the night, and prepares his host for an assault to be made on the Grecian camp in the morning.

THE saffron-vested morn was now diffus'd
O'er all the Earth, when on Olympus' top
Jove call'd a council, and the list'ning Gods
In silence heard, while thus the Thund'rer spake :
Hear all ye Gods and Goddesses my word
And purpose irreversible. Beware
That none presumptuously, of either sex,
Seek to rescind, but rather all promote
Its full accomplishment. Whom I shall see
Descending from Olympus to the aid 10
Of either host, or shamefully chastis'd
He shall return to the Olympian heights,
Or I will hurl him deep into the gulfs
Of gloomy Tartarus, where Hell shuts fast
Her iron gates, and spreads her brazen floor,
As far below the shades, as Earth from Heav'n.

There shall he learn how much I pass in might
All others; which if he incline to doubt,
Now prove me. Let ye down the golden chain
From Heav'n, and pull at its inferior links 20
Both Goddesses and Gods. But me your King,
Supreme in Wisdom, ye shall never draw
To Earth from Heav'n, strive with me as ye may.
But I, if willing to exert my power,
The earth itself, itself the sea, and you
Will lift with ease together, and will wind
The chain around the spiry summit sharp
Of the Olympian, that all things upheav'd
Shall hang in the mid Heav'n. So much am I
Alone superior both to Gods and men. 30

He ceas'd, but with so terrible a tone
Had cloth'd his menace, that astonish'd all
And silent sat, till Pallas thus replied :

Supreme of Kings ! our Sire ! we know thy force,
Saturnian Jove ! resistless ; yet behold,
With pity mov'd, the Grecians, doom'd at last
To perish, after all their num'rous woes.
If thou command, we, doubtless, will abstain
From battle, yet such counsel to the Greeks
Suggesting still, as may in part effect 40
Their safety, lest thy wrath consume them all.

To whom, with smiles, the everlasting Sire :
Fear not, my child ! stern as mine accent was,
Mine anger was but feign'd. For in mine heart
Nought feel I but benevolence to thee.

He said ; and to his chariot join'd his steeds
Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and man'd with wavy gold ;
He put on golden raiment, his bright scourge
Of gold receiving rose into his seat,
And lash'd his steeds ; they not unwilling flew 50
Midway the Earth between and starry heav'n.
To spring-fed Ida, mother of wild beasts,
He came, where stands in Gargarus his shrine
Breathing fresh incense ; there the Sire of all
Arriving loos'd his coursers, and around
Involving them in gather'd clouds opaque
Sat on the mountain's head, in his own might

Exulting, with the tow'rs of Ilium all
Beneath his eye, and the whole fleet of Greece.

Mean-time in ev'ry tent Achaia's sons 60
Took short refreshment, and for fight prepar'd.
On th' other side, though fewer, yet constrain'd
By strong necessity, throughout all Troy,
In the defence of children and of wives
Ardent, the Trojans panted for the field.
Wide flew the gates on either side, forth rush'd
Horsemen and foot, and tumult wild arose.
They met, they clash'd; loud was the din of spears
And bucklers on their bosoms brazen-mail'd
Encount'ring, shields in opposition firm 70
Met bossy shields, and tumult wild arose.

There many a shout and many a dying groan
Were heard, the slayer and the wounded loud
Exclaiming, and the earth was drench'd with blood.
Till sacred morn had brighten'd into noon,
The volley'd weapons on both sides their task
Perform'd effectual, and the people fell.
But when the sun had climb'd the middle skies,
The Sire of all then took his golden scales;
Doom against doom he weigh'd th' eternal fates 80
In counterpoise, of Trojans and of Greeks.
He rais'd the beam; low sank the heavier lot
Of the Achaians; the Achaian doom
Subsided, and the Trojan struck the skies.

Then roar'd his thunders from the summit hurl'd
Of Ida, and his vivid lightnings flew
Into Achaia's host. They at the sight
Astonish'd stood; fear whiten'd ev'ry cheek.
That shock Idomeneus dar'd not himself
Abide, nor Agamemnon, nor the less 90
Or greater Ajax, ministers of Mars.
Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks,
Alone fled not; nor he by choice remain'd,
But by his steed retarded, which the mate
Of beauteous Helen, Paris, with a shaft
Had stricken where the forelock grows, a part
Of all most mortal. Tortur'd by the wound
Erect he rose, the arrow in his brain,

And, writhing furious, scar'd his fellow steeds.
 Mean-time, while, strenuous, with his falchion's
 edge 100

The old king labour'd to divide the reign,
 Through multitudes of fierce pursuers borne
 On rapid wheels, the dauntless charioteer
 Approach'd him, Hector. Then, past hope, had died
 The ancient king, but Diomede discern'd
 His peril imminent, and with a voice
 Like thunder, called Ulysses to his aid.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
 Art thou too fugitive, and turn'st thy back
 Like the base multitude? Ah! fear a lance 110
 Implanted ignominious in thy spine.
 Stop—Save the ancient king from savage hands.

So shouted Diomede, whose summons loud
 Ulysses heard not, but retreating flew
 With headlong haste to the Achaian fleet.
 Then, Diomede, unaided as he was,
 Rush'd ardent to the vaward, and before
 The steeds of the Neleian sov'reign old
 Standing, in accents wing'd him thus address'd:

Old chief! these youthful warriors are too fleet 120
 For thee, retarded by encroaching age.
 Thy servant too is feeble, and thy steeds
 Are tardy. Mount my chariot. Thou shalt see
 With what rapidity the steeds of Tros,
 Pursuing or retreating, scour the field.
 I took them from that terrour of his foes,
 Æneas. Thine to our attendants leave,
 While these against the warlike pow'rs of Troy
 We push direct; that Hector's self may know,
 If my spear rage not furious as his own. 130

He said, nor the Gerenian chief refus'd.
 Thenceforth their servants, Sthenelus and good
 Eurymedon, took charge of Nestor's steeds.
 And they the chariot of Tydides both
 Ascended; Nestor drove, plied well the scourge,
 And soon drew near to Hector, against whom,
 Advancing rapidly, a devious spear
 Tydides hurl'd, and wounded in the breast
 His charioteer Eniopeüs, son

Of brave Thebæus, managing the steeds. 140
 He fell; his fiery coursers, at the sound
 Recoil'd, and where he fell his spirit fled.
 Deep sorrow for his charioteer o'erwhelm'd
 The mind of Hector; yet although he mourn'd,
 He left him, and another sought as brave.
 Nor wanted long his steeds a skilful guide,
 For finding soon the son of Iphitus,
 Bold Archeptolemus, he bade him mount
 His chariot, and to him consign'd the reins.
 Then deeds of bloodiest note should have ensu'd, 150
 Penn'd had the Trojans been, as lambs, in Troy,
 But for quick succour of the Sire of all.
 He, thund'ring, downward hurl'd his candent bolt
 To the horse-feet of Diomede: dire fum'd
 The flaming sulphur, and both horses drove
 Under the axle, belly to the ground.
 Forth flew the splendid reins from Nestor's hand,
 And thus to Diomede, appall'd, he spake:
 Back to the fleet, Tydides! Canst not see
 That Jove ordains not, now, the vict'ry thine? 160
 The son of Saturn glorifies to day
 This Trojan, and, if such his will, can make
 The morrow ours; but vain it is to thwart
 The mind of Jove, for he is Lord of all.
 To him the valiant Diomede replied:
 Thou hast well said, old warrior! but the pang,
 Which wrings my soul, is this. The public ear
 In Ilium shall from Hector's lips be told—
 I drove Tydides—Fearing me he fled.
 So shall he vaunt, and may the earth her jaws 170
 That moment op'ning swallow me alive!
 Him answer'd the Gerenian warrior old:
 What saith the son of Tydeus, glorious chief?
 Should Hector dare traduce thee, and pronounce
 Thee base and timid, neither Trojan him
 Nor Dardan would believe, nor yet the wives
 Of num'rous shielded warriors brave of Troy,
 Widow'd by thy unconquerable arm.
 So saying, he through the fugitives his steeds
 Turn'd swift to flight. Then Hector and his host 180
 With clamour infinite their deadly darts

Show'r'd after them, and he, majestic chief
Undaunted, from afar, thus call'd aloud:

Tydides! the Achaian heroes thee
Were wont to grace with a superior seat,
The mess of honour, and the brimming cup,
But now will mock thee. Thou art woman now.
Go, tim'rous girl! Thou ne'er by my retreat
Shalt gain our bulwarks, and our wives to Greece
Lead captive. Perish first, and slain by me. 190

He ceas'd. Then Diomede in dread suspense
Thrice purpos'd, turning, to withstand the foe,
And thrice in thunder from the mountain-top
Jove gave the signal of success to Troy,
When Hector thus the Trojans hail'd aloud:

Trojans, and Lycians, and close-warring sons
Of Dardanus, O summon all your might,
Now, now be men! I know that in his heart
Saturnian Jove great vict'ry and renown
For me designs, but havoc for the Greeks. 200
Fools! they shall find this wall, which they have rais'd,
Too weak to check my course, a feeble guard
Contemptible; such also is the trench;
My steeds shall slight it with an easy leap.
But when ye see me in their fleet arriv'd,
Remember fire. Then bring me flaming brands,
That I may burn their galleys, and themselves
Slaughter beside them, struggling in the smoke.

He spake, and thus exhorted next his steeds.
Xanthus! Podargus! and ye gen'rous pair 210
Æthon and glossy Lampus! now requite
Mine, and the bounty of Andromache,
Far-fam'd Eëtion's daughter; she your bowl
With corn sweet-flavour'd and with wine ofttimes
Hath mingled, your refreshment seeking first,
Ere mine, who have a youthful husband's claim.
Now follow! now be swift! that we may seize
The shield of Nestor, bruited to the skies
As golden, disk and furniture alike.
Now from the shoulders of th' equestrian chief, 220
Tydides, tear we off his splendid mail,
The work of Vulcan. May we take but these,

I have good hope, that, ere this night be spent,
The Greeks shall climb their galleys and away.

So vaunted he, but Juno with disdain
His proud boast heard, and shudd'ring in her throne,
Rock'd the Olympian; turning then toward
The Ocean's mighty sov'reign, thus she spake:

Alas! earth-shaking monarch of the waves,
Feel'st thou no pity of the perishing Greeks? 230
Yet Greece, in Helice, with gifts nor few
Nor sordid, and in Ægæ, honours thee,
Whom therefore thou shouldst aid. Oh! would we all,
Who favour Greece, associate to repulse
The Trojans, and to check loud-thund'ring Jove,
On Ida seated he might lour alone.

To whom the sov'reign, shaker of the shores,
Indignant: Juno! rash in speech! what word
Hath 'scap'd thy lips? I never will consent,
That we, the pow'rs subordinate, in arms 240
Contend with Jove, invincible to all.

So they. Mean-time, the trench and wall between,
The narrow interval with steeds was fill'd
Close-throng'd, and shielded warriors. There im-
mew'd

By Priameian Hector, fierce as Mars,
They stood, for Hector had the help of Jove.
And now with blazing fire their gallant barks
He had consum'd, but Juno mov'd the mind
Of Agamemnon, vigilant himself,
To exhortation of Achaia's host. 250

Through camp and fleet the monarch took his way,
And, his wide robe imperial in his hand,
High on Ulysses' tow'ring galley stood,
The central ship conspicuous; thence his voice
Might reach the most remote of all the line
At each extreme, where Ajax and the son
Of Peleus, fearless of surprise and strong
In conscious valour, flank'd the tented field.
Thence, with loud voice, the Grecians thus he hail'd:

Oh shame to Greece! Warriors in show alone! 260
Where is your boasted prowess? Ye profess'd
Vain-glorious erst in Lemnos, while ye fed

Largely and at your ease on fatted beeves,
And crown'd your beakers high, that ye would face
Each man a hundred Trojans in the field—
Ay, twice a hundred—yet are all too few
To face one Hector now ; nor doubt remains,
But he shall soon burn ev'ry bark of ours.
Jove ! Father ! on what king hast thou so frown'd
At any time, or whom disgrac'd as me ? 270
Yet I neglected not, through all the course
Of our disast'rous voyage (in the hope
That we should vanquish Troy), thy sacred rites,
But where I found thine altar, pil'd it high
With fat and flesh of bulls on ev'ry shore.
But O, vouchsafe to us, that we at least
Ourselves, deliver'd, may escape the sword,
Nor let their foes thus tread the Grecians down !

He said. Th' eternal father pitying saw
His tears, and for the monarch's sake preserv'd 280
The people. Instant, surest of all signs,
He sent his eagle ; in his pounces strong
A fawn he bore, fruit of the nimble hind,
Which fast beside the beauteous altar rais'd
To Panomphæan Jove sudden he dropp'd.

They, conscious, soon, that sent from Jove he came,
More ardent sprang to fight. Then none of all
Those num'rous chiefs could boast, that he outstripp'd
Tydides, urging forth beyond the foss
His rapid steeds, and rushing to the war. 290
He, foremost far, a Trojan slew, the son
Of Phradmon, Agelaus ; as he turn'd
His steeds to flight, him turning with his spear
Through back and bosom Diomede transpierc'd,
And with loud clangor of his arms he fell.
Then, royal Agamemnon pass'd the trench
And Menelaus ; either Ajax, then,
Clad in determin'd prowess ; follow'd next
Idomeneus, with his heroic friend
In battle dread as homicidal Mars, 300
Meriones ; Evæmon's son renown'd
Succeeded, bold Eurypylus ; and ninth
Teucer, wide-straining his impatient bow.
He under covert fought of the broad shield

Of Telamonian Ajax; Ajax thrust
 His shield far forth; the hero from behind
 Took aim, and whom his arrow struck, he fell;
 Then close as to his mother's side a child
 For safety creeps, the unseen Teucer crept
 To Ajax' side, who shielded him again. 310

Whom then slew Teucer first, illustrious chief?
 Orsilochus, and Ophelestes, first,
 And Ormenus he slew, then Dætor died,
 Chromius and Lycophontes brave in fight,
 With Amopaon, Polyæmon's son,
 And Melanippus. These, together heap'd,
 All fell by Teucer on the plain of Troy.
 The Trojans thinn'd by his death-dealing bow
 The king of armies Agamemnon saw
 Well-pleas'd, and him approaching, thus began: 320

Brave Teucer! O my friend, heroic prince!
 Smite ever thus the foe, that hope once more
 May cheer the Greeks, and Telamon rejoice
 Who rear'd thee, though his spurious son, with care
 In his own mansion; Him, although remote,
 Raise, in return, to glory once again.
 I tell thee, and th' effect shall follow sure,
 Let but the Thund'rer and Minerva grant
 The pillage of fair Ilium to the Greeks,
 And I will give to thy victorious hand, 330
 After my own, the noblest recompense,
 A tripod, or a chariot with its steeds,
 Or some fair captive to partake thy bed.

To whom the gen'rous Teucer thus replied:
 Atrides! glorious monarch! wherefore me
 Exhortest thou to battle? who myself
 Glow with sufficient ardour, and such strength
 As Heav'n affords me spare not to employ.
 Since first our foes retir'd, with watchful eye
 Their warriors I have mark'd; eight bearded shafts 340
 My bow hath sent, and ev'ry shaft, well aim'd,
 The body of some Trojan youth robust
 Hath pierc'd, but still yon rav'ning hound escapes.

He said, and from the nerve another shaft
 Impatient sent at Hector; but it flew
 Devious, and brave Gorgythion struck instead.

Him beautiful Castianira, brought
By Priam from Æsymba, nymph of form
Celestial, to the king of Ilium bore.
As in the garden, with the weight surcharg'd 350
Of its own fruit, and drench'd by vernal rains,
The poppy falls oblique, so he his head
Hung languid, by his helmet's weight depress'd.
Then Teucer yet an arrow from the nerve
Dispatch'd at Hector, with impatience fir'd
To pierce him; but again his weapon err'd,
And, turn'd by Phœbus, wander'd to the breast
Of Archeptolemus, with furious speed
Impelling Hector's steeds into the fight.
Headlong he fell; impetuous in recoil 360
Back flew his steeds, and where he fell he lay.
That loss with sablest sorrow overcast
The soul of Hector; yet with deep regret
The slain abandoning, he mark'd at hand,
And summon'd to the conduct of his steeds,
Cebriones, who at his brother's call
Caught readily the reins. Then, all at once,
From his bright chariot with a lion's roar,
Leap'd Hector, seiz'd a stone of size to fill
His ample grasp, and, Teucer in his eye, 370
Impatient flew to smite him. He, the while,
Had lodg'd his bitterest arrow on the string,
When valiant Hector, with the rugged mass
Striking him on the bone that hoops the neck
(A part most mortal), marr'd his eager aim.
Wide flew the sever'd bow-string, on his knees
He sank, and from his bruis'd and torpid hand
Let fall the bow. Nor Ajax heedless stood,
But with fraternal promptness, at his fall
Advancing, shielded him on ev'ry side, 380
Till two, his lov'd associates, Echiüs' son
Mecisteus, with Alastor, rais'd and bore
The maim'd deep-groaning warrior to his fleet.
Then, with fresh force again by Jove inspir'd,
The Trojans (Hector flaming at their head)
Press'd hard the Greeks, and urg'd them to the trench.
As when he fastens on the flank or haunch
Of lion or wild boar, the rapid hound

With keenest notice eyes him, lest he turn,
 So on the rear hung Hector, slaying still 390
 The hindmost fugitive. But when, at length,
 (Much havoc now sustain'd) the routed host
 Through foss and stakes had scap'd into the camp,
 Though with diminish'd numbers, there, beside
 Their ships they stood, with mutual clamours each
 Exhorting other, and with lifted hands
 Loud-importuning all the Pow'rs of Heav'n.
 In looks a Gorgon, or another Mars,
 Exulting Hector with his beauteous steeds
 In many a rapid circle scour'd the plain. 400
 Touch'd at that sight with pity, Juno turn'd
 Her speech to Pallas, and in haste began :

Daughter of Jove ! shall thou and I survey,
 For ever unconcern'd, yon dreadful scene,
 The sons of Greece all perishing, destroy'd
 By one ungovern'd maniac ? Hector's rage
 Is boundless, and his mischievous exploits,
 So num'rous, may no longer be endur'd.

To whom Jove's awful daughter thus replied :
 —And Hector had himself long since his life 410
 Resign'd and rage together, by the Greeks
 Slain under Ilium's walls, but Jove, my sire,
 Mad counsels executing and perverse,
 Me counterworks in all that I attempt,
 Nor aught remembers how I sav'd ofttimes
 His son, enjoin'd full many a task severe
 By king Eurystheus ; to the Gods he wept,
 And me Jove sent in haste to his relief.
 But had I then foreseen what now I know,
 When through the adamantine gates he pass'd, 420
 To bind the dog of Hell, by Stygian floods
 Encompass'd, never had he thence return'd.
 But me renouncing, he performs the will
 Of Thetis now ; she, suppliant, kiss'd his knees,
 And, by his beard, implor'd him to exalt
 Achilles, her unconquerable son.
 'Tis well—the day shall come, when Jove again
 Shall call me darling, and his blue-ey'd maid.
 But thou the coursers to our chariot join,
 While I, my father's mansion ent'ring, arm 430

For battle. I would learn by trial sure,
If Hector, Priam's offspring fam'd in fight
(Ourselves appearing in the walks of war),
Will greet us gladly. Doubtless at the fleet
Some Trojan also shall to dogs resign
His flesh for food, and to the fowls of Heav'n.

So counsell'd Pallas, nor the daughter dread
Of mighty Saturn, Juno, disapprov'd,
But busily and with dispatch prepar'd
The trappings of her coursers golden-rein'd. 440

Mean-time, Minerva, progeny of Jove,
On th' adamantine floor of his abode
Let fall profuse her variegated robe,
Labour of her own hands. The corslet, first,
Her awful sire's, she took, then, piece by piece,
Arm'd her completely for the field of wo.
Terrible as her father Jove, she climb'd
The fiery chariot, last, and seiz'd the spear
Of length and size immense, with which she quells
Each hero's host, whom she accounts a foe. 450

Juno with lifted lash urg'd on the steeds.
At their approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide-
Unfolding gates of Heav'n; the heav'nly gates,
Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge
Of the Olympian summit appertains,
And of the boundless ether, back to roll,
And to replace the cloudy barrier dense.
Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds.
Which when th' Eternal Father from the heights
Of Ida saw, kindling with instant ire 460
To golden-pinion'd Iris thus he spake:

Haste Iris—turn them back, nor let them dare
Encounter me; such war were ill-advis'd;
For tell them, and the threat'ning shall not miss
Its due performance, I will maim their steeds,
Themselves precipitate, in pieces dash
Their chariot, nor shall ten whole years efface
Their wounds inflicted by my rapid bolts.
So shall my blue-ey'd daughter learn to dread
A father's anger; but for the offence 470
Of Juno, I resent it less; for she

Clashes with all my counsels from of old.

He ended; Iris, with a tempest's speed,
From the Idæan summit soar'd at once
To the Olympian; at the open gates
Exterior of the mountain many-val'd
She stay'd them, and her coming thus declar'd:

Whither, and for what cause? What rage is this?
Ye may not aid the Grecians; Jove forbids;
For Saturn's son thus threatens, nor his threat 480
Shall want effect; that he will maim your steeds,
Yourselves precipitate, in pieces dash
Your chariot, nor shall ten whole years efface
The wounds inflicted by his rapid bolts.
So shall his blue-ey'd daughter learn to dread
A father's wrath. Mean-time he less resents
Th' offence of Juno, for her bent hath been,
To clash with all his counsels from of old.
But as for thee, Minerva, if thou dare
Thine huge spear lift against the will of Jove, 490
He calls thee reprobate and dead to shame.

So saying, storm-footed Iris disappear'd,
And thus her speech to Pallas Juno turn'd:

Ah Pallas, progeny of Jove! henceforth
No longer, in the cause of mortal men,
Contend we against Jove. Perish or live
Grecians or Trojans as he wills; let him
Dispose the order of his own concerns,
And judge between them, as of right he may.

She said, and she return'd. The sister Hours 500
Releas'd, and to ambrosial mangers bound
Their charge, the beauteous steeds; then wheel'd aside
The chariot to the crystal wall of Heav'n.

Scarce had those Goddesses, with aching hearts,
Remounted each her golden throne, and mix'd
With the assembled Deities, when Jove
On rapid wheels from Ida borne regain'd
Himself the skies. His steeds the glorious king
Of Ocean loos'd, and on its basis broad
The overmantled chariot fix'd secure. 510
Then sat the Thund'rer on his throne of gold
Himself, and the huge mountain shook. Mean-time

Juno and Pallas, seated both apart,
Spake not or question'd him. Their mute reserve
He notic'd, conscious of the cause, and said:

Juno and Pallas, wherefore sit ye sad?
Not through fatigue by glorious fight incurr'd,
And slaughter of the Trojans, whom ye hate.
Mark now the diff'rence. Not the Gods combin'd
Should have constrain'd *me* back, till all my force, 520
Superior as it is, had fail'd, and all
My fortitude. But ye, with dread appall'd,
Or ere ye reach'd yon glorious field, return'd.
—'Tis well—for, mark me—had ye persever'd,
My bolts had found you both, and ye had reach'd
In your own chariot borne, th' Olympian heights,
Seat of the blest Immortals, never more.

He ceas'd; they murmur'd, and, as side by side
They sat, still meditated wo to Troy.
No word of anger, though the fiercest heav'd 530
Her bosom, from Minerva's lips escap'd;
But Juno, less self-govern'd, thus replied:

Ruthless and fierce! what menaces are these?
Why vaunt thy pow'r to Us? Full well we know
Thee irresistible; and, though we view,
With pity mov'd, the valiant sons of Greece
Ordain'd to perish, at thy stern command
The battle left, we will alone direct
Their counsels, lest thy wrath consume them all.

To whom the storm-clad sov'reign of the skies: 540
Look forth, and, if thou wilt, at early dawn
See more exerted still the pow'r of Jove,
And more than ever thinn'd the ranks of Greece.
For pause of Hector's fury shall be none,
Till first he have provok'd Achilles forth,
And for Patroclus slain the crowded hosts
In narrow space shall at the ships contend.
Such is the voice of Fate. But as for thee—
Thee and thy wrath I disregard alike.
Go seek the utmost bounds of earth and sea, 550
Where Saturn and Iäpetus endure
Exclusion sad from balmy airs, nor feel
The beams of risen day, Hell-girt around;

Go even thither, and thine absence nought
Shall trouble me, for thou art void of shame.

He ended; to whom Juno nought replied.
And now the radiant sun in Ocean sank,
Drawing night after him o'er all the earth;
Night, undesir'd by Troy, but to the Greeks
Thrice welcome for its interposing gloom. 560

Then, where he found, more distant from the ships
Clear space, unstrew'd with bodies, on the bank
Of gulfy Xanthus, Priam's glorious son
Conven'd a council of the chiefs of Troy.
They, leaving each his chariot, watchful stood,
Till he should speak. Eleven cubits length
Of massy spear he bore, its brazen point
Star-bright, and collar'd with a ring of gold.
He planted, lean'd on it, and thus began:

Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy! 570
I hop'd, this ev'ning (ev'ry ship consum'd,
And all the Grecians slain), to have return'd
To wind-swept Ilium. But the shades of night
Have interven'd, and to the night they owe,
In chief, their whole fleet's safety, and their own.
Now, therefore, take ye, as the night enjoins,
Needful refreshment; loose your weary steeds;
Give them their provender; and with dispatch
Drive thither from the city fatted sheep
And oxen; bring ye from your houses bread, 580
Make speedy purchase of heart-cheering wine,
And gather fuel plenteous; that all night,
Ev'n till Aurora, daughter of the Dawn,
Shall look abroad, we may with many fires
Illumine the skies; lest even in the night,
Launching, they mount the billows and escape.
Beware that they depart not unannoy'd,
But, as he leaps on board, give each a wound
With shaft or spear, which he shall nurse at home.
So shall the nations fear us, and shall vex 590
With ruthless war Troy's gallant sons no more.
Next, let the heralds, ministers of Jove,
From side to side of Ilium summon forth
The stripling and the gray with age, to watch

On all the sacred tow'rs; from street to street
 Charge they the women also, that their hearths
 Glow with bright fires; and let no feeble guard
 Attend the Greeks, lest, issuing unperceiv'd
 In the host's absence, they surprise the town.
 Act thus, ye dauntless Trojans; the advice 600
 Is wholesome, and shall serve the present need.
 And so much for the night; ye shall be told
 The business of the morn, when morn appears.
 It is my pray'r to Jove, and to all Heaven
 (Not without hope), that I may hence expel
 These dogs, whom Ilium's unpropitious fates
 Have wafted hither in their sable barks.
 Let *us* then also watch this night, ourselves,
 And, arming with the morrow, at their ships
 Give them brisk onset. Then shall it appear, 610
 If Diomede the brave shall me compel
 Back to our walls, or I his gory arms,
 Torn from his breathless body, bear away.
 To-morrow, if he dare but to abide
 My lance, he shall not want occasion meet
 For show of valour. But much more I judge,
 That the next rising sun shall see him slain
 With no few friends around him. Would to Heav'n
 I were as sure to 'scape the blight of age,
 And share their honours with the Gods above, 620
 As comes the morrow fraught with wo to Greece.
 So Hector, whom his host with loud acclaim
 All prais'd. Then each his weary steeds releas'd,
 And rein'd them safely at his chariot-side.
 And now from Troy provision large they brought,
 Oxen, and sheep, with store of wine and bread,
 And fuel much was gather'd. Next, the Gods
 With sacrifice they sought, and from the plain
 Upwafted by the winds the smoke aspir'd
 Sav'ry, but unacceptable to those 630
 Above; such hatred in their hearts they bore
 To Priam, to the people under sway
 Of warlike Priam, and to sacred Troy.
 Big with great purposes and proud, they sat,
 Not disarray'd, but in fair form dispos'd
 Of even ranks, and watch'd their num'rous fires.

As when around the clear bright moon, the stars
Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hush'd,
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland-heights
Stand all apparent, not a vapour streaks 640
The boundless blue, but ether open'd wide
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd;
So num'rous seem'd those fires, between the stream
Of Xanthus blazing and the fleet of Greece,
In prospect all of Troy; a thousand fires,
Each watch'd by fifty warriors seated near,
The steeds beside the chariot stood, their corn
Chewing, and waiting till the golden-thron'd
Aurora should restore the light of day.

BOOK IX.

Argument.

By advice of Nestor, Agamemnon sends Ulysses, Phœnix, and Ajax, to the tent of Achilles with proposals of reconciliation. They execute their commission, but without effect. Phoenix remains with Achilles; Ulysses and Ajax return.

SO watch'd the Trojan host; but Flight, from Heav'n
Dispatch'd, companion of soul-chilling Fear,
Possess'd the Grecians; ev'ry leader's heart
Bled, wounded with insufferable wo.

As when two adverse winds blowing from Thrace,
Boreas and Zephyrus, the fishy Deep
Vex sudden, all around the sable flood,
High-curl'd, flings forth the salt weed on the shore,
Such tempest rent the mind of ev'ry Greek.

Forth stalk'd Atrides with heart-riving grief 10
Transfix'd; he bade his heralds call by name
Each chief to council, but without the sound
Of proclamation; and that task himself
Among the foremost sedulous perform'd.
The sad assembly sat; when weeping fast,
As some deep fountain pours its rapid stream
Down from the summit of a lofty rock,
King Agamemnon in the midst arose,
And, groaning, the Achaians thus address'd:

Friends, counsellors and leaders of the Greeks! 20
In dire perplexity Saturnian Jove
Hath now involv'd me; he assur'd me erst,
And solemnly, that I should not return
To Greece, till laden with the spoils of Troy;
But now (ah fraudulent and foul reverse!)
He sends me back inglorious to the shores
Of distant Argos, with diminish'd pow'rs.
So stands the purpose of almighty Jove,

Who many a citadel hath laid in dust,
 And shall hereafter, matchless in his might. 30
 Haste therefore. My advice is, that we all
 Fly with our galleys home to Greece again,
 Since Troy's wide city shall not yet be ours.

He ceas'd, and all sat silent; long the sons
 Of Greece, o'erwhelm'd with sorrow, silent sat,
 When thus, at last, bold Diomedes began:

Atrides! foremost of the chiefs I rise,
 To controvert thy purpose ill-conceiv'd,
 And with such freedom as the laws, O king!
 Of consultation and debate allow. 40

Hear patient. Thou hast been thyself the first,
 Who e'er reproach'd me in the public ear
 As one effeminate and slow to fight;
 All which, the Greeks, both young and ancient, know.
 The son of wily Saturn hath to thee
 Giv'n, and refus'd; he plac'd thee high in pow'r,
 Appointed thee chief ruler of the host,
 But courage gave thee none, his noblest gift.
 Art thou in truth persuaded, that the Greeks
 Are pusillanimous, as thou hast said? 50

If thy own fears impel thee to depart,
 Begone; the way is open; num'rous ships,
 Thy followers from Mycenæ, line the shore.
 But not a Greek besides goes hence, till Troy
 Be laid in ashes. Or if all incline
 To seek again their native home, fly all;
 Myself and Sthenelus will persevere,
 Till Ilium fall, for with the Gods we came.

He ended; all th' admiring sons of Greece
 With shouts the warlike Diomedes extoll'd, 60
 When thus equestrian Nestor next began:

No prince, Tydides! (none of equal years)
 Pretends, or can, equality with thee
 In counsel or in arms. Thy self-defence
 Nor censure merits, nor admits reply,
 For it is just. But thou hast giv'n the cause,
 For which we meet, no mention. Thou art young,
 So green in years, that thou hadst been, if mine,
 Of mine the youngest. Yet the kings of Greece,
 Address'd by thee, still hear thee with delight. 70

Thou hast well spoken; but myself, who boast
 More years than thou hast seen, will thy defects
 So recompense, that not a Grecian here,
 Not Agamemnon's self, shall censure *me*.
 He is a wretch, insensible and dead
 To all the charities of social life,
 Whose pleasure is in civil broils alone.
 But night is urgent, and with night's demands
 Let all comply. Prepare we now repast.
 And let the guard be station'd at the trench 80
 Without the wall; the youngest shall supply
 That service; next, Atrides, thou begin
 (For thou art here supreme) thy proper task.
 Banquet the elders; it shall not disgrace
 Thy sov'reignty, but shall become thee well.
 Thy tents are fill'd with wine, which day by day
 Ships bring from Thrace; accommodation large
 Hast thou, and num'rous is thy menial train.
 Thy many guests assembled, thou shalt hear
 Our counsel, and shalt choose the best; the Greeks 90
 All need good counsel now, since such alone
 Can save us; for the foe, fast by the fleet,
 Hath kindled num'rous fires, which who can see
 Unmov'd? This night preserves us or destroys.

He spake, whom all with full consent approv'd,
 Forth rush'd the guard well-arm'd: first went the son
 Of Nestor, Thrasymedes, valiant chief;
 Then, sons of Mars, Ascalaphus advanc'd
 And brave Iälmenus; whom follow'd next
 Deïpyrus, Aphareus, Meriones, 100
 And Lycomedes, Creon's son renown'd.
 Seven were the leaders of the guard, and each
 A hundred spearmen headed, young and bold.
 Between the wall and trench their seat they chose,
 There kindled fires, and dress'd their ev'ning fare.

Atrides, then, to his pavilion led
 The thronging chiefs of Greece, and at his board
 Regal'd them; they with readiness and keen
 Dispatch of hunger shar'd the sav'ry feast,
 And when nor thirst remain'd nor hunger more 110
 Unsatisfied, then Nestor, rising first,
 Whose counsels had been ever wisest found,

Warm for the public int'rest, thus began :

Atrides ! glorious monarch ! king of men !
 With Thee shall I begin, with Thee conclude,
 For thou art sov'reign, and to thee are giv'n
 From Jove the sceptre and the laws in charge,
 For the advancement of the gen'ral good.
 Hence, in peculiar, both to speak and hear
 Become thy duty, and the best advice, 120
 By whomsoever offer'd, to adopt
 And to perform, for thou art judge alone.
 I will promulge the counsel which to me
 Seems wisest ; such, that other Grecian none
 Shall give thee better ; neither is it new,
 But I have ever held it since the day
 When, most illustrious ! thou wast pleas'd to take
 By force the maid Briseïs from the tent
 Of the enrag'd Achilles ; not, in truth,
 By my advice, who did dissuade thee much ; 130
 But thou, complying with thy princely wrath,
 Hast sham'd a hero whom the Gods themselves
 Delight to honour, and his prize detain'st.
 Yet even now conciliate him, perchance,
 With soft persuasion and by gifts we may.

Then answer'd Agamemnon, king of men :
 Old chief ! there is no falsehood in thy charge ;
 I have offended, and confess the wrong.
 The warrior is alone a host, whom Jove
 Loves as he loves Achilles, for whose sake 140
 He hath Achaia's thousands thus subdu'd.
 But if, the impulse of a wayward mind
 Obeying, I have err'd, behold me, now,
 Prepar'd to sooth him with atonement large
 Of gifts inestimable, which by name
 I will propound in presence of you all.
 Sev'n tripods, never sullied yet with fire ;
 Of gold ten talents ; twenty caldrons bright ;
 Twelve coursers, strong, victorious in the race ;
 No man should need complain that he is poor, 150
 Or should be troubled with a want of gold,
 Possessing what those steeds have won for me.
 Sev'n well-born female captives will I give,
 Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all,

Whom, when himself took Lesbos, I receiv'd
 My chosen portion, passing womankind
 In perfect loveliness of face and form.
 These will I give, and will with these resign
 Her whom I took, Briseïs, with an oath
 Most solemn, that, unconscious as she was 160
 Of my embraces, such I yield her his.
 All these I give him now; and if at length
 The blessed Gods shall grant us to destroy
 Priam's great city, let him heap his ships
 With gold and brass, ent'ring and choosing first
 When we shall share the spoil. He shall besides
 Take twenty from among the maids of Troy,
 Except fair Helen, loveliest of their sex.
 And should we reach, once more, the distant land
 Of fruitful Argos, he shall there become 170
 My son-in-law; my only son himself,
 Orestes, not belov'd or honour'd more.
 I have three virgin daughters, from the three
 (Chrysothemis, Laodice, and fair
 Iphianassa), choosing forth a bride,
 He shall conduct her, with no cost of dow'r,
 To his own home; for at my proper cost
 She shall be dow'r'd as never child before.
 Sev'n strong well-peopled cities I will give;
 Cardamyle and Enope, and rich 180
 In herbage, Hira; Pheræ stately-built,
 And for her depth of pasturage renown'd
 Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty tow'rs,
 And Pedasus impurpled dark with vines.
 All these are maritime, and on the shore
 They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd
 Most rich in flocks and herds, who tributes large
 And gifts presenting to his sceptred hand,
 Shall hold him high in honour as a God.
 These will I give him if his wrath subside. 190
 Let him be won. Dis only of the Gods
 Is found implacable and deaf to pray'r,
 And is the Pow'r whom, therefore, all abhor.
 My sway is greater, and my years than his
 More num'rous, therefore let him yield to me.
 To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied:

Atrides ! glorious sov'reign ! king of men !
 No sordid gifts, or to be view'd with scorn,
 Giv'st thou the prince Achilles; to his tent
 Dispatch we, therefore, with what speed we may, 200
 Wise and well-chosen messengers; my part
 Shall be to choose them ; be compliance theirs,
 Go Phoenix first; Jove loves him; Ajax, next,
 The mightier; and discreet Ulysses last.
 Eurybates and Hodius I pronounce
 Their heralds. Now bring water for our hands;
 Give charge that ev'ry tongue abstain from speech
 Portentous, and propitiate Jove by pray'r.

He spake, and all were pleas'd. 'The heralds pour'd
 Pure water on their hands; attendant youths 210
 The beakers crown'd, and wine from right to left
 Distributed to all. Libation made,
 All drink, and in such measure as they chose,
 Then hasted forth from Agamemnon's tent.
 Much exhortation, from the Pylian Sage,
 With eager looks enforc'd they all receiv'd,
 But most Ulysses, to omit no means
 By which Achilles likeliest might be won.
 Along the margin of the sounding Deep
 They pass'd, to Neptune, compasser of earth, 220
 Preferring num'rous vows with ardent pray'rs,
 That they might sway with ease the mighty mind
 Of fierce Æacides. Arriving soon
 Among the Myrmidons, their chief they found
 Soothing his sorrow with his silver-fram'd
 Harmonious lyre, spoil taken when he took
 Eëtion's city; with that lyre his cares
 He sooth'd, and glorious heroes were his theme.
 Patroclus silent sat, and he alone,
 Before him, on Æacides intent, 230
 Expecting still when he should cease to sing.
 The messengers advanc'd (Ulysses first)
 Into his presence; at the sight, his harp
 Still in his hand, Achilles from his seat
 Started astonish'd; nor with less amaze
 Patroclus also, seeing them, arose.

Achilles seiz'd their hands, and thus he spake :

Hail friends ! ye all are welcome. Urgent cause

Hath doubtless brought you, whom I dearest hold
(Though angry still) of all Achaia's host. 240

So saying, he introduced and seated them
On thrones with purple arras overspread,
Then thus bespake Patroclus standing nigh:

Son of Menæti! bring a beaker more
Capacious, and replenish it with wine
Diluted less; then give to each his cup;
For dearer friends than these who now arrive
Beneath my roof, or worthier, have I none.

He ended, and Patroclus quick obey'd
Whom much he lov'd. Achilles, then himself 250
Advancing near the fire an ample tray,
Spread goat's flesh on it, with the flesh of sheep,
And of a fatted brawn; of each a chine.

Automedon attending held them fast,
While with sharp steel Achilles from the bone
Sliced thin the meat, then pierc'd it with the spits.

Mean-time the godlike Menætiades
Kindled fierce fire, and when the flame declin'd,
Rak'd wide the embers, hung the meat to roast,

And taking sacred salt from the hearth-side 260
Where it was treasur'd, shower'd it o'er the feast.

When all was finish'd, and the board set forth,
Patroclus furnish'd it around with bread
In baskets, and Achilles serv'd the guests.

Beside the tent-wall, opposite he sat
To the divine Ulysses; first he bade
Patroclus make oblation; he consign'd

The consecrated morsel to the fire,
And each, at once, his sav'ry mess assail'd.

When neither edge of hunger now they felt, 270
Nor thirsted longer, Ajax with a nod

Made sign to Phœnix, which Ulysses mark'd,
And charging high his cup, thus hail'd his host:

Health to Achilles! hospitable cheer,
And well prepar'd, we want not at the board
Of royal Agamemnon, or at thine,

For both are nobly spread; but dainties now
Or plenteous boards, are little our concern.

Oh godlike chief! tremendous are our themes
Of contemplation, while in doubt we sit 280

If life or death with loss of all our ships
Attend us, unless thou put on thy might.
For lo ! the haughty Trojans, with their friends
Call'd from afar, beside the fleet encamp
Fast by the wall, where they have kindled fires
Num'rous, and threaten that no force of ours
Shall check their purpos'd inroad on the camp.
Jove grants them favourable signs from Heav'n,
Bright lightings; Hector glares revenge, with rage
Infuriate, and by Jove assisted, heeds 290
Nor God nor man, but maniac-like, implores
Incessantly the morn at once to rise,
That he may hew away our vessel-heads,
Burn all our fleet with fire, and at their sides
Slay the Achaians panting in the smoke.
Dread overwhelms my spirit, lest the Gods
His threats accomplish, and it be our doom
To perish here, from Argos far remote.
Up, therefore ! if thou canst at last relent,
O ! rise and save Achaia's weary sons 300
From Trojan violence. Regret, but vain,
Shall else be thine hereafter, when no cure
Of such great ill, once suffer'd, can be found.
Thou therefore, seasonably kind, devise
Means to preserve from such disast'rous fate
The Grecians. Ah, my friend ! when Peleus thee
From Phthia sent to Agamemnon's aid,
On that same day he gave thee thus in charge :
" Juno, my son, and Pallas, if they please,
" Can make thee valiant : but thy own big heart 310
" Thyself restrain. Sweet manners win respect.
" Cease from pernicious strife, and young and old
" Throughout the host shall honour thee the more."
Such was thy father's charge, which thou, it seems,
Remember'st not. Yet even now thy wrath
Renounce; be reconcil'd : for princely gifts
Atrides gives thee, if thy wrath subside.
Here, if thou wilt, and I will tell thee all,
How vast the gifts which Agamemnon made
By promise thine, this night within his tent. 320
Sev'n tripods never sullied yet with fire ;
Of gold ten talents ; twenty caldrons bright ;

Twelve steeds strong limb'd, victorious in the race;
No man should need complain that he is poor,
Or should be troubled with a want of gold,
Possessing what those steeds have won for him.
Sev'n well-born female captives he will give,
Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all,
Whom, when thou conquer'dst Lesbos, he receiv'd
His chosen portion, passing womankind 330
In perfect loveliness of face and form.
These will he give, and will with these resign
Her whom he took, Briseïs, with an oath
Most solemn, that unconscious as she was
Of his embraces, such he yields her back.
All these he gives thee now! and if at length
The blessed Gods shall grant us to destroy
Priam's great city, thou shalt heap thy ships
With gold and brass, ent'ring and choosing first,
When we shall share the spoil; and shalt beside 340
Take twenty from among the maids of Troy,
Except fair Helen, loveliest of their sex.
And if once more we reach the milky land
Of pleasant Argos, thou shalt there become
His son-in-law, and shalt enjoy like state
With him, whom he in all abundance rears,
His only son Orestes. At his court
He hath three daughters; thou mayst home conduct
To Phthia, her whom thou shalt most approve,
Chrysothemis, Laodice, or the young 350
Iphianassa; and from thee he asks
No dow'r; himself will such a dow'r bestow,
As never father on his child before.
Sev'n strong well-peopled cities will he give;
Cardamyle and Enope, and rich
In herbage, Hira; Pheræ stately built,
And for her depth of pasturage renown'd,
Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty tow'rs
And Pedasus impurpled dark with vines.
All these are maritime, and on the shore 360
They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd
Most rich in flocks and herds, who tribute large
And gifts presenting to thy sceptred hand,
Shall hold thee high in honour as a God.

These will he give thee, if thy wrath subside.
But shouldst thou rather in thine heart the more
Both Agamemnon and his gifts detest,
Yet O compassionate th' afflicted host
Prepar'd to adore thee. Thou shalt win renown
Among the Grecians, that shall never die. 370
Now strike at Hector—He is here—Himself
Provokes thee forth; madness is in his heart,
And in his rage he glories that our ships
Have hither brought no Grecian brave as he.

Then thus Achilles, matchless in the race:
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
I must with plainness speak my fix'd resolve
Unalterable; lest I hear from each
The same long murmur'd melancholy tale.
For, as the gates of Aides I detest 380
The man, whose heart and language disagree.
So shall not mine. My most approv'd resolve
Is this; that neither Agamemnon me
Nor all the Greeks shall move; for ceaseless toil
Wins here no thanks; one recompense awaits
The sedentary and the most alert,
The brave and base in equal honour stand,
And drones and heroes fall unwept alike.
I after all my toils, who have expos'd
Life daily in the field, have earn'd no prize 390
Superior to the rest, but as the bird
Gives to her unfledg'd brood a morsel gain'd
After long search, though wanting it herself,
So have I worn out many a sleepless night,
And waded deep through many a bloody day
In battle for their wives. I have destroy'd
Twelve cities with my fleet, and twelve, save one,
On foot contending in the fields of Troy.
From all these cities, precious spoils I took
Abundant, and to Agamemnon's hand 400
Gave all the treasure. He within his ships
Abode the while, and having all receiv'd,
Little distributed, and much retain'd;
He gave, however, to the kings and chiefs
A portion, and they keep it. Me alone
Of all the Grecian host he hath despoil'd;

My bride, my soul's delight, is in his hands,
And let him couch with her. What urgent need
Have the Achaians to contend with Troy?
Why hath Atrides gather'd such a host, 410
And led them hither? Was't not for the sake
Of beauteous Helen! And of all mankind
Can none be found, who love their proper wives,
But the Atridæ! There is no good man,
Who loves not, guards not, and with care provides
For his own wife; and, though in battle won,
I lov'd the fair Briseïs at my heart.
But having dispossess'd me of my prize
So foully, let him not essay me now,
For I am warn'd, and he shall not prevail. 420
Let him advise with thee and with thy peers,
Ulysses! how the fleet may likeliest 'scape
Yon hostile fires; since many an arduous task
He hath accomplish'd without aid of mine;
So hath he now this rampart, and the trench,
Which he hath sunk around it, and with stakes
Contiguous planted—puny barriers all
To hero-slaught'ring Hector's force oppos'd.
While, present with the host of Greece, I wag'd
Myself the battle, Hector never fought 430
Far from his walls, but to the Scæan gate
Advancing and the beech-tree, there remain'd.
Once on that spot he met me, and my arm
Escap'd with difficulty even there.
But, since I feel myself not now inclin'd
To fight with noble Hector, yielding first
To Jove due worship, and to all the Gods,
To-morrow will I launch, and give my ships
Their lading. Look thou forth at early dawn,
And, if such spectacle delight thee aught, 440
Thou shalt behold me cleaving with my prows
The waves of Hellespont, and all my crews
Of lusty rowers, active in their task.
So shall I reach (if Ocean's mighty God
Prosper my voyage) Phthia the deep-soil'd
On the third day. I have possessions there,
Which hither roaming in an evil hour
I left, abundant. I shall also hence

Convey much treasure, gold and burnish'd brass,
And glitt'ring steel, and women passing fair, 450
My portion of the spoils. But he, your king,
The prize he gave himself, himself resum'd,
And taunted at me. Tell him my reply,
And tell it him aloud, that other Greeks
May indignation feel like me, if, arm'd
Always in impudence, he seek to wrong
Them also. Let him not henceforth presume,
Canine and hard in aspect though he be,
To look me in the face. I will not share
His counsels, neither will I aid his works. 460
Let it suffice him that he wrong'd me once,
Deceiv'd me once, henceforth his glozing arts
Are lost on me. But let him rot in peace
Craz'd as he is, and by the stroke of Jove
Infatuate. I detest his gifts, and him
So honour, as the thing which most I scorn.
And would he give me twenty times the worth
Of this his offer, all the treasur'd heaps
Which he possesses, or shall yet possess,
All that Orchomenos within her walls, 470
And all that opulent Ægyptian Thebes
Receives, the city with a hundred gates,
Whence twenty thousand chariots rush to war;
And would he give me riches as the sands,
And as the dust of earth, no gifts from him
Should sooth me, till my soul were first aveng'd
For all the offensive licence of his tongue.
I will not wed the daughter of your chief,
Of Agamemnon. Could she vie in charms
With golden Venus, had she all the skill 480
Of blue-ey'd Pallas, even so endow'd
She were no bride for me. No. He may choose
From the Achaians some superior prince,
One more her equal. Peleus, if the Gods
Preserve me, and I safe arrive at home,
Himself, erelong, shall mate me with a bride.
In Hellas and in Phthia may be found
Fair damsels many, daughters of the chiefs,
Who guard our cities; I may choose of them,
And make the loveliest of them all my own. 490

There, in my country, it hath ever been
 My dearest purpose, wedded to a wife
 Of rank convenient, to enjoy in peace
 Such wealth as ancient Peleus hath acquir'd.
 For life, in my account, surpasses far
 In value all the treasures, which report
 Ascrib'd to populous Ilium, ere the Greeks
 Arriv'd, and while the city yet had peace;
 Those also which Apollo's marble shrine
 In rocky Pytho boasts. Fat flocks and beeves 500
 May be by force obtain'd; tripods and steeds
 Are bought or won; but if the breath of man
 Once overpass its bounds, no force arrests
 Or may constrain th' unbodied spirit back.
 Me, as my silver-footed mother speaks,
 Thetis, a twofold consummation waits.
 If still with battle I encompass Troy,
 I win immortal glory, but all hope
 Renounce of my return. If I return
 To my beloved country, I renounce 510
 Th' illustrious meed of glory, but obtain
 Secure and long immunity from death.
 And truly I would recommend to all,
 To voyage homeward, since ye shall not see
 The downfall yet of Ilium's lofty tow'rs,
 For that the Thund'rer with uplifted arm
 Protects her, and her courage hath reviv'd.
 Bear ye mine answer back, as is the part
 Of good ambassadours, that they may frame
 Some happier plan, by which both fleet and host 520
 May be preserv'd; for, my resentment still
 Burning, this project is but premature.
 Let Phœnix stay with us, and sleep this night
 Within my tent, that, if he so incline,
 Embarking on the morrow we may seek
 Our home together; but I leave him free.

He ended; they astonish'd at his tone
 (For vehement he spake) sat silent all,
 Till Phœnix, aged warrior, at the last
 Gush'd into tears (for dread his heart o'erwhelm'd, 530
 Lest the whole fleet should perish) and replied:

If thou indeed have purpos'd to return,

Noble Achilles! and such wrath retain'st,
That thou art altogether fix'd to leave
The fleet a prey to desolating fires,
How then, my son! shall I at Troy abide
Forlorn of thee? When Peleus, hoary chief,
Sent thee to Agamemnon, yet a child,
Unpractis'd in destructive fight, nor less
Of councils ignorant, the schools in which 540
Great minds are form'd, he bade me to the war
Attend thee forth, that I might teach thee all,
Both elocution and address in arms.
Me therefore shalt thou not with my consent
Leave here, my son! no, not if Jove himself
Would promise, reaping smooth this silver beard
To make me downy-cheek'd as in my youth;
As when from Hellas for her women fam'd
I fled, escaping from Amyntor's wrath,
My father's, son of Ormenus, who lov'd 550
A beauteous concubine, and for her sake
Despis'd his wife and persecuted me.
My mother, suppliant at my knees, with pray'r
Perpetual importun'd me to embrace
The damsel first, that she might loathe my sire.
I did so; and my father, soon possess'd
With hot suspicion of the fact, let loose,
A storm of imprecation, in his rage
Invoking all the Furies to forbid,
That ever son of mine should press his knees. 560
Tartarian Jove and dread Persephone
Fulfill'd his curses; with my pointed spear
I would have pierc'd his heart, but that my wrath
Some Deity assuag'd, suggesting oft
What shame and obloquy I should incur,
Known as a parricide through all the land.
At length, so treated, I resolv'd to dwell
No longer in his house. My friends, indeed,
And all my kindred compass'd me around
With much entreaty, wooing me to stay; 570
Oxen and sheep they slaughter'd, many a plump
Well-fatted brawn extended in the flames,
And drank the old man's vessels to the lees.
Nine nights continual at my side they slept,

Keeping alternate watch, nor were the fires
Extinguish'd ever, one, beneath the porch
Of the barr'd hall, and one that from within
The vestibule illum'd my chamber door.
But when the tenth dark night at length arriv'd,
Forcing my chamber door I issu'd forth 580
With noiseless steps, and unperceiv'd alike
By guards and menial women, leap'd the wall.
Through spacious Hellas flying thence afar,
At length in fruitful Phthia I arriv'd,
Mother of flocks, and at the royal house
Of Peleus; Peleus with a willing heart
Receiving, lov'd me as a father loves
His only son, the son of his old age,
Inheritor of all his large demesnes.
He made me rich; plac'd under my control 590
A populous realm, and on the skirts I dwelt
Of Phthia, ruling the Dolopian race.
Thee from my soul, thou semblance of the Gods,
I lov'd, and all illustrious as thou art,
Achilles! such I made thee. For with me,
Me only, wouldst thou forth to feast abroad,
Nor wouldst thou taste thy food at home, till first
I plac'd thee on my knees, with my own hand
Thy viands carv'd and fed thee, and the wine
Held to thy lips; and many a time in fits 600
Of infant frowardness, the purple juice
Rejecting, thou hast delug'd all my vest,
And fill'd my bosom. Oh, I have endur'd
Much, and have also much perform'd for thee;
Thus purposing, that since the Gods vouchsaf'd
No son to me, thyself shouldst be my son,
Godlike Achilles; who shouldst screen perchance
From a foul fate my else unshelter'd age.
Achilles! bid thy mighty spirit down.
Thou shouldst not be thus merciless; the Gods, 610
Although more honourable, and in pow'r
And virtue thy superiors, are themselves
Yet placable; and if a mortal man
Offend them by transgression of their laws,
Libation, incense, sacrifice, and pray'r,
In meekness offer'd, turn their wrath away.

Pray'rs are Jove's daughters, wrinkled, lame, slant-
 ey'd,
 Which, though far distant, yet with constant pace
 Follow Offence. Offence, robust of limb,
 And treading firm the ground, outstrips them all, 620
 And over all the Earth before them runs
 Hurtful to man. They, foll'wing, heal the hurt.
 Receiv'd respectfully when they approach,
 They yield us aid, and listen when we pray.
 But if we slight, and with obdurate heart
 Resist them, to Saturnian Jove they cry
 Against us, supplicating that Offence
 May cleave to us for vengeance of the wrong.
 Thou, therefore, O Achilles! honour yield
 To Jove's own daughters, vanquish'd, as the brave 630
 Have ofttimes been, by honour paid to Thee.
 For, came not Agamemnon as he comes
 With gifts in hand, and promises of more
 Hereafter; burn'd his anger still the same;
 I would not move thee to renounce thy own,
 And to assist us, howso'er distress'd.
 But now, not only are his present gifts
 Most lib'ral, and his promises of more
 Such also, but these princes he hath sent
 Charg'd with entreaties, thine especial friends, 640
 And chosen, for that cause, from all the host.
 Slight not their embassy, nor disrespect
 Their intercession. We confess, that once
 Thy wrath was unreprouable and just.
 Thus we have heard the heroes of old times
 Applauded, who, though furiously incens'd,
 Were yet obedient to the gentle sway
 Of reason and conciliatory gifts.

I recollect an ancient history,
 Which, since all here are friends, I will relate: 650
 The brave Ætolians and Curetes met
 Beneath the walls of Calydon, and fought
 With mutual slaughter; the Ætolian pow'rs
 In the defence of Calydon the fair,
 And the Curetes, bent to lay it waste:
 That strife, illustrious prince! Diana's self
 Kindled between them, with resentment fir'd

That Æneus had not in some fertile spot
The first fruits of his harvest set apart
To her; with hecatombs he entertain'd 660
All the divinities of Heav'n beside,
And her alone, Jove's daughter, either through
Impious neglect or inattentive haste,
Serv'd not; omission careless and profane!
She, therefore, glorious archeress of Heav'n,
A savage boar bright tusk'd in anger sent,
Which, haunting Æneus' fields, much havoc made.
His fruit trees tall and in full bloom he tore
Sheer from the roots, and heap'd them on the ground.
But Meleager, Æneus' son, at length 670
Slew him, the hunters gath'ring, and the hounds
Of num'rous cities; for a boar so vast
Might not be vanquish'd by the pow'r of few,
And many to the funeral piles he sent.
Then rais'd Diana clamorous dispute,
And contest hot between them, all alike,
Curetes and Ætolians fierce in arms,
The boar's head claiming, and his bristly hide.
So long as warlike Meleager fought,
Ætolia prosper'd, nor with all their pow'rs 680
Could the Curetes stand before the walls.
But when resentment once had fir'd the heart
Of Meleager, which hath tumult oft
Excited in the breasts of wisest men,
And his own mother had his wrath provok'd,
Althæa, thenceforth with his wedded wife
He dwelt, fair Cleopatra, close retir'd.
She was Marpessa's daughter, whom she bore
To Idas, bravest warrior in his day
Of all on Earth. He fear'd not 'gainst the king 690
Himself, Apollo, for the lovely nymph
Marpessa's sake, his spouse, to bend his bow.
Her, therefore, Idas and Marpessa nam'd
Thenceforth Alcyone, because the fate
Of sad Alcyone Marpessa shar'd,
And wept like her, by Phœbus forc'd away.
Thus Meleager, tortur'd with the pangs
Of wrath indulg'd, with Cleopatra dwelt,

Vex'd that his mother curs'd him : for o'erwhelm'd
With sorrow, she the mighty Gods invok'd, 700
T' avenge her slaughter'd brothers on his head.
Oft would she smite the earth, while, on her knees
Seated, she fill'd her bosom with her tears,
And call'd on Pluto and dread Proserpine,
To slay her son; nor vain was that request,
But by implacable Erynnis heard,
Roaming the shades of Erebus. Erelong
The tumult and the deaf'ning din of war
Roar'd at the gates, and all the batter'd tow'rs
Resounded. Then the elders of the town 710
Dispatch'd the high-priests of the Gods to plead
With Meleager for his instant aid,
With strong assurances of rich reward.
Where Calydon afforded fattest soil
They bade him choose to his own use a lot
Of fifty measur'd acres, vineyard half,
And half of land commodious for the plough.
Him Æneus also, warrior grey with age,
Ascending to his chamber, and his doors
Smiting importunate, with earnest pray'rs 720
Assay'd to soften, kneeling to his son,
Nor less his sisters woo'd him to relent,
Nor less his mother; but in vain; he grew
Still more obdurate. His companions last,
The most esteem'd and dearest of his friends,
The same suit urg'd, yet he persisted still
Relentless, nor could even they prevail.
But when the battle shook his chamber-doors,
And the Curetes, climbing the high tow'rs,
Began to fire the city, then with tears 730
The beauteous Cleopatra, and with pray'rs,
Assail'd him; in his view she set the woes
Innumerable of a city storm'd—
Men slaughter'd, palaces reduc'd to dust,
And matrons, with their children, dragg'd away.
That dread recital rous'd him, and at length
Issuing, he put his radiant armour on.
Thus Meleager, giving scope at last
To his own ardour, from a fatal day

Sav'd the Ætolians, who the promis'd gift 740
Refus'd him, and his toils found no reward.
But thou my son be wiser; follow thou
No Dæmon, who would tempt thee to a course
Like his; occasion more propitious far
Smiles on thee now, than if the fleet were fir'd.
Come, while by gifts invited, and receive
From all our host the honours of a God;
For shouldst thou, by no gifts induc'd, at last
Enter the bloody field, although thou chase
The Trojans hence, yet less shall be thy praise. 750

Then thus Achilles, matchless in the race:
Phoenix, my aged father, dear to Jove!
Me no such honours int'rest; I expect
My honours from the sov'reign will alone
Of Jove, which shall detain me at my ships
While I have pow'r to move, or breath to draw.
Now mark me well. Assay not thus to melt
My fix'd resolve, pleading with sighs and tears
In Agamemnon's cause; O love not him,
Lest I renounce thee, who am now thy friend. 760
Assist me rather, as thy duty bids,
Him to afflict, who hath afflicted me,
So shalt thou share my glory and my pow'r.
These shall report as they have heard, but here
Rest thou this night, and with the rising morn
We will decide, to stay or to depart.

He ceas'd, and with a silent nod enjoin'd
Patroclus to prepare an easy couch
For Phœnix, hopeful that the sign might urge
The others thence; when Ajax, godlike son 770
Of Telamon, arising, thus began:

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Depart we now; for I perceive that end
Or fruit of all our reas'nings shall be none.
It is expedient also, that we bear
Our answer back (unwelcome as it is)
With all dispatch, for the assembled Greeks
Expect us. Brave Achilles shuts a fire
Within his breast; the kindness of his friends,
And the respect peculiar which ourselves 780
Have shown him, on his heart work no effect.

Relentless man ! all other men accept,
 Ev'n for a brother slain, or for a son,
 Due compensation ; the delinquent dwells
 Secure at home, and the receiver, sooth'd
 And pacified, represses his revenge ;
 But thou, resentful of the loss of one,
 One virgin (such obduracy of heart
 The Gods have giv'n thee), canst not be appeas'd.
 Yet we assign thee seven in her stead, 790
 The most distinguish'd of their sex, and add
 Large gifts besides. Ah then, at last relent !
 Respect thy roof ; we are thy guests ; we come
 Chos'n from the multitude of all the Greeks,
 Beyond them all ambitious of thy love.

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift :
 My noble friend, offspring of Telamon !
 Thou seem'st sincere, and I believe thee such.
 But at the very mention of the name
 Of Atreus' son, who sham'd me in the sight 800
 Of all Achaia's host, and bore me down
 As I had been some vagrant at his door,
 My bosom boils. Return ye and report
 Your answer. I no thought will entertain
 Of crimson war, till the illustrious son
 Of warlike Priam, Hector, shall assail
 Here in their tents the Myrmidons themselves,
 And fire my proper fleet. At my own ship,
 And at my own pavilion, it may chance,
 That even Hector's violence shall pause. 810

He ended : they from massy goblets each
 Libation pour'd, and to the fleet return'd,
 Ulysses at their head. Patroclus, then,
 Bade the attendant youths and women spread
 A couch for Phœnix ; they the couch prepar'd
 With fleeces, with rich arras, and with flax
 Of subtlest woof. There hoary Phœnix lay
 In expectation of the sacred dawn.
 Mean-time Achilles in th' interior tent
 With Diomeda, Phorbas' daughter fair, 820
 Convey'd from Lesbos by himself, repos'd.
 Patroclus rested opposite, with whom
 Slept charming Iphis ; her, when he had won

The lofty tow'rs of Scyros, the divine
Achilles took, and on his friend bestow'd.

Soon as those chiefs at Agamemnon's tent
Arriv'd, with golden goblets in their hands
The Greeks all rose, to welcome their return;
Each question'd them, but Agamemnon first:

Tell me, Ulysses! Glory of the Greeks! 830
Will he defend our fleet; or saith he, No—
And teems his haughty soul with anger still?

To whom renown'd Ulysses thus replied:
Atrides, Agamemnon, king of men!
He yields not, he renounces not his wrath,
But is incens'd the more, thy gifts and thee
Rejecting both. He bids thee with the Greeks
Consult by what expedient thou may'st save
The fleet and people, threat'ning that himself
Will at the peep of day launch all his barks, 840

And counselling, beside, the gen'ral host,
To voyage homeward; for that end as yet
Of Ilium, wall'd to Heav'n, ye shall not find,
Since Jove and Thund'rer with uplifted arm
Protects her, and her courage hath reviv'd.
Thus speaks the chief, and Ajax is prepar'd
With the attendant heralds, to report
As I have said. But Phœnix in his tent
Sleeps with Achilles, who his stay desir'd,
That on the morrow, if he so incline, 850
The hoary warrior may attend him hence
Home to his country, but he leaves him free.

He ended. They, astonish'd at his tone
(For vehement he spake), sat silent all.
Long silent sat th' afflicted sons of Greece,
When thus the mighty Diomedes began:

Atrides, Agamemnon, king of men!
Thy supplications to the valiant son
Of Peleus, and the offer of thy gifts
Innumerable, had been best withheld. 860
He is at all times haughty, and thy suit
Hath serv'd but to inflate his pride the more.
But leave him; let him or depart or stay,
As he shall choose. He will resume the fight
When his own mind shall prompt him, and the Gods

Shall urge him forth. Now follow my advice :
Ye have refresh'd your hearts with food and wine,
Which are the strength of man ; take now repose,
And when the rosy-finger'd morning fair
Shall shine again, set forth without delay 870
The battle, horse and foot, before the fleet,
And where the foremost fight, fight also thou.

He ended ; all the kings with warmth extoll'd
His counsel, and the dauntless tone admir'd
Of Diomede. Then, due libation made,
Each sought his tent, and took the gift of sleep.

BOOK X.

Argument.

Diomede and Ulysses enter the Trojan host by night, and slay Rhesus.

ALL night the leaders of the host of Greece
Lay sunk in soft repose, all, save the chief,
The son of Atreus ; him from thought to thought
Roving solicitous, no sleep reliev'd.
As when the spouse of beauteous Juno darts
His frequent fires, designing heaviest rain,
Or hail, or snow that whitens all the fields,
Or devastation of wide-throated war,
So frequent from his inmost bosom groan'd
The son of Atreus, trembling at his heart. 10
For cast he but his eye toward the plain
Of Ilium, there, astonish'd, he beheld
The city fronted with bright fires, and heard
Pipes, and recorders, and the hum of war ;
But when again the Grecian fleet he view'd,
And thought on his own people, plucking off
His hair, and holding it on high to Jove,
He from his gen'rous bosom groan'd again.
At length he thus resolv'd : of all the Greeks
To seek Neleian Nestor first, with whom 20
He might, perchance, some plan for the defence
Of the afflicted Danaï devise.
Rising, he wrapp'd his tunic to his breast,
And to his royal feet unsullied bound
His sandals ; o'er his shoulders, next, he threw,
Of amplest size and dappled o'er with blood,
A lion's tawny hide, that swept the ground ;
Then took a spear. Mean-time not less appall'd
Was Menelaus, on whose eyelids sleep

Sat not, lest the Achaians, for his sake 30
O'er many waters borne, and now intent
On glorious deeds, should perish all at Troy.
With a pard's spotted hide his shoulders broad
He mantled over, to his head upheav'd
His brazen helmet, and with vig'rous hand
Grasping his spear, forth issu'd to arouse
His brother, mighty sov'reign of the host,
And by the Grecians like a God rever'd—
In his ship's stern he found him putting on
His radiant armour; grateful was the sound 40
To Agamemnon's ear, while thus he spake:

My royal brother! wherefore *now* in arms?
Wouldst thou engage some soldier to explore
The 'Trojan camp? To penetrate, alone,
An adverse host, at so forlorn an hour,
Were dreadful service; such as none, I fear,
Will undertake. That man were bold indeed.

To whom the sov'reign of the host replied:
Oh Menelaus! we have urgent need 50
Of some shrewd stratagem, which may at once
Snatch all from instant ruin; for the mind
Of Jove is alter'd, who, for Hector's sake,
Rejects with scorn all sacrifice of ours.
For such exploits as Hector hath, alone,
This day achieved (though neither from a God
Nor Goddess sprung) no single chief, for aught
That I have seen or heard, could ever boast.
Deeds he hath done, which, as I think, the Greeks
Shall deeply mourn and long; such num'rous ills
Achaia's host hath at his hands sustain'd. 60
But haste, begone, and at their sev'ral ships
Call Ajax and Idomeneus; I go
T' exhort the noble Nestor to arise,
That he may visit, if he so incline,
The chosen band who watch, and his advice
Give them; for him most prompt they will obey,
Whose son, together with Meriones,
Friend of Idomeneus, controls them all,
Intrusted by ourselves with that command.

Him answer'd Menelaus both in arms: 70
Explain thy purpose.—Wouldst thou that I wait

Thy coming, there, or, thy commands to both
Imparted, that I instantly return?

To whom the Sov'reign of the host replied:
There stay; lest striking into diff'rent paths
(For many passes intersect the camp)
We miss each other; greet the guard aloud
Where thou shalt come, and give them charge to watch;
Call each by his hereditary name,
Respecting all. Beware of manners proud, 80
For we ourselves must labour, at our birth
By Jove ordain'd to suff'ring and to toil.

So saying, he his brother thence dismiss'd
Instructed duly, and, himself, his steps
Turn'd to the tent of Nestor. Him he found
Beside his sable galley in his tent
Reposing soft, his armour at his side,
Shield, spears, bright helmet, and the broider'd belt,
Which, when the senior arm'd led forth his host
To fight, he wore; for he complied not yet 90
With the encroachments of enfeebling age.
With lifted head, and on his elbow rais'd,
Thus, questioning the sov'reign, he began:

Who art thou? Thou, who thus alone the camp
Roamest, amid the darkness of the night,
While other mortals sleep? Com'st thou abroad
Seeking some friend or soldier of the guard?
Speak—come not nearer mute. What wouldst thou
here?

To whom the son of Atreus, king of men:
Oh Nestor, glory of the Grecian name, 100
Offspring of Neleus! recollect in me
The son of Atreus, Agamemnon, doom'd
By Jove to toil, while life shall yet inform
These limbs, or I shall draw the vital air.
I wander thus, because that on my lids
Sweet sleep sits not, but war and the concerns
Of the Achaians occupy my soul.
Terrible are the fears which I endure
For these my people; courage have I none
Of firmness left; my bosom scarce contains 110
My bounding heart, and tremours shake my limbs.
But if thy mind, more capable, project

Aught that may profit us (for thee it seems
Sleep also shuns), arise, and let us both
Visit the watch, lest, haply, overtoil'd
They yield to sleep, forgetful of their charge.
The foe is posted near, and may intend
(None knows his purpose) an assault by night.

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied :
Most glorious Agamemnon, king of men ! 120
Jove never will perform the proud conceits
Of Hector, nor will give effect to all
His tumid expectations; in his turn
He also (fierce Achilles once appeas'd)
Shall trouble feel, and, haply, more than we.
But with all readiness I will arise
And follow thee, that we may also rouse
Others; illustrious Diomedes, discreet
Ulysses, the swift Ajax, and the son
Of Phyleus, valiant Meles. It were well, 130
Were others also summon'd to the guard,
The godlike Ajax, and Idomeneus,
Whose ships are at the camp's extremest bounds.
But though I love thy brother and revere,
And may perchance offend thee, speak I must,
And plainly censure him, that thus he sleeps,
And leaves to thee the labour, who himself
Should range the host, soliciting the chiefs
Of ev'ry band, as utmost need requires.

Him answer'd Agamemnon, king of men : 140
Ofttimes, old warrior ! I could even wish
Thy censure of him, tardy as he seems,
And indispos'd to toil; yet is not sloth
The cause, or dulness; but he much observes
Me, waiting always till I lead the way.
This night, however, rising first, he stood
Beside me suddenly, and is dispatch'd
Already, to awaken whom thou nam'st.
Hence then—for we shall find them with the guard
At the camp-gate, where they are charg'd to meet. 150

To whom the brave Gerenian chief replied :
His pleasure none will controvert, of all
Whom he shall waken, and exhort to rise.

So saying, he bound his corslet to his breast,

His sandals fair to his unsullied feet,
 And, fast'ning by its clasps his purple cloak
 Around him, double and of shaggy pile,
 Seiz'd his stout spear well-arm'd with pointed brass,
 And issu'd, first, into the Grecian fleet.

There Nestor, brave Gerenian, with a voice 160
 Sonorous, rous'd the godlike counsellor
 From sleep, Ulysses; in his heart he felt
 The sudden sound, and springing forth inquir'd:

Why roam ye thus the camp and fleet alone
 In darkness? by what urgent need constrain'd?

To whom the hoary Pylian thus replied:
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
 Resent it not, for dread is our distress.

Come, therefore; help us also to convene
 Others, by office warranted to judge 170
 If battle may be best, or instant flight.

So Nestor. Then re-entering his tent
 Ulysses slung his shield, and coming forth
 Join'd them. The son of Tydeus first they sought.
 Him sleeping arm'd before his tent they found
 Amidst his sleeping foll'wers; with their shields
 Beneath their heads they lay, and, at the side
 Of each, stood planted in the soil his spear
 On its inverted end; their polish'd heads
 All glitter'd like Jove's lightning from afar. 180

Himself, the hero, slept. A wild bull's hide
 Was spread beneath him, and on arras ting'd
 With splendid purple lay his head reclin'd.
 Nestor, beside him standing, with his heel
 Shook him, and, urgent, thus the chief reprov'd:

Sleep'st thou all night? and art thou uninform'd,
 Tydides! that, encamp'd no farther hence
 Than on the rising ground beside the ships,
 Our num'rous foes still menace us?—Arise.

He ceas'd; when with a sudden start upsprang 190
 Tydides, and in accents wing'd replied—

Old wakeful chief! thy toils are never done.
 Are there not younger of the sons of Greece,
 Who, ranging in all parts the camp, might call
 The kings to council? But no curb controls
 Or can abate activity like thine.

To whom Gerenian Nestor in return :
 My friend ! thou speakest justly. I have sons,
 And they are well deserving ; I have here
 A num'rous people also, one of whom 200
 Might have suffic'd to call the kings of Greece.
 But such occasion presses now the host,
 As hath not oft occur'd ; the overthrow
 Complete, or full deliv'rance of us all,
 In balance hangs, pois'd on a razor's edge.
 But haste, and if thy pity of my toils
 Be such, since thou art younger, call, thyself,
 Ajax the swift, and Meges to the guard.

Then Diomedes a lion's tawny skin
 Around him wrapp'd depending to his heels, 210
 And, spear in hand, set forth. The hero call'd
 Those two, and led them whither Nestor bade.

They, at the gate arriv'd, not sleeping found
 The captains of the guard, but sitting all
 In vigilant posture with their arms prepar'd
 As dogs that, careful, watch the fold by night,
 Hearing some wild beast in the woods, which hounds
 And hunters with tumultuous clamour drive
 Down from the mountain-top, all sleep forego,
 So, sat not on their eyelids gentle sleep 220
 That dreadful night, but constant to the plain
 At ev'ry sound of Trojan feet they turn'd.
 The old chief, joyful at the sight, in terms
 Of kind encouragement them thus address'd :

So watch, my children ! and beware that sleep
 Invade none here, lest all become a prey.

So saying, he travers'd with quick pace the trench,
 By ev'ry chief whom they had thither call'd
 Attended, with whom Nestor's noble son
 Went, and Meriones, invited both 230
 To join their consultation. From the foss
 Emerging, in a vacant space they sat,
 Unstrew'd with bodies of the slain, the spot
 Whence furious Hector, after slaughter made
 Of num'rous Greeks, night falling, had return'd.
 There seated, mutual converse close they held,
 And Nestor, brave Gerenian, thus began :

Oh friends ! hath no Achaian here such trust

In his own prowess, as to venture forth
Among yon haughty Trojans? He, perchance, 240
Might on the borders of their host surprise
Some wand'ring adversary, or might learn
Their consultations, whether they propose
Here to abide in prospect of the fleet,
Or, sated with success against the Greeks
So signal, meditate retreat to Troy.

These tidings gain'd, should he at last return
Secure, his recompense will be renown
Extensive as the heav'ns, and fair reward.
From ev'ry leader of the fleet, his gift 250
Shall be a sable ewe, and sucking lamb,
Rare acquisition; and at ev'ry board,
And sumptuous banquet, he shall be a guest.

He ceas'd, and all sat silent, when at length
The mighty son of Tydeus thus replied:

I, Nestor! feel such courage, and, myself,
Will enter Ilium's host encamp'd so nigh:
But shall adventure with a livelier hope,
And be embolden'd much, some valiant friend
Advent'ring with me; for a friend may spy 260
Advantage ere myself, and may advise
Its happiest uses overseen by me.

He ceas'd, and willing to partake his toils
Arose no few. Brave ministers of Mars
Each Ajax willing stood; willing as they
Meriones; most willing Nestor's son;
Willing, the brother of the chief of all,
Nor willing less Ulysses to explore
The host of Troy, for he possess'd a heart
Delighted ever with some bold exploit. 270

Then Agamemnon, king of men, began:
Now Diomede, in whom my soul delights!
Choose whom thou wilt for thy companion; choose
The fittest here: for num'rous wish to go.
Leave not, through def'rence to another's rank,
The more deserving, nor prefer the worse,
Respecting either pedigree or pow'r.

So spake he, fearing lest his choice should fall
On Menelaus; then, renown'd in arms,
The son of Tydeus, rising, spoke again: 280

If the election be referr'd to me,
 How then can I forget or overlook
 Divine Ulysses, whose courageous heart
 With such good will and fortitude endures
 Whatever toils, and whom Minerva loves?
 Let *Him* attend me, and through fire itself
 We shall return; for none is wise as he.

To whom Ulysses, hardy chief, replied:
 Tydides! neither praise me much, nor blame, 289
 For these are Grecians in whose ears thou speak'st,
 And know me well. But let us hence! the night
 Draws to a close; day comes apace; the stars
 Are far advanc'd; two parts are nearly pass'd
 Of darkness, but the third is yet entire.

So they; then each his dreadful arms put on.
 To Diomede, who at the fleet had left
 His own, the dauntless Thrasymedes gave
 His shield and sword two-edg'd, and on his head
 Plac'd, crestless, unadorn'd, his bull-skin casque.
 It was a stripling's helmet, such as youths 300
 Scarce yet confirm'd in lusty manhood wear.
 Meriones with quiver, bow, and sword,
 Furnish'd Ulysses, and his brows enclos'd
 In his own casque of hide with many a thong
 Well-brac'd within; without, it was secur'd
 With boars' teeth iv'ry-white inserted thick
 On all sides, and with woollen head-piece lin'd.
 That helmet erst Autolycus had brought
 From Eleon, where he enter'd through a breach
 Amyntor's mansion, and purloin'd the prize. 310
 He on Amphidamas the prize bestow'd
 In Scandia; from Amphidamas it pass'd
 To Molus as a hospitable pledge;
 He gave it to Meriones his son,
 And now it guarded shrewd Ulysses' brows.
 Thus clad in arms terrific, forth they sped,
 Leaving their fellow chiefs; and as they went
 A heron, by command of Pallas, flew
 Close on the right beside them; darkling they
 Discern'd him not, but heard his clanging plumes. 320
 Ulysses in the favourable sign
 Exulted, and Minerva thus invok'd:

O hear me, daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd !
My present helper in all straits, whose eye
Marks all my ways, with more than wonted care
This night defend me ! grant that after toil
Successful, glorious, such as long shall fill
With grief the Trojans, we may safe return
And with immortal honours to the fleet.

Valiant Tydides, next, his pray'r preferr'd: 330
Unconquer'd daughter of imperial Jove;
Me now attend, as erst to Thebes my sire,
The valiant Tydeus; from Asopus' banks,
Commission'd by the Greeks with terms of peace,
To Thebes he went, and in thy strength divine,
O Goddess ! marvellous exploits achiev'd,
Returning. Such protection, equal aid
Grant also to myself, and I devote
A yearling heifer, with her horns enclos'd
In ductile gold, a sacrifice to Thee. 340

Such pray'r they made, and Pallas heard well-
pleas'd.
Their orisons ended, to the daughter dread
Of mighty Jove, like lions they advanc'd
Through shades of night, through carnage, arms, and
blood.

Nor Hector to the valiant chiefs of Troy
Permitted sleep ; but summoning, the while,
His princes, and the prime of all his host,
Amid the full assembly thus began :

Who, for such recompense as shall requite
His courage gloriously, will undertake 350
And with good faith perform what I require ?
The proudest chariot with the noblest steeds
In the whole camp of Greece he shall obtain,
And bright renown achieve, who dares advance
To listen and to learn in yonder fleet
If still the ships be guarded, or the Greeks,
O'erlabour'd, sleep, and, vanquish'd, mean to fly.

So Hector spake, but answer none return'd.
There was one Dolon in the camp of Troy,
Son of Eumedes, herald of the Gods, 360
Who with five daughters had no son beside.
The youth was wealthy ; comeliness of face

Had none to boast, and, running, few to fear.
Such Dolon was, who, standing forth, replied :

My spirit, Hector, prompts me, and my mind
Endu'd with manly vigour, to approach
Yon gallant ships, that I may tidings hear:
But come. For my assurance, lifting high
Thy sceptre, swear to me, for my reward,
The horses and the brazen chariot bright, 370
Which bear renown'd Achilles o'er the fields.
I will not prove a useless spy, nor fall
Below thy best opinion ; pass I will
Their army through, till I shall reach the ship
Of Agamemnon, where the chiefs, perchance,
Now sit consulting, or to fight, or fly.

Then Priam's son his sceptre seiz'd, and sware :
Be witness Jove the Thund'rer ! that the steeds
Of Peleus' son by Dolon shall be driv'n,
And by no Trojan else. They shall be thine, 380
Brave Dolon ! thine to thy perpetual praise.

He said, and falsely sware, yet him assur'd.
Then Dolon, instant, o'er his shoulder slung
His bow elastic, wrapp'd himself around
With a grey wolf-skin, to his head a casque
Adjusted, coated o'er with ferret's felt,
And, seizing his sharp javelin, from the host
Turn'd right toward the fleet, but was ordain'd
To disappoint his sender, and to bring
No tidings thence. The throng of Trojan steeds 390
And warriors left, with brisker pace he mov'd,
When brave Ulysses his approach perceiv'd,
And thus to Diomedes his speech address'd :

Tydides ! yonder man is from the host ;
Either a spy he comes, or with intent
To spoil the dead. First, freely let him pass
Few paces, then, pursuing him with speed,
Seize on him suddenly ; but should he prove
Of swifter foot than we, with threat'ning spear
Enforce him from his camp toward the fleet, 400
Lest he elude us, and escape to Troy.

So they ; then turning from the road oblique,
Among the carcasses each laid him down.
Dolon, suspecting nought, ran swiftly by ;

But when such space was interpos'd as mules
Plough in a day (for mules the ox surpass
Through fallows deep drawing the pond'rous plough),
Both ran toward him. Dolon at the sound
Stood; for he hop'd some Trojan friends at hand
From Hector sent to bid him back again. 410

But when within spear's cast, or less, they came,
Knowing them enemies, he turn'd to flight
His agile limbs, and they as swift pursu'd,
As two fleet hounds, taught skilfully the chase,
Hang on the rear of flying hind or hare,
And urge her, never swerving from the track,
Through copses close; she screaming scuds before;
So Diomede and dread Ulysses him
Chas'd constant, intercepting his return.

And now, fast-fleeing to the ships, he soon 420
Had reach'd the guard, but Pallas with new force
Inspir'd Tydides, lest a meaner Greek
Should boast that he had smitten Dolon first,
And Diomede win only second praise.

He pois'd his lifted spear, and thus exclaim'd:

Stand! or my spear shall stay thee. Death impends
At ev'ry step; thou canst not 'scape me long.

He said, and threw his spear, but by design
Err'd from the man. The polish'd weapon, swift
O'eraglancing his right shoulder, pierc'd the soil 430
Not far beyond him. Terrified he stood,
Stamm'ring, and sounding through his lips the clash
Of chatt'ring teeth, with visage deadly wan.
They panting reach'd him, seiz'd his hands, and he,
In tears dissolving, suppliant thus began:

Spare me, and take my ransom. I am rich
In gold, and brass, and steel; and when he learns,
That I am captive at the ships, my sire
Will drain his richest stores to set me free.

To whom Ulysses politic replied: 440

Take courage; entertain no thought of death.
But haste! this tell me, and disclose the truth.
Why, leaving Ilium's host, hast thou approach'd
The ships alone, while others seek repose?
To gather spoil? To pry and to explore
For Hector's pleasure? Or to please thyself?

Then Dolon, his limbs trembling, thus replied :
 Not self-beguil'd I came, but by the lure
 Of Hector's specious arts, and by his oath,
 That the resplendent chariot and the steeds 450
 Of the renown'd Achilles should be mine.
 He bade me, under night's fast-flitting shades,
 Approach our enemies, a spy, to learn
 If still the ships be guarded, or the Greeks,
 O'erlabour'd, sleep, and, vanquish'd, mean to fly.

To whom Ulysses, smiling, thus replied :
 Thou wast, in truth, ambitious to deserve
 No sordid prize. But under mortal sway
 Those steeds are restiff, nor with ease controll'd 460
 By any meaner hands than of himself,
 Æacides, whom Ocean's daughter bore.
 But come—speak truth, and truth without disguise.
 Where left'st thou Hector at thy coming forth ?
 Where shall his armour, chariot, steeds be found ?
 Where sleep your other chiefs, and by what guard
 Attended ? Fix ye your encampment here,
 Till ye assail the ships ? or, well-content
 With vict'ry won, will ye return to Troy ?

To whom this answer Dolon straight return'd,
 Son of Eumedes : With unfeigning truth 470
 Simply and plainly will I utter all.
 Hector, with all the senatorial chiefs,
 Beside the tomb of sacred Ilus sits
 Consulting, from the noisy camp remote.
 But for the guards, hero ! concerning whom
 Thou hast inquir'd, there is no certain watch
 This night appointed to protect the host ;
 The native Trojans (for *they* can no less)
 Sit sleepless all, and each his friend exhorts
 To vigilance : but all our foreign aids, 480
 Who neither wives nor children hazard here,
 Trusting the Trojans for that service, sleep.

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied :
 How sleep the strangers, and allies ?—apart ?
 Or with the Trojans mingled ?—I would learn.

So spake Ulysses ; to whom Dolon thus,
 Son of Eumedes : I will all unfold,
 And all most truly. By the sea are lodg'd

The Carians, the Pæonians arm'd with bows,
The Leleges, with the Pelasgian band, 490
And the Caucones. On the skirts encamp
Of Thymbra, the Mæonians crested high,
The Phrygian horsemen, with the Lycian host,
And the bold troop of Mysia's haughty sons.
But wherefore these inquiries, thus minute?
For, if ye wish to penetrate the host,
Those who possess the borders of the camp,
Farthest remov'd of all, are Thracian pow'rs
Newly arriv'd; among them Rhesus sleeps,
Son of Eioneus, their chief and king. 500
His steeds I saw, the fairest by these eyes
Ever beheld and loftiest; snow itself
They pass in whiteness, and in speed the winds.
With gold and silver all his chariot burns,
And he arriv'd in golden armour clad
Stupendous! little suited to the state
Of mortal man—more seemly for a God!
Now, either lead me to your gallant fleet,
Or, where ye find me, leave me straitly bound,
Till ye return, and, after trial made, 510
Shall know if I have spoken false or true.

But him brave Diomedes with aspect stern
Answer'd: Since, Dolon! thou art caught, although
Thy tidings please me well, hope not to live;
For should we now release thee, and dismiss,
Thou wilt revisit yet again the fleet
A spy or open foe; but smitten once
By this death-dealing arm, thou shalt return
To render mischief to the Greeks no more.

He ceas'd; and Dolon would have stretch'd his hand
To touch his beard, and pleaded hard for life, 521
But with his falchion, rising to the blow,
On the mid-neck he smote him, cutting sheer
Both tendons with a stroke so swift, that ere
His tongue had ceas'd, his head was in the dust.
They took his helmet cloth'd with ferret's felt,
Stripp'd off his wolf-skin, seiz'd his bow and spear,
And brave Ulysses, lifting in his hand
The trophy to Minerva, pray'd and said:
Hail, Goddess; these are thine! for thee, of all 530

Who in Olympus dwell, we will invoke
First to our aid. Now also guide our steps,
Propitious, to the Thracian tents and steeds.

He ceas'd; and at arm's-length the lifted spoils
Hung on a tamarisk; but mark'd the spot,
Plucking away with hand-full grasp the reeds,
And spreading boughs, lest they should seek the prize
Themselves in vain, returning ere the night,
Swift trav'ller, should have fled before the dawn. 559
Thence o'er the bloody champaign strew'd with arms
Proceeding, to the Thracian lines they came.
They, wearied, slept profound; beside them lay
In triple order regular arrang'd
Their radiant armour, and their steeds in pairs.
Amid them Rhesus slept, and at his side
His coursers, to the outer chariot-ring
Fasten'd secure. Ulysses saw him first,
And, seeing, signified him to his friend:

Behold the man, Tydides! Lo! the steeds
By Dolon specified, whom we have slain. 550
Be quick. Exert thy force. Arm'd as thou art,
Sleep not. Loose thou the steeds, or slaughter thou
The Thracians, and the steeds shall be my care.

He ceas'd; then blue-ey'd Pallas with fresh force
Invigour'd Diomede. From side to side
He slew: dread groans arise of dying men
Deep-wounded, and the earth all swam with blood.
As when he finds a flock unguarded, sheep
Or goats, the lion rushes on his prey,
With such unsparing force Tydides smote 560
The men of Thrace, till he had slaughter'd twelve;
And whom Tydides with his falchion struck
Ulysses by his ancles dragg'd aside,
With purpose that the steeds might pass with ease,
Nor start, as yet uncustom'd to the dead.
But when the son of Tydeus found the king,
Him also, panting forth his last, last breath,
He added to the twelve; for at his head
An evil dream that night had stood, the form
Of Diomede, by Pallas' art devis'd. 570
Mean-time the bold Ulysses loos'd the steeds,
Which, to each other rein'd, he drove abroad,

Smiting them with his bow (for of the scourge
He thought not in the chariot-seat secur'd),
And as he went, hiss'd, warning Diomedes.
But he, projecting still some hardier deed,
Stood doubtful, whether by the pole to draw
The chariot thence, laden with gorgeous arms,
Or whether heaving it on high, to bear
The burden off, or whether yet to smite 580
More Thracians dead; when him with various thoughts
Perplex'd, Minerva, drawing near, bespake:

Son of bold Tydeus! think on thy return
To yonder fleet, lest thou depart constrain'd.
Some other God may rouse the pow'rs of Troy.

She ended, and he knew the voice divine.
At once he mounted. With his bow the steeds
Ulysses smote, and to the ships they flew.

Nor look'd the bender of the silver bow,
Apollo, forth in vain, but, at the sight 590
Of Pallas guarding Diomedes incens'd,
Descended to the field where num'rous most
He saw the Trojans, and at once awoke
Hippocoön, Thracian senator and chief,
Kinsman of Rhesus, and renown'd in arms.
He, starting from his sleep, no sooner saw
The spot deserted where so lately lay
Those fiery coursers, and his warrior friends
Gasping around him, than aloud he yell'd
The name of Rhesus. Instant, at the voice, 600
Wild stir arose and clamorous uproar
Of fast-assembling Trojans. Deeds they saw—
Terrible deeds, and marvellous perform'd,
But not their authors—they had sought the ships.

Mean-time arriv'd where they had slain the spy
Of Hector, there Ulysses, dear to Jove,
The coursers stay'd, and, leaping to the ground,
The son of Tydeus in Ulysses' hands
Plac'd Dolon's armour clotted with his blood,
Then vaulted light into his seat again. 610
He lash'd the steeds, they, not unwilling, flew,
To the deep-bellied barks, as to their home.

First Nestor heard the sound, and thus he said:

Friends! Counsellors! and leaders of the Greeks!

False shall I speak, or true?—but speak I must.
The echoing sound of hoofs alarms my ear.
O that Ulysses and brave Diomede
This moment might arrive drawn into camp
By Trojan steeds! But ah, the dread I feel!
Lest some disaster have for ever quell'd 620
In yon rude host those noblest of the Greeks.

He had not ended, when themselves arriv'd.
Both quick dismounted; joy at their return
Fill'd ev'ry bosom; each with kind salute
Cordial, and right-hand welcome greeted them,
And first Gerenian Nestor thus inquir'd:

Glory of Greece! O chief extoll'd by all!
Ulysses! how have ye these steeds acquir'd?
In yonder host? or met ye as ye went
Some God, who gave them to you? for they show 630
A lustre dazzling as the beams of day.
Old as I am, I mingle yet in fight
With Ilium's sons,—lurk never in the fleet—
Yet saw I at no time, or have remark'd
Steeds such as these; which therefore I believe
Perforce, that ye have gain'd by gift divine;
For Jove and Jove-born Pallas love you both.

To whom Ulysses, thus discreet, replied:
Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks!
A God, so willing, could have giv'n us steeds 640
Superior, for their bounty knows no bounds.
But, venerable chief! these which thou seest
Are Thracians new-arriv'd. Their master lies
Slain by the brave Tydides with no fewer
Than twelve, his noblest warriors, at his side.
A thirteenth also, at some distance hence
We slew, by Hector and the chiefs of Troy
Sent to inspect the posture of our host.

He said; then, high in exultation, drove
The coursers o'er the trench, and with him pass'd 650
The glad Achaians; at the spacious tent
Of Diomede arriv'd, with even thongs
They tied them at the cribs, where stood the steeds
Of Tydeus' son, with winnow'd wheat supplied.
Ulysses in his bark the gory spoils
Of Dolon plac'd, designing them a gift

To Pallas. Then, descending to the sea,
Their necks and limbs from stains of toil they cleans'd,
And, so refresh'd and purified, their last
Ablution in bright tepid baths perform'd. 660
Each thus completely lav'd, and with smooth oil
Anointed, at the well-spread board they sat,
And quaff'd, in honour of Minerva, wine
Delicious, from the brimming beaker drawn.

BOOK XI.

Argument.

Agamemnon distinguishes himself. He is wounded, and retires. Diomedes is wounded by Paris; Ulysses by Socus. Ajax with Menelaus flies to the relief of Ulysses, and Eurypylus, soon after, to the relief of Ajax. While he is employed in assisting Ajax, he is shot in the thigh by Paris, who also wounds Machaon. Nestor conveys Machaon from the field. Achilles dispatches Patroclus to the tent of Nestor, and Nestor takes that occasion to exhort Patroclus to engage in battle, clothed in the armour of Achilles.

AURORA from Tithonus' side arose
With light for Heav'n and Earth, when Jove dispatch'd
Fell Discord down into Achaia's fleet,
Bearing the sign of battle in her hand.
High on Ulysses' tow'ring ship she stood,
The centre of the fleet, whence all might hear,
The tent of Telamon's huge son between,
And of Achilles, who, confiding both
In their heroic fortitude, their barks
Had station'd last and utmost of the line. 10
There plac'd, a piercing cry she sent abroad
Among the Achaians, such as thirst infus'd
Of battle ceaseless into ev'ry breast.
All deem'd, at once, war sweeter, than to seek
Their native country through the waves again.
Then with loud voice Atrides bade the Greeks
Gird on their harness, and himself put on
Bright armour. First around his legs he clasp'd
His shining greaves with silver studs secur'd,
Then bound his corslet to his bosom, gift 20
Of Cinyras long since; for rumour loud
Had Cyprus reach'd of an Achaian host
Assembling, destin'd to the shores of Troy;
Wherefore, to gratify the king of men,

He made the gorgeous decoration his.
Ten rods of azure steel that corslet bore,
Twice six of gold, twice ten of brightest tin;
Six spiry serpents their uplifted heads
Cerulean darted at the wearer's throat,
Splendour diffusing as the various bow 30
Fix'd by Saturnian Jove in show'ry clouds,
A sign to mortal men. He slung his sword
Athwart his shoulders; dazzling bright it shone
With gold emboss'd, and silver was the sheath
Suspended graceful in a belt of gold.
His massy shield o'ershadowing him whole,
High-wrought and beautiful, he next assum'd.
Ten brazen circles bright around its field
Extensive, circle within circle, ran;
The central boss was black, but hemm'd about 40
With twice ten bosses of resplendent tin.
There, dreadful ornament! the visage dark
Of Gorgon scowl'd, border'd by Flight and Fear.
The loop was silver, and a serpent form
Cerulean over all its surface twin'd,
Three heads erecting on one neck, the heads
Together wreath'd into a stately crown.
His helmet quatre-crested, and with studs
Fast riveted around, he to his brows
Adjusted, whence tremendous wav'd his crest 50
Of mounted hair on high. Two spears he seiz'd
Pond'rous, brass-pointed, and that flash'd to Heav'n,
Sounds like clear thunder, by the spouse of Jove
And by Minerva rais'd t' extol the king
Of opulent Mycenæ, roll'd around.
At once each bade his charioteer his steeds
Hold fast beside the margin of the trench
In orderly array; the foot all-arm'd
Rush'd forward, and the clamour of the host
Rose infinite into the dawning skies; 60
First to the trench th' embattled infantry
Advanc'd; then came the chariots near behind.
Dire was the tumult by Saturnian Jove
Excited, and from ether down he shed
Blood-tinctur'd dew among them; for he meant

That day to send full many a warrior bold
To Pluto's dreary realm, slain premature.

Opposite, on the rising ground, appear'd
The Trojans; them majestic Hector led,
Noble Polydamas, Æneas rais'd 70
To godlike honours in all Trojan hearts,
And Polybus, with whom Antenor's sons
Agenor, and in stature, form, and air
Divine, the youthful Acamas advanc'd.
Hector the splendid orb of his broad shield
Bore in the van, and as a comet now
Glares through the clouds portentous, and again,
Obscur'd by gloomy vapours, disappears,
So Hector, marshalling his host, in front
Now shone, now vanish'd in the distant rear. 80
All cas'd in brass he flam'd, and on the sight
Flash'd as the lightnings of Jove Ægis-arm'd.
As reapers, toiling opposite, soon strike
An alley through some rich man's corn, his wheat
Or barley sev'ring swiftly from the soil,
So Greeks and Trojans, with resistless force
Assailing and assail'd, each other's ranks
Swept; ignominious flight alike they scorn'd,
Alike in fierce hostility their heads
Both bore aloft, and rush'd as wolves to blood. 90
Discord, spectatress terrible, that sight
Beheld exulting; she, of all the Gods,
Alone was present; of the Pow'rs beside
None interfer'd, but each his bright abode
Quiescent occupied wherever built
Among the windings of th' Olympian heights;
Yet blam'd they all the tempest-stirring son
Of Saturn, for his purpos'd aid to Troy.
Th' eternal father reck'd not; he, apart
Seated in solitary pomp, enjoy'd 100
His glory, and from on high the tow'rs survey'd
Of Ilium and the fleet of Greece, the flash
Of gleaming arms, the slayer and the slain.

While morning lasted, and the light of day
Increas'd, so long the weapons on both sides
Flew in thick volleys, and the people fell.

But, what time his repast the woodman spreads
In some umbrageous vale; his sinewy arms
Wearied with hewing many a lofty tree,
And his wants satisfied, he feels at length 110
The pinch of appetite to pleasant food;
Then was it, that, encouraging aloud
Each other, in their native virtue strong,
The Greeks forc'd ev'ry phalanx of the foe.
Forth sprang the monarch first; he slew the chief
Bianor, nor him only, but with him
Oileus also driver of his steeds.
Oileus, with a leap alighting, rush'd
On Agamemnon; he his fierce assault
Encount'ring, with well-pointed spear his front 120
Met full: nor could his helmet's brass sustain
That violence, but scull and helmet both
Shatt'ring, the bloody weapon all his brain
Polluted, and his martial rage repress'd.
The king of men despoil'd and left them both
With shining bosoms naked. Isus, next,
And Antiphus he flew to slay, the sons
Of Priam both, and in one chariot borne,
This spurious, genuine that. The bastard drove,
And Antiphus, a warrior high-renown'd, 130
Fought from the chariot; them Achilles erst
Feeding their flocks on Ida had surpris'd
And bound with osiers, but for ransom loos'd.
Of these, imperial Agamemnon, first,
Above the pap pierc'd Isus; next, he smote
Antiphus with his sword beside the ear,
And from his chariot cast him to the ground.
Their arms in haste he stripp'd, well-knowing each;
For he had seen them when from Ida's heights
Achilles led them to the Grecian fleet. 140
As with resistless fangs the lion breaks
The tender offspring of the nimble hind,
Ent'ring her lair, and takes their feeble lives;
She, though at hand, can yield them no defence,
But through the thick wood, wing'd with terroure, starts
Herself away, trembling at such a foe;
So them no Trojan there had pow'r to save,
Self-saving flight the sole concern of all,

Pisander and Hippolochus the brave
 He next assail'd, whose mercenary sire, 150
 Antimachus, with gold by Paris bought,
 When others would, still resolute refus'd
 To render Helen at her lord's demand;
 His sons, in one bright chariot borne, the king
 Encounter'd; they (for they had lost the reins)
 With trepidation and united force
 Essay'd to check the steeds; astonishment
 Seiz'd both; Atrides with a lion's rage
 Came on, and from the chariot thus they su'd:

O spare us! son of Atreus, and accept 160
 Ransom immense. Antimachus our sire
 Is rich in various treasure, gold, and brass,
 And temper'd steel, and, hearing the report,
 That in Achaia's fleet his sons survive,
 Will recompense thee with a glorious price.

So they with tears and gentle terms the king
 Accosted, but no gentle answer heard:

Are ye indeed the offspring of the chief
 Antimachus, who, when my brother once
 With godlike Laertiades your town 170
 Enter'd ambassadour, his death advis'd
 In council, and to let him forth no more?
 Now rue ye both the baseness of your sire.

He said, and from his chariot to the plain
 Thrust down Pisandrus, piercing with keen lance
 His bosom, and supine he smote the field.
 Down leap'd Hippolochus, whom on the ground
 He slew; cut sheer his hands, and lopp'd his head,
 And roll'd it like a mortar through the ranks.
 He left the slain, and where he saw the field 180
 With thickest battle cover'd, thither flew
 By all the Grecians follow'd bright in arms.
 The scatter'd infantry constrain'd to fly,
 Fell by the infantry, and bruis'd beneath
 The wheels of rolling chariots charioteers
 Lay gasping, while the steeds with thund'ring hoofs
 The dust excited, and the king of men,
 Incessant slaught'ring, called his Argives on.
 As when fierce flames some ancient forest seize,
 From side to side in flakes the various wind 190

Rolls them, and, to the roots devour'd, the trunks
Fall prostrate under fury of the fire,
So under Agamemnon fell the heads
Of flying Trojans. Many a courser proud
The empty chariots through the paths of war
Whirl'd rattling, of their charioteers depriv'd;
They breathless press'd the plain, now fitter far
To feed the vultures than to cheer their wives.

Hector, the while, withdrawn by Jove, escap'd
The dust, darts, deaths, and tumult of the field. 200
And Agamemnon to the swift pursuit
Call'd loud the Greecians. Through the middle plain
Beside the sepulchre of Ilus, son
Of Dardanus, toward the fig-tree flew
The Trojans panting to regain the town,
While Agamemnon, pressing close the rear,
Shout after shout terrific sent abroad,
And his victorious hands reek'd, red with gore.
But at the beech-tree and the Scæan gate
Arriv'd the Trojans halted, waiting there 210
The rearmost fugitives, who o'er the field
Came like a herd, which in the dead of night
A lion drives; all fly, but one is doom'd
To death inevitable; her with jaws
True to their hold he seizes, and her neck
Breaking, embowels her, and laps the blood;
So Atreus' royal son, the hindmost still
Slaying, and still pursuing, urg'd them on.
Many a dismounted warrior press'd the field
Supine or prone, by Agamemnon's spear, 220
Exerted with surpassing fury, slain.

But now, at last, when he should soon have reach'd
The lofty walls of Ilium, came the Sire
Of Gods and men descending from the skies,
And on the heights of Ida fountain-fed
Sat arm'd with thunders. Calling to his foot
The golden-pinion'd Iris, thus he gave
The rapid Messenger his will in charge:

Iris! away. Thus speak in Hector's ears:
Long as he sees the king of men engag'd 230
Thus fiercely in the van, and mowing down
The Trojan ranks, elsewhere he must alone

Direct and rule, not wage, himself, the war.
 But soon as, pierc'd by either shaft or spear,
 He shall regain his chariot, Hector's force
 Redoubling, I will strengthen him to slay
 Till he have reach'd the ships, and till, the sun
 Descending, sacred darkness cover all.

He spake, nor rapid Iris disobey'd,
 Storm-wing'd ambadress, but from the heights 240
 Of Ida stoop'd to Ilium. There she found
 Amid the throng of chariots and of steeds
 The son of Priam; at the hero's side
 She stood, and thus the will of Jove declar'd:

Hector, brave son of Priam, wise as Jove!
 I bring thee counsel from the Sire of all.
 Long as thou seest the king of men engag'd
 Thus fiercely in the van, and mowing down
 The warrior ranks, elsewhere thou must alone
 Direct and rule, not wage, thyself, the war. 250
 But soon as, pierc'd by either shaft or spear,
 The king shall to his steeds again, thy force
 Redoubling, he will strengthen thee to slay
 Till thou have reach'd the ships, and till, the sun
 Descending, sacred darkness cover all.

So saying, the rapid Iris disappear'd.
 Then Hector from his chariot at a leap
 Came down all arm'd, and shaking his bright spears,
 Rang'd ev'ry quarter, animating loud
 The legions, and rekindling horrid war. 260
 Back roll'd the Trojan ranks, and fac'd the Greeks;
 The Greeks their host to closer phalanx drew;
 The battle was restor'd, van fronting van
 They stood, and Agamemnon into fight
 Sprang foremost, panting for superior fame.

Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell!
 What Trojan first, or what ally of Troy
 Oppos'd the force of Agamemnon's arm?
 Iphidamas, Antenor's valiant son,
 Of loftiest stature, who in fertile Thrace, 270
 Mother of flocks, was nourish'd. Cisseus him,
 His grandsire, father of Theano, prais'd
 For loveliest features, in his own abode
 Rear'd yet a child, and when at length he reach'd

The measure of his glorious manhood, thence
Dismiss'd him not, but, to engage him more,
Gave him his daughter. Wedded, he his bride
As soon deserted, and with galleys twelve,
Foll'wing the rumour'd voyage of the Greeks,
The same course steer'd; but at Percope moor'd, 280
And, there debarking, came on foot to Troy.
He first oppos'd Atrides. They approach'd.
The spear of Agamemnon wander'd wide;
The Thracian him beneath the corslet reach'd,
And with his whole united weight and force
Essay'd to pierce the zone; but, temper'd-ill,
His point against the silver press'd in vain,
And doubled with the pliancy of lead.
Then royal Agamemnon in his hand
The weapon grasping, with a lion's rage 290
Home drew it to himself, and from his gripe
Extorting it, with falchion keen his neck
Smote full, and stretch'd him lifeless at his foot.
So slept Iphidamas the soldier's sleep,
Unhappy! from his virgin bride remote,
Aiding his fellow-citizens in arms
He fell, and left her beauties unenjoy'd.
He gave her much, at once a hundred beeves,
And promis'd her a thousand sheep and goats
Beside, for numberless his meadows rang'd; 300
But Agamemnon, son of Atreus, him
Slew and despoil'd, and through the Grecian host
Proceeded, laden with his gorgeous arms.
No sooner Coön, that illustrious chief,
And eldest born of old Antenor, saw
His brother's fall, than sorrow dimm'd his eyes;
To Agamemnon's side unseen he came,
And through the thick protub'rance of his arm
Below the elbow the whole glitt'ring point
Of his keen lance impell'd. The king of men, 310
With thrilling horror seiz'd, from battle yet
Ceas'd not, but, grasping still his pond'rous spear,
Rush'd after Coön. Coön by his heel
Dragg'd his own father's offspring thence away,
His lov'd Iphidamas, and, as he dragg'd,
Call'd ev'ry Trojan leader to his aid,

When him so occupied Atrides pierc'd
 With his keen point beneath the bossy shield.
 Expiring on Iphidamas he fell
 Prostrate, and Agamemnon lopp'd his head. 320
 Thus, under royal Agamemnon's hand,
 Antenor's sons their destiny fulfill'd,
 And to the house of Ades journey'd both.
 Through other ranks of warriors then he pass'd,
 By turns employing spear, sword, massy stones,
 While yet his warm blood sallied from the wound.
 But when the wound, once dry, had ceas'd to bleed,
 Anguish intolerable undermin'd
 Then all the might of Atreus' royal son.
 As when a lab'ring woman's arrowy throes 330
 Seize her intense, by Juno's daughter's dread,
 The birth-presiding Ilithyæ, deep
 Infix'd, dispensers of those pangs severe;
 So anguish insupportable subdu'd
 Then all the might of Atreus' royal son.
 Upspringing to his seat, at once he bade
 His charioteer drive to the hollow barks,
 Heart-sick himself with pain; yet, ere he went,
 With voice loud-echoing hail'd the Danaï.

Friends! counsellors and leaders of the Greeks! 340
 Now ward, yourselves, the battle from your ships,
 For, by command of all-controlling Jove,
 Myself, ere yet the day descends, retire.

He ended, and the charioteer his steeds
 Lash'd to the ships; they not unwilling flew,
 Bearing from battle the afflicted king
 With foaming chests and bellies gray with dust.
 Soon Hector, noting his retreat, aloud
 Call'd on the Trojans and allies of Troy:

Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons 350
 Of Dardanus! O summon all your might,
 Now, now be men! Their bravest is withdrawn!
 Glory and honour from Saturnian Jove
 On me attend; now full against the Greeks
 Drive all your steeds, and win a deathless name.

He spake—and all drew courage from his word.
 As when his hounds bright-tooth'd some hunter cheers
 Against the lion or the forest-boar,

So Priameïan Hector cheer'd his host
Magnanimous against the sons of Greece, 360
Terrible as gore-tainted Mars. Among
The foremost warriors, with success elate
He strode, and flung himself into the fight
Black as a storm, which, sudden from on high
Descending, furrows deep the gloomy flood.

Then whom slew Priameïan Hector first,
Whom last, by Jove, that day, with glory crown'd?
Assæus, Dolops, Orus, Agelaus,
Autonoüs, Hipponoüs, Æsymnus,
Opheltius and Opites first he slew, 370
All leaders of the Greeks, and, after these,
The people. As when whirlwinds of the West
A storm encounter from the gloomy South,
The waves roll multitud'nous, and the foam,
Unswapt by wand'ring gusts, fills all the air,
So Hector swept the Greecians. Then defeat
Past remedy and havoc had ensus'd,
Then had the routed Greecians, flying sought
Their ships again, but that Ulysses thus
Exhorted brave Tydides to his aid: 380

Whence comes it, Diomede, that we forget
Our wonted courage? Hither, O my friend!
And, fighting at my side, ward off the shame,
That must be ours, should Hector seize the fleet.

To whom the valiant Diomede replied:
I will be firm; fear not; thou ne'er shalt find
Me shrinking; yet small fruit of our attempts
Shall follow, for the Thund'rer, not to us,
But to the Trojan, gives the glorious day.

The hero spake, and from his chariot cast 390
Thymbræus to the ground, pierc'd through the pap,
While by Ulysses' hand his charioteer,
Godlike Molion, fell. The warfare thus
Of both for ever clos'd, they left the slain,
And plunging deep into the warrior throng
Troubled the multitude. As when two boars
Turn desp'rate on the close-pursuing hounds,
So they, returning on the host of Troy,
Slew on all sides, and, overtoil'd with flight 399
From Hector's arm, the Greeks mean-time respir'd.

Two warriors, next, their chariot and themselves
 They took, both brave plebeians, and whose sire,
 Percosian Merops, in prophetic skill
 Surpass'd all others ; he his sons forbade
 The mortal field, but disobedient they
 Still sought it, for their destiny prevail'd.
 Spear-practis'd Diomede of life depriv'd
 Both these, and stripp'd them of their glorious arms,
 While by Ulysses' hand Hippodamus
 Died and Hypeiocus. And now the son 410
 Of Saturn, looking down from Ida, pois'd
 The doubtful war, and mutual deaths they dealt.
 Tydides plung'd his spear into the groin
 Of the illustrious son of Pæon, bold
 Agastrophus. No steeds at his command
 Had he, infatuate ! but his charioteer
 His steeds detain'd remote, while through the van
 Himself on foot rush'd madly till he fell.
 But Hector suddenly through all the ranks
 Discern'd and with ear-piercing cries advanc'd 420
 Against them, follow'd by the host of Troy.
 The son of Tydeus, shudd'ring, his approach
 Perceiv'd, and instant to Ulysses spake :

Now comes the storm ! This way the mischief rolls !
 Stand and repulse the Trojan. Now be firm.

He said, and hurling his long-shadow'd beam
 Smote Hector. At his helmet's crown he aim'd,
 Nor err'd, but brass encount'ring brass, the point
 Glanc'd wide, for he had cas'd his youthful brows
 In triple brass, Apollo's glorious gift. 430
 Yet with rapidity at such a shock
 Hector recoil'd into the multitude
 Afar, where sinking to his knees, he lean'd
 On his broad palm, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
 But while Tydides follow'd through the van
 His stormy spear, which in the distant soil
 Stood planted, Hector, his suspended sense
 Recov'ring, to his chariot sprang again,
 And driving deep into his host, escap'd.
 The noble son of Tydeus, spear in hand, 440
 Rush'd after him, and as he went, exclaim'd :
 Dog ! though art safe again, but hast escap'd

The mischief narrowly. Once more thy pray'rs,
Which ever to Apollo thou preferr'st
Ent'ring the clash of battle, have prevail'd,
And he hath rescu'd thee. But well beware
Our next encounter, for if also me
Some God befriend, thou diest. Now will I seek
Another mark, and smite whom next I may.

He spake, and of his splendid armour stripp'd 450
The son of Pæon. But, conceal'd, the while,
Behind a stately pillar of the tomb
Of ancient Ilus, Paris arch'd his bow
Against Tydides. Of his corslet's mail,
His pond'rous helmet, and his bossy shield,
He, stooping, stripp'd Agastrophus the brave,
When with an arrow of no devious flight
The paramour of Helen pierc'd the sole
Of his right foot, and fix'd it to the ground.

Transported from his ambush forth he leap'd 460
With a loud laugh, and vaunting, thus exclaim'd:

Thou hast it, and it galls thee. Ah, I would
That it had pierc'd thy heart, and thou hadst died!
So had our host, who fly from thy approach
As kids before a lion, breath'd again!

To whom, undaunted, Diomedes replied:
Tongue-valiant archer! exquisitely skill'd
In woman, and with womanish delight
To curl thy scented locks! Once, face to face,
Essay my force in battle, and thy bow 470
With all thy shafts shall, then, avail thee nought.
Vain boaster! thou hast scratch'd my foot—no more—
And I regard it as I might the stroke
Of a weak woman or a simple child.

The weapons of a dastard and a slave
Are ever such. More terrible are mine,
And whom they pierce, though slightly pierc'd, he dies.
His wife her cheeks rend inconsolable,
His babes are fatherless, his blood the glebe
Incarnadines, and where he bleeds and rots 480
More birds of prey than women haunt the place.

He ended, and Ulysses, drawing nigh,
Shelter'd Tydides; he behind the chief
Of Ithaca sat drawing forth the shaft,

But pierc'd with agonizing pangs the while.
 Then, climbing to his chariot-seat, he bade
 Sthenelus hasten to the hollow ships,
 Heart-sick with pain. And now alone was seen
 The brave Ulysses; not an Argive more
 Remain'd, so universal was the rout, 490
 And, groaning, to his own great heart he said:

Alas! what now awaits me? if, appall'd
 By multitudes, I fly, no trivial harm;
 And, if alone they intercept me here,
 Still more; for Jove hath scatter'd all the host.
 Yet why these doubts; for know I not of old,
 That only dastards fly, and that the voice
 Of honour bids the fam'd in battle stand,
 Bleed they themselves, or cause their foes to bleed?

While busied in such thought he stood, the ranks
 Of Trojans, fronted with broad shields, enclos'd 500
 The hero with a ring, hemming around
 Their own destruction. As when dogs, and swains
 In prime of manhood, from all quarters rush
 Around a boar, he bolts from his retreat,
 The bright tusk whetting in his crooked jaws;
 They press him on all sides, and from beneath
 Loud gnashings hear, yet, firm, his threats defy;
 Like them the Trojans on all sides assail'd
 Ulysses dear to Jove. First, spear in hand, 510
 He sprang impetuous on a valiant chief,
 Whose shoulder with a downright point he pierc'd,
 Deïopites; Thoön next he slew,
 And Ennomus, and, from his coursers' backs
 Alighting quick, Chersidamas; beneath
 His bossy shield the gliding weapon pass'd
 Right through his navel; on the plain he fell
 Expiring, and with both hands clench'd the dust.
 Them slain he left, and Charops wounded next,
 Brother of Socus, portly chief, and son 520
 Of Hippasus; brave Socus to the aid
 Of Charops flew, and, godlike, thus began:

Ulysses, glorious chief, renown'd alike
 For strength and stratagem! Or boast to-day
 Two sons of Hippasus, brave warriors both,
 Of armour and of life bereft by thee,

Or to my vengeful spear resign thy own !

So saying, Ulysses' oval disk he smote.

Through his bright disk the stormy weapon flew,

Transpierc'd his twisted mail, and from his side 530

Drove all the skin, but to his nobler parts

Found entrance none, by Pallas turn'd aslant.

Ulysses, conscious of his life untouch'd,

Retir'd a step from Socus, and replied :

Ah hapless youth ! thy destiny impends ;

Me thou hast forc'd indeed to cease a while

From battle with the Trojans, but I speak

Thy death at hand ; for, vanquish'd by my spear,

This self-same day thou shalt to me resign

Thy fame, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd. 540

He ceas'd ; then Socus turn'd his back to fly,

But, as he turn'd, his shoulder-blades between

He pierc'd him, and the spear urg'd through his breast

On his resounding arms he fell, and thus

Godlike Ulysses gloried in his fall :

Ah Socus, son of Hippasus the brave

Equestrian chief ! More rapid far than thou

Death follow'd thee, and thou hast not escap'd.

Ill-fated youth ! thy parents' hands thine eyes

Shall never close, but birds of rav'nous maw 550

Shall tear thee, flapping thee with frequent wings,

While me the noble Grecians shall intomb !

So saying, the valiant Socus' spear he drew

From his own flesh, and through his bossy shield.

The weapon drawn, forth sprang the blood, and left

His spirit faint. Then Ilium's dauntless sons,

Seeing Ulysses' blood, exhorted glad

Each other, and, with force united, all

Press'd on him. He, retiring, summon'd loud 559

His foll'wers. Thrice, with all his pow'rs of voice,

He call'd, and valiant Menelaus thrice

Hearing the sound, to Ajax thus remark'd :

Illustrious son of Telamon ! The voice

Of Laertiades comes o'er my ear

With such a sound, as if the hardy chief,

Abandon'd of his friends, were overpow'r'd

By numbers intercepting his retreat.

Haste ! force we quick a passage through the ranks.

His worth demands our succour: for I fear,
Lest, sole conflicting with the host of Troy, 570
Brave as he is, he perish, to the loss
Unspeakable and long regret of Greece.

So saying, he went, and Ajax, godlike chief,
Follow'd him. At the voice arriv'd, they found
Ulysses dear to Jove hemm'd all about
By Trojans, as the lynxes in the hills,
Adest for blood, swarm round an antler'd stag
Pierc'd by an archer; while his blood is warm
And his limbs pliable, from them he 'scapes;
But when the feather'd barb hath quell'd his force, 580
In some dark hollow of the mountain's side
The hungry troop devour him; chance, the while,
Conducts a lion thither, before whom
All vanish, and the lion feeds alone;
So swarm'd the bold and num'rous sons of Troy
Around Ulysses, who with wary skill
Heroic combated his evil day.
But Ajax, bearing his enormous shield
Tow'r-like, approach'd, and at Ulysses' side
Stood fast; then fled the Trojans wide-dispers'd, 590
And Menelaus led him by the hand,
Till his own chariot to his aid arriv'd.
But Ajax, springing on the Trojans, slew
Doryclus, from the loins of Priam sprung,
But spurious. Pandocus he wounded next,
Then wounded Pyrasus, and after him
Pylartes and Lysander. As a flood
Runs headlong from the mountains to the plain,
After long show'rs from Jove; many a dry oak
And many a pine the torrent sweeps along, 600
And, turbid, shoots much soil into the sea,
So glorious Ajax troubled wide the field,
Horse and man slaught'ring; whereof Hector yet
Heard not; for on the left of all the war
He fought beside Scamander, where around
Huge Nestor, and Idomeneus the brave,
Most deaths were dealt, and loudest roar'd the fight.
There Hector toil'd, feats wonderful of spear
And horsemanship achieving, and the lines
Of many a phalanx desolating wide. 610

Nor even then the Grecians had retir'd,
 But that an arrow triple-barb'd dispatch'd
 By Paris, Helen's mate, against the chief
 Machaon warring with distinguish'd force,
 Pierc'd his right shoulder, and no small alarm
 The valour-breathing Grecians felt, lest he
 In that disastrous field should also fall.

At once Idomeneus of Crete approach'd
 The noble Nestor, and him thus bespake:

Arise, Neleian Nestor! Pride of Greece! 620
 Ascend thy chariot, and, Machaon plac'd
 Beside thee, bear him, instant, to the fleet;
 For one, so skill'd in med'cine, and to free
 Th' inherent barb, is worth a multitude.

He said; nor the Gerenian hero old
 Compli'd not or delay'd, but to his seat
 Ascended, and Machaon, son renown'd
 Of Æsculapius, mounted at his side.
 He lash'd the steeds, they not unwilling sought
 The Grecian fleet as their familiar home. 630

Cebriones, mean-time, the charioteer
 Of Hector, from his seat the Trojan ranks
 Observing sore discomfited, began:

Here are we busied, Hector! on the skirts
 Of roaring battle, and mean-time I see
 Our host confus'd, their horses and themselves
 All mingled. Telamonian Ajax there
 Routs them; I know the hero by his shield.
 Haste, drive we thither, for the carnage there
 Of horse and foot conflicting furious, most 640
 Rages, and infinite the shouts arise.

He said, and with his scourge sonorous smote
 The long-man'd steeds; they, starting at the sound,
 Thro' both hosts whirl'd the chariot, shield and men
 Trampling; with blood the axle underneath
 All redden'd, and the chariot-rings with drops
 From the horse hoofs, and from the fellied wheels.
 Full on the multitude he drove, on fire
 To burst the phalanx, and confusion sent
 Among the Greeks, for nought he shunn'd the spear.
 All quarters else with falchion, or with lance, 651

Or with huge stones he rang'd, yet still declin'd
Th' encounter of the Telamonian chief.

But the eternal father thron'd on high
With fear fill'd Ajax ; panic fix'd he stood,
His sev'n-fold shield behind his shoulder cast,
And, hemm'd by numbers, with an eye askant,
Watchful retreated. As a beast of prey
Retiring, turns and looks, so he his face
Turn'd oft, retiring slow, and step by step. 660

As when the watch-dogs and assembled swains
Have driv'n a tawny lion from the stalls,
Then, interdicting him his wish'd repast,
Watch all the night, he, famish'd, yet again
Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof
By frequent spears from daring hands, but more
By flash of torches, which, though fierce, he dreads,
Till, at the dawn, sullen he stalks away ;
So from before the Trojans Ajax stalk'd
Sullen, and with reluctance slow retir'd, 670
His brave heart trembling for the fleet of Greece.

As when (the boys o'erpow'r'd) a sluggish ass,
Whose tough sides erst have shiver'd many a staff,
Enters the harvest, and the spiry ears
Crops persevering ; with their rods the boys
Still ply him hard, but all their puny might
Scarce drives him forth when he hath brows'd his fill,
So, there, the Trojans and their foreign aids
With glitt'ring lances keen huge Ajax urg'd,
His broad shield's centre smiting. He, by turns, 680
With desp'rate force the Trojan phalanx dense
Facing, repuls'd them, and by turns retir'd,
But still forbade all inroad on the fleet.

Trojans and Greeks between, alone, he stood
A bulwark. Spears from daring hands dismiss'd
Some, in his shield's thick folds unwilling stay'd,
While others, in the midway falling, spent
Their disappointed fury in the ground.

Eurypylus, Evæmon's noble son,
Him seeing thus with weapons overwhelm'd, 690
Flew to his side, his glitt'ring lance dismiss'd,
And Apisaon, son of Phausias, struck

Under the midriff; through his liver pass'd
 The ruthless point, and, falling, he expir'd.
 Forth sprang Eurypylus to seize the spoil;
 Whom soon as Paris from afar descried
 Despoiling Apisaon of his arms,
 He drew his bow against the chief, and sent
 A shaft to his right thigh; the brittle reed
 Snapp'd, and the rankling barb stuck fast within. 700
 Eurypylus alarm'd, and shunning death,
 To his own band retir'd, but, as he went,
 With echoing voice call'd on the Danaï—

Friends! counsellors, and leaders of the Greeks!
 Turn ye and stand, and from the evil hour
 Save Ajax whelm'd with weapons; his escape
 From roaring fight seems hopeless, yet, O stand
 With firmness for the Telamonian chief!

So spake the wounded warrior. They at once
 With sloping bucklers, and with spears erect, 710
 To his relief approach'd. Ajax with joy
 The friendly phalanx join'd, then turn'd and stood.

Thus burn'd the embattled field as with the flames
 Of a devouring fire. Mean-time afar
 From all that tumult the Neleian mares
 Bore Nestor, foaming as they ran, with whom,
 Leader rever'd, Machaon also rode.
 Achilles mark'd him passing; for he stood
 Exalted on his huge ship's lofty stern,
 Spectator of the toil severe and flight 720
 Deplorable of the defeated Greeks.

He call'd his friend Patroclus. He below
 Within his tent his sudden summons heard,
 And sprang like Mars abroad, all unaware,
 That in that sound he heard the voice of fate.
 Him first Menœtius' gallant son address'd:

What would Achilles? wherefore hath he call'd?
 To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift:

Brave Menœtiades! my soul's delight!
 Soon will the Grecians now my knees surround 730
 Suppliant, by dread extremity constrain'd.
 But fly Patroclus, haste, O dear to Jove!
 Inquire of Nestor, whom he hath convey'd
 From battle, wounded? Viewing him behind,

I most believ'd him Æsculapius' son,
Machaon : but the steeds so swiftly pass'd
My galley, that his face escap'd my note.

He said ; and, prompt to gratify his friend,
Forth ran Patroclus through the camp of Greece.

Now when Neleian Nestor to his tent 740
Had brought Machaon, they alighted both,
And the old hero's friend Eurymedon
Releas'd the coursers. On the beach awhile
Their tunics sweat-imbu'd in the cool air
They ventilated, facing full the breeze,
Then on soft couches in the tent repos'd.

Mean-time, their bev'rage Hecamede mix'd,
The old king's beauteous captive, whom he brought
From Tenedos, what time Achilles sack'd
The city, daughter of the noble chief 750
Arsinoüs, and selected from the rest
For Nestor, as the honourable meed
Of councils always eminently wise.

She first before them plac'd a table bright,
With feet cerulean ; thirst-provoking sauce
She brought them also in a brazen tray,
Garlick, and honey new, and sacred meal.
Beside them, next, she plac'd a noble cup
Of labour exquisite, with golden studs
Embellish'd, which the ancient king had brought 760
From Pylus ; it presented to the grasp
Four handles, and two golden doves on each
Sat feeding, by two twisted vines sustain'd :
That cup once fill'd, another old as he
Could scarce have mov'd the weight, but it was light
In Nestor's hand : he lifted it with ease.

The graceful virgin in that cup a draught
Mix'd for them, Pramnian wine and sav'ry cheese
Of goat's milk, grated with a brazen rasp, 769
Then sprinkled all with meal. The draught prepar'd,
She gave it to their hand ; they, drinking, slak'd
Their fiery thirst, and with each other sat
Conversing friendly, when the godlike youth
By brave Achilles sent stood at the door.

Him seeing, Nestor from his splendid couch
Arose, and introducing by the hand

Entreated him to sit; but that request
 Patroclus, on his part refusing, said:

O venerable king! no seat is here
 For me, nor may thy courtesy prevail. 780
 He is irascible, and to be fear'd,
 Who bade me ask what chieftain thou hast brought
 From battle wounded; but untold I learn;
 I see Machaon, and shall now report
 As I have seen; O ancient king, thou know'st
 Achilles fiery, and not slow to charge
 Even the unoffending with a fault.

To whom the brave Gerenian thus replied:
 Why feels Achilles for the wounded Greeks
 Such deep concern? He little knows the height 790
 To which our sorrows swell. Our noblest lie
 By spear or arrow wounded in the fleet.
 Diomede, warlike son of Tydeus, bleeds
 Gall'd by a shaft; Ulysses, glorious chief,
 And Agamemnon, suffer by the spear;
 Eurypylus is shot into the thigh,
 And here lies still another newly brought
 By me from fight, pierc'd also by a shaft.
 What then? How strong soe'er to give them aid
 Achilles feels no pity of the Greeks. 800
 Waits he till ev'ry vessel on the shore,
 Fir'd in despite of all Achaia's host,
 Be sunk in its own ashes, and ourselves
 All perish, heaps on heaps? For in my limbs
 No longer liveth' agility of my youth.
 O for the vigour of those days again,
 When Elis, for her cattle which we took,
 Strove with us, and Itymoneus I slew,
 Brave offspring of Hypeirochus; he dwelt
 In Elis, and while I the pledges drove, 810
 Stood for his herd, but fell among the first
 By a spear hurl'd from my victorious arm.
 Then fled the rustic multitude, and we
 Drove off abundant booty from the plain,
 Herds fifty of fat beeves, large flocks of goats
 As many, with as many sheep and swine,
 And full thrice fifty mares of brightest hue,
 All breeders; many with their foals beneath.

All these, by night returning safe, we drove
Into Neleian Pylus, and the heart 820
Of Neleus gloried, that a son so young
A warrior had obtain'd so rich a prize.
At early dawn the heralds summon'd all
Who had demands on Elis, and our chiefs,
Assembling too, distributed the spoil.
For of our citizens no few had claims
On the Epeans, who, when Pylus fell,
O'erthrown by Hercules some years before,
Advantag'd by our weakness and the deaths
Of all our mightiest, among whom I lost 830
Eleven brothers, and alone surviv'd
Of all my father's house, had thence presum'd
T' insult and harass us with many wrongs.
A herd of beeves my father for himself
Selected, and a num'rous flock besides,
Three hundred sheep, with shepherds for them all.
For he a claimant was of large arrears
From sacred Elis. Four unrivall'd steeds
With his own chariot to the games he sent,
That should contend for the appointed prize, 840
A tripod; but Augeias, king of men,
Detain'd the steeds, and sent the charioteer
Repining home. My father, therefore, fir'd
At such foul outrage both of deeds and words,
Took much, and to the Pylians gave the rest
For satisfaction of the claims of all.
While thus we busied were in these concerns,
And in performance of religious rites
Throughout the city, came th' Epeans arm'd,
Their whole vast multitude both horse and foot 850
On the third day; came also clad in brass
The two Molions, inexpert as yet
In feats of arms, and of a boyish age.
There is a city on a mountain's head,
Fast by the banks of Alpheus, far remote,
The utmost town which sandy Pylus owns,
Nam'd Thryoëssa, and, with ardour fir'd
To lay it waste, that city they besieg'd.
Now when thei host had travers'd all the plain,
Minerva from Olympus flew by night, 860

And bade us arm; nor were the Pylians slow
 T' assemble, but impatient for the fight.
 Me, then, my father suffer'd not to arm,
 But hid my steeds; for he suppos'd me raw
 As yet, and ignorant how war is wag'd.
 Yet, even thus, unvantag'd and on foot,
 Superior honours I that day acquir'd
 To theirs who rode, for Pallas led me on
 Herself to victory. There is a stream
 Which at Arena falls into the sea, 870
 Nam'd Minueius; on that river's bank
 The Pylian horsemen waited day's approach,
 And thither all our foot came pouring down.
 The flood divine of Alpheus thence we reach'd
 At noon, all arm'd complete; there, hallow'd rites
 We held to Jove omnipotent, and slew
 A bull to sacred Alpheus, with a bull
 To Neptune, and a heifer of the herd
 To Pallas; then, all marshall'd as they were,
 From van to rear our legions took repast, 880
 And slept beside the river on their arms.
 Already the Epean host had round
 Begirt the city, bent to lay it waste,
 A task which cost them, first, both blood and toil.
 For when the radiant sun on the green earth
 Had ris'n, with pray'r to Pallas and to Jove,
 We gave them battle. When the Pylian host
 And the Epeans thus were close engag'd,
 I first a warrior slew, Mulius the brave,
 And seiz'd his coursers. He the eldest born 890
 Of king Augeias' daughters had espous'd,
 The golden Agamede; not an herb
 The earth produces but she knew its pow'rs.
 Him, rushing on me, with my brazen lance
 I smote, and in the dust he fell; I leap'd
 Into his seat, and plac'd me in the van.
 A panic seiz'd th' Epeans when they saw
 The leader of their horse o'erthrown, a chief
 Surpassing all in fight. Black as a cloud
 With whirlwind fraught, I drove impetuous on, 900
 Took fifty chariots, and at side of each
 Lay two slain warriors, grinding with their teeth

The dust, all vanquish'd by my single arm.
I had slain also the Molions, sons
Of Actor, but the Sov'reign of the deep,
Their own authentic sire, in darkness dense
Involving both, convey'd them safe away.
Then Jove a victory of prime renown
Gave to the Pylians; for we chas'd and slew
And gather'd spoil o'er all the champaign spread 910
With scatter'd shields, till we our steeds had driv'n
To the Buprasian country rich in corn,
To the Olenian rock, and to a town
In fair Alesia situate, and nam'd
Colona. There it was that Pallas turn'd
Our people homeward; there I left the last
Of all the slain, and he was slain by me.
Then drove th' Achaïans from Buprasium home
Their coursers fleet, and Jove, of Gods above,
Receiv'd most praise, Nestor of men below. 920
Such once was I. But brave Achilles shuts
His virtues close, an unimparted store;
Yet even he shall weep, when all the host,
His fellow-warriors once, shall be destroy'd.
But recollect, young friend! the sage advice,
Which, when thou cam'st from Phthia to the aid
Of Agamemnon, on that self-same day
Menœtius gave thee. We were present there,
Myself and Laertiades within,
And heard it all; for, gath'ring to the war, 930
State after state, the citizens of Greece,
Where royal Peleus dwells, at length, we came.
We found thy noble sire Menœtius there,
Thee and Achilles; ancient Peleus stood
To Jove the Thund'rer off'ring in his court
Thighs of an ox, and on the blazing rites
Libation pouring from a cup of gold.
While ye on preparation of the feast
Attended both, Ulysses and myself
Stood in the vestibule; Achilles flew 940
Toward us, introduc'd us by the hand,
And, seating us, such lib'ral portion gave
To each, as hospitality requires.
Our thirst, at length, and hunger both suffic'd.

I, foremost speaking, ask'd you to the wars;
 And ye were eager both, but from your sires
 Much admonition, ere ye went, receiv'd :
 Old Peleus charg'd Achilles to aspire
 To highest praise, and always to excel.
 But thee, thy sire Menœtius thus advis'd : 950
 " My son ! Achilles boasts the nobler birth,
 " But thou art elder ; He in strength excels
 " Thee far ; Thou, therefore, with discretion rule
 " His inexperience ; thy advice impart
 " With gentleness ; instruction wise suggest
 " Wisely, and thou shalt find him apt to learn."
 So thee thy father taught, but, as it seems,
 In vain ; yet even now essay to move
 Warlike Achilles ; if the Gods so please,
 Who knows but that thy reasons may prevail, 960
 To rouse his valiant heart ? men rarely scorn
 The earnest intercession of a friend.
 But if some prophecy alarm his fears,
 And from his Goddess mother he have aught
 Receiv'd, who may have learnt the same from Jove,
 Thee let him send at least, and order forth
 With thee the Myrmidons ; a dawn of hope
 Shall thence, it may be, on our host arise.
 And let him send thee to the battle clad
 In his own radiant armour ; Troy, deceiv'd 970
 By such resemblance, shall abstain perchance
 From conflict, and the weary Greeks enjoy
 Short respite : it is all that war allows.
 Fresh as ye are, ye, by your shouts alone,
 May easily repulse an army spent
 With labour, from the camp and from the fleet.

So Nestor ; and with ardour fir'd his soul.
 Back to Æacides through all the camp
 He ran ; and when, still running, he arriv'd
 Among Ulysses' barks, where they had fix'd 980
 The forum, where they minister'd the laws,
 And had erected altars to the Gods,
 There him Eurypylus, Evæmon's son
 Illustrious met, deep-wounded in his thigh,
 And halting back from battle, From his head

The sweat, and from his shoulders ran profuse,
 And from his perilous wound the sable blood
 Continual stream'd; yet was his mind compos'd.
 Him seeing, Menœtiades the brave
 Compassion felt, and, mournful, thus began : 990
 Ah hapless senators and chiefs of Greece !
 Left ye your native country that the dogs
 Might fatten on your flesh at distant Troy ?
 But tell me, hero ! say, Eurypylus !
 Will the Achaians still in any sort
 Withstand enormous Hector, or is this
 The moment when his spear must pierce us all ?

To whom Eurypylus, discreet, replied :
 Patroclus, dear to Jove ! there is no help,
 No remedy. We perish at our ships. 1000
 The warriors, once most strenuous of the Greeks,
 Lie wounded in the fleet by foes whose might
 Increases ever. But thyself afford
 To me some succour ? lead me to my ship ;
 Cut forth the arrow from my thigh ; the gore
 With warm ablution cleanse, and on the wound
 Smooth unguents spread, the same as by report
 Achilles taught thee ; taught, himself, their use
 By Chiron, centaur, justest of his kind.
 For Podalirius and Machaon both 1010
 Are occupied. Machaon, as I judge,
 Lies wounded in his tent, needing like aid
 Himself, and Podalirius in the field
 Maintains sharp conflict with the sons of Troy.

To whom Menœtius' gallant son replied :
 Hero ! Eurypylus ! I stand perplex'd.
 How must we act ? what course shall we pursue ?
 I seek the brave Achilles, to whose ear
 I bear a message from the ancient chief,
 Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks ; 1020
 Yet will not, even for that urgent cause,
 My friend ! abandon thee in thy distress.

He ended, and enfolding in his arms
 The warrior, bore him thence into his tent.
 His servant, on his entrance, spread the floor
 With hides, on which Patroclus at his length

Extended him, and with his knife cut forth
 The rankling point; with tepid lotion, next,
 He cleans'd the gore, and cast a bitter root,
 Bruis'd small between his palms, into the wound. 1050
 At once, the anodyne his pains assuag'd,
 Dried the deep hurt, and stanch'd the sable stream.

BOOK XII.

Argument.

The Trojans assail the ramparts, and Hector forces the gates.

SO was Menœtius' valiant son employ'd
Healing Eurypylus. The Greeks, mean-time,
And Trojans with tumultuous fury fought.
Nor was the foss ordain'd long time to exclude
The host of Troy, nor yet the rampart built
Beside it for protection of the fleet;
For hecatomb the Greeks had offer'd none,
Nor pray'r to Heav'n, that it might keep secure
Their ships with all their spoils. The mighty work
As in defiance of the Immortal Pow'rs 10
Had ris'n, and could not, therefore, long endure.
While Hector liv'd, and while Achilles held
His wrathful purpose; while the city yet
Of royal Priam was unsack'd, so long
The massy structure stood; but when the best
And bravest of the Trojan host were slain,
And of the Grecian heroes some had fall'n,
And some surviv'd, when Priam's tow'rs had blaz'd
In the tenth year, and to their native shores
The Grecians with their ships, at length, return'd, 20
Then Neptune, with Apollo leagu'd, devis'd
Its ruin; ev'ry river that descends
From the Idæan heights into the sea
They brought against it, gath'ring all their force,
Rhesus, Heptaporus, Caresus, Rhodius,
Æsepus, and Granicus, with the swift
Scamander's sacred current, and thy stream
Simois, whose banks with helmets and with shields
Were strew'd, and chiefs of origin divine;
All these with reflux course Apollo drove 30

Nine days against the rampart, and Jove rain'd
 Incessant, that the Greecian wall wave-whelm'd
 From end to end at once might disappear.
 Neptune with his tridential mace, himself,
 Led them, and beam and buttress, by the Greeks
 With labour fix'd, consigning to the flood,
 Swept the foundation, and the level bank
 Of the swift-rolling Hellespont restor'd.
 The structure thus effac'd, the spacious beach
 He spread with sand as at the first; then bade 40
 The streams subside, and in their channels wind
 With limpid course and pleasant as before.

Apollo thus and Neptune, from the first,
 Design'd its fall; but now the battle rav'd
 And clamours of the warriors all around
 The strong-built turrets, whose assaulted planks
 Rang, while the Grecians, by the scourge of Jove
 Subdu'd, stood close within their fleet immur'd,
 At Hector's phalanx-scatt'ring force appall'd.
 He, as before, with whirlwind fury fought. 50
 As when the boar or lion fiery-ey'd
 Turns short against the hunters and the hounds,
 The troop before him in square battle form'd
 Stand plying him with spears, while no dismay
 He feels or terrour in his noble heart,
 But by his courage falls; ofttimes he turns
 Assaying hardily the ranks, and where
 He points his onset, there the ranks retire;
 So, through the concourse, on his rolling wheels
 Borne rapid, Hector animated loud 60
 His foll'wers, urging them to pass the trench.
 But not his own swift-footed steeds would dare
 That hazard; standing on the dang'rous brink,
 They neigh'd aloud, for by its breadth the foss
 Deterr'd them; neither was the effort slight
 To leap that gulf, nor easy the attempt
 To pass it through, so down-right were the banks
 On both sides, and set thick with massy piles
 Sharp-pointed, interdicting all assault.
 No courser to the rapid chariot brac'd 70
 Had enter'd there with ease; yet strong desires
 Possess'd the infantry of that emprise,

And thus Polydamas the ear address'd
Of dauntless Hector, standing at his side:

Hector, and ye the leaders of our host,
Both Trojans and allies! the effort rash
I deem, and vain, to push our horses through,
So dang'rous is the pass; rough is the trench
With pointed stakes, and the Achaian wall
Meets us beyond. No chariot may descend 80
Or charioteer fight there; so closely pent
And hemm'd on all sides, he were sure to bleed.
If Jove, high-thund'ring ruler of the skies,
Will succour Ilium, and nought less intend
Than utter devastation of the Greeks,
I am content; now perish all their host
Inglorious, from their country far remote.
But should they turn, and should ourselves be driv'n
Back from the fleet impeded and perplex'd
In this deep foss, I judge that not a man, 90
'Scaping the rallied Grecians, should survive,
To bear the tidings of our fate to Troy.

Now, therefore, act we all as I advise.
Bid each his charioteer his coursers hold
Fast-rein'd beside the foss, while we on foot,
With order undisturb'd and arms in hand,
All follow Hector; for if Heav'n ordain,
That now they perish, their defeat is sure.

So spake Polydamas, whose safe advice
Pleas'd Hector; from his chariot to the ground 100
All arm'd he leap'd, nor would a Trojan there
(When once they saw the hero on his feet)
Ride into battle, but, unanimous
Descending with a leap, all trod the plain.
Each gave command, that at the trench his steeds
Should stand detain'd in orderly array;
Then, suddenly, the parted host became
Five bands, each foll'wing its appointed chief.
The bravest and most num'rous, and whose hearts
Wish'd most to burst the barrier and to wage 110
The battle at the ships, with Hector march'd
And with Polydamas, whom follow'd, third,
Cebriones; for Hector had his steeds
And chariot trusted to inferior care.

Paris, Alcathous, and Agenor led
 The second band, and, sons of Priam both,
 Deiphobus and Helenus, the third;
 With them was seen, their partner in command,
 The hero Asius: from Arisba came
 Asius Hyrtacides, to battle drawn 120
 From the Selleis' banks by martial steeds
 Hair'd fiery-red and of the noblest size.

The fourth, Anchises' mighty son controll'd,
 Æneas; under him Antenor's sons,
 Archilochus and Acamas, advanc'd,
 Adept in all the practice of the field.
 Last came the glorious pow'rs in league with Troy
 Led by Sarpedon; he with Glaucus shar'd
 His high control, and with the warlike chief
 Asteropæus; for in all his host, 130
 Himself except, far bravest of them all,
 None deem'd he brave or skill'd in arms as they.
 Shield join'd to shield, at once right on they mov'd
 With march impetuous, nought believing less,
 Than that the Greeks, too feeble to sustain
 Their first approach, should perish on the shore.

The Trojans, thus, with their confed'rate pow'rs,
 The counsel of the accomplish'd prince pursu'd,
 Polydamas, one chief alone except,
 Asius Hyrtacides. He scorn'd to leave 140
 His charioteer and coursers at the trench,
 And sought at once the fleet. Ah, madly brave!
 His evil hour was come; ordain'd was he
 With horse and chariot and triumphant shout
 To enter wind-swept Ilium never more.
 Deucalion's offspring, first, into the shades
 Dismiss'd him; by Idomeneus he died.
 Leftward of all the fleet he drove, the way
 By which the steeds and chariots of the Greeks
 Return'd from battle; in that track he flew, 150
 Nor found the portal by its massy bars
 Secur'd, but held wide open to receive
 The fugitives, and to a guard consign'd.
 Right on toward the gates he drove, by all
 His shouting band attended; for they judg'd
 The Greeks no longer able to withstand

Their foes, but doom'd to perish in the camp.
Vain hope ! for in the gate two chiefs they found
Of Lapithean race, brave offspring each
Of dauntless father ; Polypætes, this, 160
Sprung from Pirithous ; that, the warrior bold
Leonteus, dreadful as gore-tainted Mars.
These two, defenders of the lofty gates,
Stood firm before them. As when two tall oaks
On the high mountains day by day endure
Rough wind and rain, by deep-descending roots
Of hugest growth fast-founded in the soil ;
So they, sustain'd by conscious valour, saw,
Unmov'd, high-tow'ring Asius on his way, 169
Nor fear'd him aught, nor shrank from his approach.
Right on toward the barrier, lifting high
Their season'd bucklers, and with clamour loud,
The band advanc'd, king Asius at their head ;
With whom Iämenus, expert in arms,
Orestes, Thoön, Acamas the son
Of Asius, and CEnomäus, led them on.
Till now, the warlike pair, exhorting loud
The Grecians to defend the fleet, had stood
Within the gates ; but soon as they perceiv'd
The Trojans swiftly rushing to the wall, 180
And heard a cry from all the flying Greeks,
Both sallying, before the gates they fought,
Like forest-boars, which hearing in the hills
The crash of hounds and huntsmen nigh at hand,
With start oblique lay many a sapling flat
Short broken by the root, nor cease to grind
Their sounding tusks, till by the spear they die ;
So sounded on the breasts of those brave Two
The smitten brass ; for resolute they fought,
Embolden'd by their might who kept the wall, 190
And trusting in their own ; they, in defence
Of camp and fleet and life, thick batt'ry hurl'd
Of stones precipitated from the tow'rs ;
Rapid as snows they flew, which stormy winds,
Driving the gloomy clouds, shake down from Heav'n
Till all the fertile earth lies cover'd deep,
Such volley pour'd the Greeks, and such return'd
The Trojans ; arid casques of tough bull-hide

And bossy shields resounded, by that storm
Of millstone masses from above assail'd. 200

Then Asius, son of Hyrtacus, a groan
Indignant utter'd; on both thighs he smote
With disappointment furious, and exclaim'd:

Jove! even thou art altogether false,
And tak'st delight in fraud. Full sure I deem'd,
That not a Greecian hero should abide
One moment force invincible as ours,
And lo! as wasps ring-strak'd, or bees that build
Their dwellings in the highway's craggy side,
Leave not their hollow home, but fearless wait 210
Th' invaders coming, in their brood's defence;
So these, although two only, from the gates
Move not, or will, till either seiz'd or slain.

So Asius spake, but, speaking so, chang'd not
The mind of Jove, on Hector's glory bent.
Others, as obstinate, at other gates
Such deeds perform'd, that to enum'rate all
Were difficult to any, save a God.
For fierce the hail of stones from end to end
Smote on the barrier; anguish fill'd the Greeks, 220
Yet, by necessity constrain'd, their ships
They guarded still; nor less the Gods themselves,
Patrons of Greece, all sorrow'd at the sight.

At once the valiant Lapithæ began
Terrible conflict, and Pirithous' son,
Brave Polypætes, through his helmet pierc'd
Damasus; insufficient prov'd the brass
To guard him; for the weapon ent'ring crush'd
The bone within, and mingling all his brain
With his own blood, his onset fierce repress'd. 230
Pylon and Ormenus he next subdu'd.
Mean-time Leonteus, branch of Mars, his spear
Hurl'd at Hippomachus, whom through his belt
He pierc'd; then, drawing forth his falchion keen,
Through all the multitude he flew to smite
Antiphates, and with a downright stroke
Fell'd him. Iämenus and Menon next
He slew, with brave Orestes, whom he heap'd,
All three together, on the fertile glebe.

While them the Lapithæ despoil'd, mean-time 240

Polydamas and Hector at the head
 Of all the bravest youths and most resolv'd
 To burst the barrier and to fire the fleet,
 Stood at the foss, still pond'ring the event.
 For, while they press'd to pass, they spied a bird
 Sublime in air, an eagle. Right between
 Both hosts he soar'd (the Trojan on his left)
 A serpent bearing in his pounces clutch'd,
 Enormous, dripping blood, but lively still
 And mindful of revenge; for while the bird 250
 Compress'd him to his bosom, he his head
 Retorting struck him at the throat; heart-sick
 With pain the eagle cast him to the ground
 Between the hosts, and, clanging loud his plumes,
 As the wind bore him, floated far away.
 Shudder'd the Trojans viewing at their feet
 The spotted serpent ominous, and thus
 Polydamas to dauntless Hector spake:

Hector! my best advice in council giv'n
 Meets ever thy reproof; yet duty bids 260
 The private citizen, what most he deems
 Conducive to thy good, that plainly speak
 At all times, but in times of battle most.
 Hear, then, my best advice yet once again.
 Proceed we not in our attempt to reach
 The Grecian fleet. For if in truth the sign
 Respect the Trojans bent to pass the trench,
 Then, as the eagle soar'd between the hosts
 With Ilium's on his left, and clutch'd a snake
 Enormous, dripping blood, but still alive, 270
 Which yet he dropp'd suddenly, ere he reach'd
 His eyry, or could give it to his young,
 So we, although with mighty force we burst
 Both gates and barrier, and although the Greeks
 Should all retire, shall never yet the way
 Tread honourably back by which we came.
 No: Many a Trojan shall we leave behind
 Slain by the Grecians in their fleet's defence.
 An augur skill'd in omens would expound
 This omen thus, and faith would win from all. 280

To whom, dark-low'ring, Hector thus replied:
 Polydamas! thy words now please me not;

Thou couldst have counsell'd better; but if this
 Be thy delib'rate judgment, then the Gods
 Make thy delib'rate judgment nothing worth,
 Who bidd'st me disregard the Thund'rer's firm
 Assurance to myself announc'd, and make
 The wild inhabitants of air my guides,
 Which I alike despise, speed they their course
 With right-hand flight toward the ruddy East, 290
 Or leftward down into the shades of eve.
 Consider *we* the will of Jove alone,
 Sov'reign of Heav'n and Earth. Omens abound,
 But the best omen is our country's cause.
 Wherefore should fiery war *thy* soul alarm?
 For lay we all in slaughter'd heaps around
 The fleet of Greece, *thou* need'st not fear to die,
 Whose courage never will thy flight retard.
 But if thou shrink thyself, or by smooth speech
 Seduce one other from a soldier's part, 300
 That moment, stricken by this spear, thou diest.

So saying he led them, who with deaf'ning roar
 Follow'd him. Then, from the Idæan hills
 Jove hurl'd a storm, which bore the dust in show'rs
 Right on the fleet; the spirits too he quell'd
 Of the Achaians, and the glory gave
 To Hector and his host; they, trusting firm
 In signs from Jove, and in their proper force,
 Assay'd the barrier; from the tow'rs they tore
 The gall'ries, cast the battlements to ground, 310
 And the projecting buttresses, adjoin'd
 To strengthen the vast work, with bars upheav'd.
 All these, with expectation fierce to break
 The rampart, down they drew; nor yet the Greeks
 Gave back, but, fencing close with shields the wall,
 Smote from behind them many a foe beneath.
 Mean-time from tow'r to tow'r th' Ajaces mov'd
 Exhorting all, with mildness some, and some
 With harsh rebuke, if any they observ'd
 Declining basely to partake the fight: 320

Friends! Argives! warriors of whatever rank!
 Ye who excel, and ye of humbler note!
 And ye the last and least! (for such there are,
 All have not magnanimity alike),

This day's occasion offers work to all,
 As of yourselves, untaught by me, ye know.
 Turn not, retreat not to your ships, dismay'd
 By sounding menaces, but press the foe;
 Encourage each the other, and, perchance,
 Olympian Jove, the Thund'rer, even now 330
 Shall grant us to repulse them, and to chase
 The routed Trojans to their gates again.

So they, vociferating to the Greeks,
 Stirr'd them to battle. As the feath'ry snows
 Fall frequent, on some wint'ry day, when Jove
 Hath ris'n to shed them on the race of man,
 And show his arrowy stores; he lulls the winds,
 Then shakes them down continual, cov'ring thick
 Mountain tops, promontories, flow'ry meads,
 And cultur'd valleys rich; the havens too 340
 Receive it largely, and the winding shores,
 But Ocean bounds it there, while Jove enwraps,
 As with a fleecy mantle, all beside,
 So thick alternately by Trojans hurl'd
 Against the Greeks, and by the Greeks return'd
 The stony volleys flew; resounding loud
 Through all its length the batter'd rampart roar'd.
 Nor yet had Hector and his host prevail'd
 To burst the gates, and break the massy bar,
 But Jove his son Sarpedon urg'd t'assail 350
 The Grecians with a famish'd lion's rage.
 At once his polish'd buckler he advanc'd
 With leafy brass o'erlaid; for with smooth brass
 The forger of that shield its oval disk
 Had plated, and with thickest hides throughout
 Had lin'd it, stitch'd with circling wires of gold.
 That shield he bore before him; firmly grasp'd
 He shook two spears, and with determin'd strides
 March'd forward. As the lion mountain-bred,
 After long fast, and by the impulse urg'd 360
 Of his undaunted heart, invades the flock
 Ev'n in the shelter of their guarded home;
 He finds, perchance, the shepherds arm'd with spears,
 And all their dogs awake, yet not for them
 Resigns his hope, but either leaps the fence,
 And ent'ring tears the prey, or in th' attempt

Pierc'd by some dext'rous peasant, bleeds himself;
 So his high courage to th' assault impell'd
 Godlike Sarpedon, firing him with hope
 To break the barrier; when to Glaucus thus, 370
 Son of Hippolochus, his speech he turn'd:

Why, Glaucus, is the seat of honour ours,
 Why drink we brimming cups, and feast in state?
 Why gaze they all on us as we were Gods
 In Lycia, and why share we pleasant fields
 And spacious vineyards, where the Xanthus winds?
 Distinguish'd thus in Lycia, we are call'd
 To firmness here, and to encounter bold
 The burning battle, that our fair report
 Among the Lycians may be blazon'd thus— 380
 No dastards are the potentates who rule
 The bright-arm'd Lycians; on the fatted flock
 They banquet, and they drink the richest wines,
 But they are also valiant, and the fight
 Wage dauntless in the vaward of us all.
 O Glaucus, if, escaping safe the death
 That threats us here, we also could escape
 Old age, and to ourselves secure a life
 Immortal, I would neither in the van
 Myself expose, nor would encourage thee 390
 To tempt the perils of the glorious field.
 But since a thousand messengers of fate
 Pursue us close, and man is born to die—
 E'en let us on; the prize of glory yield,
 If yield we must, or wrest it from the foe.

He said, nor cold refusal in return
 Receiv'd from Glaucus; therefore, right toward
 The barrier, both their num'rous Lycians led,
 Menestheus, son of Peteos, saw appall'd
 Their dread approach, for to his tow'r they bent 400
 Their threat'ning march. With eager looks he search'd
 The Grecian lines for some undaunted chief,
 Whose aid might turn the battle from his van:
 He saw, where, never sated with exploits
 Of war, each Ajax fought, near whom his eye
 Kenn'd Teucer also, newly from his tent,
 But vain his efforts were with loudest call
 To reach their ears, such was the deaf'ning din

Upsent to Heav'n, of shields and crested helms,
 And of the batter'd gates; for at each gate 410
 They thund'ring stood, and urg'd alike at each
 Their fierce attempt by force to burst the bars.
 To Ajax therefore he at once dispatch'd
 A herald, and Thoötes thus enjoin'd:

My noble friend Thoötes! with all speed
 Call either Ajax; but them hither both;
 Far better so; for havoc is at hand.
 The Lycian leaders, ever in assault
 Tempestuous, bend their force against this tow'r
 My station. But if also there they find 420
 Laborious conflict pressing them, at least
 Let valiant Telamonian Ajax come,
 And Teucer with his death-dispensing bow.

He spake; nor was Thoötes slow to hear,
 But close beside the rampart of the Greeks
 Ran rapidly, and, at their side arriv'd,
 To either Ajax, eager, thus began:

Ye leaders of the well-appointed Greeks,
 The son of noble Peteos calls; he begs
 With instant suit, that ye would share his toils, 430
 However short your stay; the aid of both
 Will serve him best, for havoc threatens there.
 The Lycian leaders, ever in assault
 Tempestuous, bend their force toward the tow'r
 His station. But if also here ye find
 Laborious conflict pressing you, at least
 Let valiant Telamonian Ajax come,
 And Teucer with his death-dispensing bow.

He spake; nor his request the tow'ring son
 Of Telamon denied, but quick his speech 440
 To Ajax Oïliades address'd:

Ajax! abiding here, exhort ye both
 (Heroic Lycomedes and thyself)
 The Greeks to battle. I depart to meet
 The Lycians yonder, and, due succour giv'n
 To brave Menestheus, will at once return.

So saying, the Telamonian chief withdrew,
 With whom went Teucer, son of the same sire,
 Pandion also, bearing Teucer's bow.
 Arriving at the turret giv'n in charge 450

To the bold chief Menestheus, and the wall
Ent'ring, they found their friends all sharply tried.
Black as a storm the senators renown'd
And leaders of the Lycian host assail'd
Buttress and tow'r, while opposite the Greeks
Withstood them, and the battle-shout began.
First, Ajax son of Telamon, a friend
And fellow warrior of Sarpedon slew,
Epicles. With a marble fragment huge,
That crown'd the battlements' interior side, 460
He smote him. No man of our puny race,
Although in prime of youth, had with both hands
That weight sustain'd; but he the cumb'rous mass
Uplifted high, and hurl'd it on his head.
It burst his helmet, and his batter'd scull
Dash'd from all form. He from the lofty tow'r
Dropp'd downright, with a diver's plunge, and died.
But Teucer (for as Glaucus climb'd the wall
He bar'd his arm) transpierc'd it with a shaft,
And quell'd his fierce assault. The Lycian prince 470
Back from the lofty barrier with a leap
Descending, stole from battle; lest the Greeks,
His hurt perceiv'd, should triumph in his pain.
Grief seiz'd, at sight of his retiring friend,
Sarpedon, who forgot not yet the fight,
But Thestor's valiant son Alemaon pierc'd,
Then pluck'd the weapon forth; the wounded chief,
Still following as he pull'd, fell prone at last,
And his resplendent armour rang aloud.
Then brave Sarpedon, tugging with both hands 480
The battlement, it fell, and ample space
For entrance left in the dismantled wall.
But Teucer with a shaft, and with a spear
Ajax, at once assail'd him. Teucer's shaft
Flew to his bosom; but the purple belt
That bore his shield (so Jove himself decreed,
Who would not that his son should there be slain)
Effectual interpos'd. His mightier spear
Huge Ajax, springing to his thrust, enforc'd
Right through his shield. Sarpedon at the shock 490
With backward-step short interval recoil'd,
But not retir'd, for in his bosom liv'd

The hope of glory still, and, looking back
On all his godlike Lycians, he exclaim'd :

O Lycians ! where is your heroic might ?
Brave as I boast myself, I feel the task
Not easy, through the breach that I have made
To win a passage to the ships, alone.
Follow me all—Most lab'ers, most dispatch.

So he; at whose sharp reprimand abash'd, 500
Th' embattled host to closer conflict mov'd,
Obedient to their counsellor and king.

On th' other side the Greeks within the wall
Made firm the phalanx, seeing urgent need ;
Nor could the valiant Lycians through the breach
Admittance to the Grecian fleet obtain,
Nor, since they first approach'd it, had the Greeks,
With all their efforts, thrust the Lycians back.

But as two claimants of one common field,
Each with his rod of measurement in hand, 510

Dispute the bound'ries, litigating warm
Their right in some small portion of the soil,
So they, divided by the barrier, struck
With hostile rage the bull-hide bucklers round,
And the light targets on each other's breast.

Then many a wound the ruthless weapons made.
Pierc'd through the unarm'd back, if any turn'd,
He died, and many pierc'd right through the shield.
The battlements from end to end with blood .

Of Grecians and of Trojans on both sides 520

Were sprinkled; yet no violence could move
The stubborn Greeks, or turn their pow'rs to flight.

So hung the war in balance, as the scales
Held by some woman scrupulously just,

A spinner; wool and weight she poises nice,
Hard-earning slender pittance for her babes,
Such was the poise in which the battle hung,
Till Jove himself superior fame, at length,

To Priameian Hector gave, who sprang
First through the wall. In lofty sounds that reach'd 530
Their utmost ranks, he call'd on all his host :

Now press them, now ye warlike chiefs of Troy
Advance together ! Break the rampart—hurl
At once devouring flames into the fleet.

Such was his exhortation; they his voice
All hearing, with close-order'd ranks direct
Bore on the barrier, and upswarming show'd
On the high battlement their glitt'ring spears.
But Hector seiz'd a stone; of ample base
But tap'ring sharp before the gate it stood. 540
No two, though such as in these days are fam'd
For strength beyond all others, could with ease
Have heav'd it from the earth up to a wain,
But Hector swung it easily alone,
So light the Thund'rer made it in his hand.
As in one hand with ease the shepherd bears
A ram's fleece home, nor toils beneath the weight,
So Hector, right toward the planks of those
Majestic folding-gates, close-jointed, firm,
And solid, bore the stone. Two bars within 550
Their corresponding force combin'd transverse
To guard them, and one bolt secur'd the bars.
He stood fast by them, parting wide his feet
For 'vantage' sake, and smote them in the midst.
He burst both hinges; inward fell the rock
Ponderous, and the portals roar'd; the bars
Endur'd not, and the planks, riv'n by the force
Of that huge mass, flew scatter'd on all sides.
In leap'd the godlike Hero at the breach,
Gloomy as night in aspect, but in arms 560
All-dazzling, and he grasp'd two quiv'ring spears.
Him ent'ring with a leap the gates, no force
Whate'er of opposition had repress'd,
Save of the Gods alone. Fire fill'd his eyes;
Turning, he bade the multitude without
Ascend the rampart; they his voice obey'd;
Part climb'd the wall, part pour'd into the gate;
The Grecians to their hollow galleys flew
Scatter'd, and tumult infinite arose.

BOOK XIII.

Argument.

Neptune engages on the part of the Grecians. The battle proceeds. Deiphobus advances to combat, but is repulsed by Meriones, who, losing his spear, repairs to his tent for another. Teucer slays Imbrius, and Hector Amphimachus. Neptune, under the similitude of Thoas, exhorts Idomeneus. Idomeneus, having armed himself in his tent, and going forth to battle, meets Meriones. After discourse held with each other, Idomeneus accommodates Meriones with a spear, and they proceed to battle. Idomeneus slays Othryoneus and Asius. Deiphobus assails Idomeneus, but, his spear glancing over him, kills Hypsenor. Idomeneus slays Alcathous, son-in-law of Anchises. Deiphobus and Idomeneus respectively summon their friends to their assistance, and a contest ensues for the body of Alcathous.

WHEN Jove to Hector and his host had giv'n
Such entrance to the fleet, both hosts he left
To suffer there the agonies and woes
Of ceaseless battle, and his glorious eyes
Averting on the land look'd down remote
Of the horse-breeding Thracians, of the bold
Close-fighting Mysian race, and where abide,
On milk sustain'd, and blest with length of days,
The Hippomolgi, peaceful, just, and wise.
No longer now on Troy his eyes he turn'd, 10
For expectation none within his breast
Surviv'd, that God or Goddess would the Greeks
Approach with succour, or the Trojans, more.

Nor Neptune, sov'reign of the boundless Deep,
Look'd forth in vain, but seated on the heights
Of Samothracia forest-crown'd, survey'd
With wonder thence the tumult of the field ;
For thence appear'd all Ida, thence the tow'rs
Of lofty Ilium, and the fleet of Greece.

The ocean left, there sitting he deplor'd 20
 The vanquish'd Grecians, and resentment fierce
 Conceiv'd and wrath against all-ruling Jove.
 At once arising, down the rugged steep
 With rapid strides he came; the mountains huge
 And forests under the immortal feet
 Of Ocean's Sov'reign trembled as he strode.
 Three strides he made, the fourth convey'd him home
 To Ægæ. At the bottom of th' abyss,
 There stands magnificent his golden fane,
 A dazzling incorruptible abode. 30
 Arriv'd, he to his chariot join'd his steeds
 Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and man'd with wavy gold;
 Himself attiring next in gold, he seiz'd
 His golden scourge, and to his seat sublime
 Ascending o'er the billows drove; the whales,
 Leaving their caverns, gambol'd on all sides
 Around him, not unconscious of their king;
 The sea clave wide for joy; he lightly flew,
 And with unmoisten'd axle skimm'd the flood.
 Rapt by his bounding coursers soon he reach'd 40
 The Grecian fleet. There is a spacious cave
 Deep in the bottom of the flood between
 Tenedos and the rock-bound Imbrian shore;
 There Neptune, shaker of the earth, his steeds
 Station'd secure; he loos'd them from the yoke,
 Gave them ambrosial food, and bound their feet
 With golden tethers not to be untied
 Or broken, that unwand'ring they might wait
 Their Lord's return, then sought the Grecian host.
 The Trojans, tempest-like or like a flame, 50
 Now, foll'wing Priameïan Hector, all
 Came furious on and shouting to the skies.
 Their hope was to possess the fleet, and slay,
 Till the last Greek should lifeless press the shore.
 But mighty Neptune, compasser of earth,
 Approaching, in the form and with the voice
 Loud-ton'd of Calchas, rous'd the Argive ranks
 To battle—and his exhortation first
 To either Ajax turn'd, themselves prepar'd:
 Ye valiant Pair! remember but to fight, 60
 And scorn to fly—so shall ye save us all.

In other parts the Greeks shall well suffice
 To check these hostile throngs, that have surpass'd
 The barrier: here alone with dread extreme
 I view them; for the maniac Hector, fierce
 As all-devouring fire, and vaunting loud
 His origin from Jove, here leads them on.
 O that with words like these some Pow'r divine
 Would strengthen you, that ye might stand, your-
 selves,

And stay the people! Then should Hector's hope 70
 To fire the fleet be vain, although himself
 Olympian Jove incite him to the deed.

So spake the mighty shaker of the shores,
 And, with his sceptre smiting both, their hearts
 Fill'd with fresh fortitude; their limbs the touch
 Made agile, wing'd their feet, and nerv'd their arms.
 Then, swift as stoops a falcon from the point
 Of some rude rock sublime, when he would chase
 A fowl of other wing along the meads,
 So started Neptune thence and disappear'd. 80
 Oïleus' son discover'd first the God
 As he withdrew, and, instant, thus his speech
 To Ajax, son of Telamon, address'd:

Since, Ajax, some inhabitant of Heav'n
 Exhorts us, in the prophet's form, to fight
 (For prophet none or augur we have seen;
 This was not Calchas; as he went I mark'd
 His steps and knew him; Gods are known with ease),
 I feel my spirit in my bosom fir'd
 Afresh for battle; lightness in my limbs, 90
 In hands and feet a glow unfelt before.

To whom the son of Telamon replied:
 My fingers also with a firmer grasp
 Embrace my spear, my buoyant courage mounts,
 I tread in air, and feel a fierce desire,
 To cope with Hector's quenchless rage, alone.

Thus they, with martial transport to their souls
 Imparted by the God, conferr'd elate.
 Meantime the King of Ocean rous'd the Greeks,
 Who in the rear, beside their gallant barks, 100
 Some respite sought. They, spent with arduous toil,
 Felt not alone their weary limbs unapt

To battle, but their hearts with grief oppress'd.
 Seeing the num'rous multitude of Troy
 Within the mighty barrier; sad they view'd
 That sight, and bath'd their cheeks with many a tear,
 Desparing of escape. But Neptune soon
 The lines of ev'ry phalanx rous'd to fight.
 First, Teucer and the brave Bæotian chiefs
 Leïtus and Peneleus; Nestor's son 110
 Antilochus; Deïpyrus; the brave
 Meriones and Thoas, with a tone
 Of stern yet kind reproof he thus address'd:

Oh blush ye Grecians! in *your* vig'rous youth
 I trusted mainly for our fleet's defence.
 If *ye* renounce the labours of the field,
 Then hath the day aris'n of our defeat
 And final ruin by the pow'rs of Troy.
 Oh! I behold a prodigy, a sight
 Tremendous, deem'd impossible by me, 120
 The Trojans at our ships! the dastard race
 Fled once like fleetest hinds, the destin'd prey
 Of lynxes, leopards, wolves; by nature weak
 And indispos'd to war, they trembling fly
 They know not whither; so the Trojans erst
 Stood not, nor to Achaian prowess dar'd
 The hindrance of a moment's strife oppose.
 But now, Troy left far distant, even here
 They face us; gath'ring courage from the fault
 Of Agamemnon, and the people's sloth, 130
 Who, sullen for Achilles' sake, prefer
 Death at their ships, to war in their defence.
 But if the scorn and haughty disrespect
 By Agamemnon, sov'reign of the Greeks,
 Shown to Achilles, were indeed a crime,
 Our duty bids us still protect the fleet.
 Come—heal the breach at once; the bravest minds
 Are readiest to forgive; such minds are yours:
 And your resentment has already giv'n
 Your matchless might in arms too long a pause. 140
 I can excuse the timid if he shrink,
 But am incens'd at *you*. My friends beware!
 Your tardiness will prove erelong the cause
 Of some worse evil. Let the dread of shame

Affect your hearts : oh tremble at the thought
Of infamy ! Fierce conflict hath aris'n,
The dauntless Hector combats at the ships
Nobly, hath forc'd the gates, and burst the bar.

With such encouragement the mighty King
Of Ocean rous'd the Greeks. Then, circl'd soon 150
By many a phalanx either Ajax stood,
Whose order Mars himself arriving there
Had prais'd, or Pallas, patroness of arms.
For there the flow'r of all expected firm
Bold Hector and his host ; spear crowded spear,
Shield, helmet, man, press'd helmet, man, and shield ;
The hairy crests of their resplendent casques
Kiss'd close at ev'ry nod, so wedg'd they stood ;
No spear was seen but in the manly grasp
It quiver'd, and their ev'ry wish was war, 160
The pow'rs of Ilium gave the first assault
Embattl'd close ; them Hector led himself
Right on, impetuous as a rolling rock
Destructive ; torn by torrent waters off
From its old lodgment on the mountain's brow,
It bounds, it shoots away ; the crashing wood
Falls under it ; impediment or check
None stays its fury, till, the level found
At last, there overcome, it rolls no more ;
So after many a threat, that he would pass 170
With ease through all the Grecian camp and fleet,
And slay to the sea brink, when Hector once
Had fall'n on those firm ranks he there stood fast
And press'd to break them ; but by many a spear
And falchion urg'd, with stagg'ring steps retir'd,
And call'd vocif'rous on the host of Troy.

Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
Of Dardanus, O stand ! not long the Greeks
Will me confront, although embodied close
In solid phalanx ; doubt me not ; my spear 180
Shall chase and scatter them, if Jove, in truth,
High-thund'ring mate of Juno, bid me on.

So saying, he rous'd the courage of them all,
Foremost of whom advanc'd, of Priam's race,
Deiphobus, ambitious of renown.
Tripping he came with shorten'd steps, his feet

Shelt'ring behind his buckler ; but with aim
 Exact Meriones his splendid lance
 Dismissing reach'd him ; his tough targe he struck
 But ineffectual ; where the hollow brass 190
 Receives th' inserted wood, the quiv'ring beam
 Snapp'd as Deïphobus his shield afar
 Advanc'd before him, trembling at the spear
 Hurl'd by Meriones. He, mov'd alike
 With indignation for the vict'ry lost
 And for his broken spear, retreated, first,
 Into his ranks, but soon set forth again
 In progress through th' Achaian camp, to seek
 Its fellow-spear within his tent reserv'd.

The rest all fought, and dread the shouts arose 200
 On all sides. Telamonian Teucer, first,
 Slew valiant Imbrius, son of Mentor, rich
 In herds of sprightly steeds. He, ere the Greeks
 Arriv'd at Ilium, in Pedæus dwelt,
 And Priam's spurious daughter had espous'd,
 Medesicasta. But the gallant barks
 Of Greece arriving, he return'd to Troy,
 Where he excell'd the noblest, and abode
 With Priam, lov'd and honour'd as his own.
 Him Teucer pierc'd beneath his ear, and pluck'd 210
 His weapon home ; he fell as falls an ash,
 Which on some mountain visible afar,
 Hewn from its bottom by the woodman's axe
 With all its tender foliage meets the ground.
 So Imbrius fell ; loud rang his armour bright
 With ornamental brass, and Teucer flew
 To seize his arms, whom hasting to the spoil
 Hector with his resplendent spear assail'd ;
 He, marking opposite its rapid flight,
 Declin'd it narrowly, and it pierc'd the breast, 220
 As he advanc'd to battle, of the son
 Of Cteatus of the Actorian race
 Amphimachus ; he, sounding, smote the plain,
 And all his batter'd armour rang aloud.
 Then Hector, swift approaching, would have snatch'd
 At once the well-forg'd helmet from the brows
 Of brave Amphimachus ; but Ajax hurl'd
 Right forth at Hector hasting to the spoil

His radiant spear ; no wound the point impress'd
 For he was arm'd complete in burnish'd brass 230
 Terrific ; but it pierc'd the sold boss
 Of Hector's shield, and with enormous force
 So shock'd him, that retiring he resign'd
 Both bodies, which the Grecians dragg'd away.
 Stichius and Menestheus, leaders both
 Of the Athenians, to the host of Greece
 Bore off Amphimachus, and, fierce in arms,
 Th' Ajaces, Imbrius. As two lions bear
 Through thick entanglement of boughs and brakes
 A goat snatch'd newly from the peasant's dogs, 240
 Upholding high their prey above the ground,
 So either Ajax terrible in fight,
 Upholding Imbrius high, his brazen arms
 Tore off, and Oiliades his head
 From his smooth neck dissev'ring in revenge
 For slain Amphimachus, through all the host
 Sent it with swift rotation like a globe,
 Till in the dust at Hector's feet it fell.

Then anger fill'd the heart of Ocean's King,
 His grandson slain in battle ; forth he pass'd 250
 Through the Achaian camp and fleet, the Greeks
 Rousing, and meditating wo to Troy.
 It chanc'd that brave Idomeneus return'd
 That moment from a Cretan at the knee
 Wounded, and newly borne into his tent.
 His friends had borne him off, and when the chief
 Had giv'n him into skilful hands, he sought
 The field again, still coveting renown.
 Him therefore, meeting him on his return,
 Neptune bespake, but with the borrow'd voice 260
 Of Thoas, offspring of Andraemon, king
 In Pleuro and in lofty Calydon,
 And honour'd by th' Ætolians as a God.

O counsellor of Crete ! our threats denounc'd
 Against the tow'rs of Troy, where are they now ?

To whom the leader of the Cretans, thus,
 Idomeneus : For aught that I perceive,
 Thoas ! no Grecian is this day in fault ;
 For we are all well disciplin'd ; none yields
 To heartless fear, or is by sloth detain'd ; 270

But, as it seems, Jove wills that we should fall
 Inglorious, distant from our native shores.
 But, Thoas! brave thyself, and ever wont
 To rouse the timid, stimulate, as erst,
 The Grecian courage and exert thy own.

Him answer'd, then, the Sov'reign of the Deep:
 Return that Grecian never from the realm
 Of Troy, Idomeneus! but may the dogs
 Feast on him, who shall this day intermit
 Through wilful negligence his force in fight! 280
 Haste—arm—and join me. Neither Thou nor I
 May tarry more. Some good may crown the toils
 Of only Two. The feeblest and the worst
 Find strength in union; and our force in arms
 Has foil'd, ere now, the bravest and the best.

So Neptune spake, and, turning, sought again
 The toilsome field. Erelong, Idomeneus,
 Arriving in his spacious tent, put on
 His radiant armour, and, two spears in hand,
 Set forth, like lightning which Saturnian Jove 290
 From bright Olympus shakes into the air,
 Dazzling all eyes; a sign to men below.
 So beam'd the Hero's armour as he ran.
 But him, ere he had left his tent afar,
 Returning from the field to seek a spear,
 Meriones, his fellow-warrior, met,
 When thus the brave Idomeneus began:

Swift son of Molus! chos'n companion dear!
 Wherefore, Meriones! hast thou the field
 Abandoned? Art thou wounded? Bringst thou home
 Some pointed mischief in thy flesh infix'd? 301
 Or com'st thou sent to me, who of myself
 The still tent covet not, but feats of arms?

To whom Meriones discreet replied:
 Chief leader of the mail-arm'd Cretan host,
 Idomeneus! if yet there be a spear
 Left in thy tent, I seek one; for in fight
 With fierce Deïphobus, I strove in vain
 To penetrate his shield, and snapp'd my own.

Then answer thus the Cretan chief return'd, 310
 Valiant Idomeneus: If spears thou need,
 Within my tent, reclin'd against the wall

Not one alone, but twenty thou wilt find,
 All Trojan spears, and taken in the field
 From Trojans slain by me; for distant fight
 Me suits not; therefore in my tent have I
 Both spears and bossy shields, with brazen casques
 And corslets bright, that smile against the sun.

Him answer'd, then, Meriones discreet:
 I also, at my tent and in my ship 320
 Have many Trojan spoils, but they are hence
 Far distant. I not less myself than thou
 Am ever mindful of a warrior's part,
 And when the din of glorious arms is heard
 Fight in the van. If other Greeks my deeds
 Know not, at least I judge them known to thee.

To whom the leader of the host of Crete,
 Idomeneus: I know thy valour well,
 Why speakest thus to me? Since, chose we forth
 This day an ambush of the bravest Greeks, 330
 (For in the ambush is distinguish'd best
 The courage; there, the tim'rous and the bold
 Plainly appear; the dastard changes hue,
 And shifts from place to place, nor can he calm
 The fears that shake his trembling limbs, but sits
 Low-crouching on his hams, while in his breast
 Quick palpitates his death-foreboding heart,
 And his teeth chatter; but the valiant man
 His posture shifts not; no excessive fears
 Feels he, but seated once in ambush, deems 340
 Time tedious till the bloody fight begin)
 Ev'n there, thy courage should no blame incur.
 For shouldst thou, toiling in the fight, by spear
 Or falchion bleed, the weapon should not pierce
 Thy neck behind, nor yet thy back annoy,
 But it would meet thy bowels or thy chest
 While thou didst rush into the clam'rous van.
 Haste then—we may not longer loiter here,
 As children prating, lest some sharp rebuke
 Reward us. Enter quick, and from within 350
 My tent provide thee with a noble spear.

Then, swift as Mars, Meriones produc'd
 A brazen spear of those within the tent,
 And instant kindling with heroic fire

Follow'd Idomeneus. As gory Mars
 By Terrour follow'd, his own dauntless son,
 Who quells the boldest heart, to battle moves;
 From Thrace against the Ephyri they arm,
 Or hardy Phlegyans, and by both invok'd
 Hear and grant victory to which they please; 360
 Such bright in arms Meriones, and such
 Idomeneus advanc'd; when foremost thus
 Meriones his warlike chief address'd:

Son of Deucalion! where inclin'st thou most
 To enter into battle? On the right
 Of all the host? or through the central ranks?
 Or on the left? for no where I account
 Our aid so needful to the Greeks as there.

Then answer thus Idomeneus return'd,
 Chief of the Cretans: Others stand to guard 370
 The middle fleet; the Telamonian chief,
 Ajax the swift, and Teucer, prime of all
 Achaia's sons to wing the deadly shaft,
 And brave in close encounter. These will task
 Sufficiently the most impetuous force
 Of Priameian Hector; burn his rage
 How fierce soever, he shall find it hard,
 With all his thirst of victory, to quell
 Their firm resistance, and to fire the fleet,
 Let not Saturnian Jove cast down from Heav'n 380
 Himself a flaming brand into the ships.
 High-tow'ring Telamonian Ajax yields
 To no mere mortal by the common gift
 Of Ceres nourish'd, and whose flesh the spear
 Can penetrate, or rocky fragment bruise;
 Even before that breaker of the ranks
 Achilles, unappall'd would Ajax stand
 In single combat, though less swift than he.
 Turn, therefore, to the left, that we may learn
 At once, if glorious death, or life, be ours. 390

He ceas'd, and, thither, with the speed of Mars
 Hasted Meriones, till both arriv'd.
 Seeing the Cretan, terrible as fire,
 Advance to battle, with his bold compeer,
 And both all bright in arms, the ranks of Troy
 Assail'd them with a universal shout,

And at the left-ward ships the fight began.
As when shrill winds blow vehement, what time
Dust deepest spreads the ways, by warring blasts
Upborne a sable cloud stands in the air, 400
Such was the sudden conflict; equal rage
To stain with gore the lance rul'd ev'ry breast.
Horrent with quiv'ring spears the fatal field
Frown'd on all sides; the brazen flashes dread
Of num'rous helmets, corslets furbish'd bright,
And shields refulgent meeting, dull'd the eye,
And turn'd it dark away. Stranger indeed
Were he to fear, who could that strife have view'd
With heart elate, or spirit unperturb'd.

Two mighty sons of Saturn adverse parts 410
Took in that contest, purposing alike
To many a valiant warrior heavy wo.
Jove, for the honour of Achilles, gave
Success to Hector and the host of Troy,
Not for complete destruction of the Greeks
At Ilium, but that glory might redound
To Thetis thence, and to her dauntless son.
Of the other side mean-time, his hoary realm
Left secretly, the King of Ocean stirr'd
The Greeks to battle, whom he griev'd to see 420
O'erpow'r'd by Trojans, and with anger fierce
Against the Thund'rer burn'd on their behalf.
Alike from one great origin divine
Sprang they, but Jove was elder, and surpass'd
In various knowledge: therefore when he rous'd
Their courage, Neptune, to elude his eye,
Mix'd with the Greeks in semblance of a man.
Thus, these Immortal Two, straining the cord
Indissoluble of all-wasting war
Between them, girded with it both the hosts, 430
And loos'd the joints of many a warrior bold.
Then, hailing loud his foll'wers, though himself
Half-gray with age, Idomeneus wellnigh
Repuls'd the Trojans at his first assault,
Slaying Othryoneus. He, fir'd with hopes
Of high renown in arms, had left of late
Cabesus. Priam's daughter fair he woo'd,
Cassandra, but no nuptial gift vouchsaf'd

To offer, save a sounding promise proud
To chase, himself, however loath to go, 440
The Grecian host, and to deliver Troy.
To him assenting, Priam, ancient king,
Assur'd to him his wish, and in the faith
Of that assurance confident, he fought.
Idomeneus the stalking braggart ey'd,
And through his corslet's ineffectual guard
Transpiere'd his navel. On his sounding arms
He fell, o'er whom the conqu'ror thus rejoic'd :

Now, brave Othryoneus ! I will confess,
That thou art more than mortal, if thou yield 450
To ancient Priam all thy promis'd aid.
He promis'd *thee* his daughter. From ourselves
Accept like promise, and which no event
Shall ever frustrate. Agamemnon makes
The loveliest of his lovely daughters thine,
And she shall haste from Argos at his call,
Make thou the spoils of splendid Ilium ours,
Come—follow me. We give no scanty dow'r,
And at the ships shall settle best the terms.

So saying, the hero dragg'd him by his heel 460
Through all the furious fight. His death to avenge
Asius on foot before his steeds advanc'd,
Which, wheresoe'er he mov'd, his charioteer
Kept breathing ever on his neck behind.
With fierce desire the heart of Asius burn'd,
To smite the Cretan, who beneath his chin
Him wounded first, and urg'd the weapon through.
He fell, as some green poplar falls, or oak,
Or lofty pine, by naval artists hewn
With new-edg'd axes on the mountain's side. 470
So, his teeth grinding, and the bloody dust
Clinching, before his chariot and his steeds
Extended, Asius lay. His charioteer
(All-recollection lost) sat panic-stunn'd,
Nor dar'd for safety turn his steeds to flight.
Him bold Antilochus right through the waist
Transpiere'd ; his mail suffic'd not, but the spear
Implanted in his midmost bowels stood.
From his resplendent chariot down he fell
Panting, and young Antilochus the steeds 480

Drove captive thence into the host of Greece.
 Then came Deïphobus by sorrow urg'd
 For Asius, and, small interval between,
 Hurl'd at Idomeneus his glitt'ring lance;
 But he, foreseeing its approach, the point
 Eluded, cover'd whole by his round shield
 Of hides and brass by double belt sustain'd,
 And it flew over him, but on his targe
 Glancing, elicited a tinkling sound.
 Yet left it not in vain his vig'rous grasp, 490
 But pierc'd the liver of Hypsenor, son
 Of Hippasus; so pierc'd, at once he died,
 And measureless exulting in his fall
 Deïphobus with mighty voice exclaim'd:

Not unaveng'd lies Asius; though he seek
 Hell's iron portals, yet shall he rejoice,
 For I have giv'n him a conductor home.

So he, whose vaunt the Greeks indignant heard;
 But of them all to anger most he rous'd
 Antilochus, who, though distress'd, his friend 500
 Neglected not, but, running, shielded him.
 And brave Alastor with Mecisteus, son
 Of Echius, bore him to the fleet of Greece
 With many a groan, for of their band was he.
 Nor yet Idomeneus his warlike rage
 Remitted aught, but persevering strove
 Either to plunge some Trojan in the shades,
 Or fall himself for the Achaians' sake.
 Then slew he brave Alcathous, the son
 Of Æsyeta, and the son-in-law 510
 Of old Anchises, who to him had giv'n
 The eldest born of all his daughters fair,
 Hippodamia; dearly loved was she
 By both her parents in her virgin state,
 For that in beauty she surpass'd, in works
 Ingenious, and in faculties of the mind,
 All her coevals; wherefore she was deem'd
 Well worthy of the noblest prince in Troy.
 But him that moment Ocean's King subdu'd
 Under Idomeneus, his radiant eyes 520
 Dimming, and fett'ring his proportion'd limbs.
 All pow'r of flight or to elude the stroke

Forsook him, and while motionless he stood
 As stands a pillar tall or tow'ring oak,
 The hero of the Cretans with a spear
 Transfix'd his middle chest. He split the mail
 Erewhile his bosom's faithful guard; shrill rang
 The shiver'd brass; he sounding fell; the beam
 Implanted in his palpitating heart
 Shook to its top, nor rested till he died. 550

Then loudly vaunting cried the king of Crete:
 What thinks Deïphobus, vain boaster, now?
 Seem not the Greeks, three warriors slain for one,
 To yield thee just amends? else, stand thyself
 Against me; learn the valour of a chief,
 The progeny of Jove; Jove first begat
 Crete's guardian, Minos, from which Minos sprang
 Deucalion, and from fam'd Deucalion, I;
 I, sov'reign of the num'rous race of Crete's
 Extensive isle, and whom my galleys brought 540
 To these your shores at last, that I might prove
 Thy curse, thy father's, and the curse of Troy.

He spake; Deïphobus uncertain stood
 Whether, retreating, to engage the help
 Of some heroic Trojan, or himself
 To make the dread experiment alone.
 At length, as his discreeter course, he chose
 To seek Æneas; him remotest far
 And in the rear of all Troy's host he found;
 For he resented evermore his worth 550
 By Priam recompens'd with cold neglect.
 Approaching him, in accents wing'd, he said:

Æneas! if thy sister's husband share
 Thy least regard, delay not, but, with me,
 Fly to defend Alcathous. In his arms
 He fondled once, and fed thee at his board;
 But thou hast lost him, and the spear that gave
 The deadly wound Idomeneus employ'd.

So saying, he rous'd his spirit, and on fire,
 To combat with the Cretan, forth he sprang. 560
 But fear seiz'd not Idomeneus, as fear
 May seize a nursling boy; resolv'd he stood,
 As in the mountains, conscious of his force,
 The wild boar waits a coming multitude

Of boist'rous hunters to his lone retreat ;
 Arching his bristly spine he stands, his eyes
 Beam fire, and wetting his bright tusks, he burns
 To drive, not dogs alone, but men to flight ;
 So stood the royal Cretan, and fled not,
 Expecting brave Æneas ; yet his friends 570
 He summon'd, on Ascalaphus his eyes
 Fast'ning, on Aphareus, Deïpyrus,
 Meriones, and Antilochus, all bold
 In battle, and in accents wing'd, exclaim'd :

Help, O my friends ! Æneas comes ; dismay'd
 I wait him here alone ; for well he knows
 To strew the field with bodies of the slain,
 And, in his bloom of youth, that 'vantage bears,
 For which I fear him most. Myself am old
 And worn with battle ; else would I decide 580
 This strife this moment, and to him bequeath
 Immortal fame, or make the prize my own.

He said ; they all unanimous approach'd
 Sloping their shields, and stood. On the other side
 His aids Æneas call'd, with eyes toward
 Paris, Deïphobus, Agenor, turn'd,
 His fellow-warriors bold ; them follow'd all
 Their people as the pastur'd flock the ram
 To water, by the shepherd seen with joy ;
 Such joy Æneas felt, at sight of all 590
 That num'rous host so ready in his aid.
 Then, for Alcathous, into contest close
 Arm'd with long spears they rush'd ; on ev'ry breast
 Dread rang the brazen corselet, each his foe
 Assailing opposite ; but two, the rest
 Surpassing far, and terrible as Mars,
 Æneas and Idomeneus, alike
 Panted to pierce each other. First, his spear
 Æneas at the royal Cretan aim'd,
 Who, warn'd of its approach, escap'd, and, hurl'd 600
 With no effect though by a forceful arm,
 Æneas' lance stood quiv'ring in the soil.
 Not so the Cretan ; at his waist he pierc'd
 CEnomaüs, his hollow corselet clave,
 And in his midmost bowels drench'd the spear ;
 Down fell the chief, and dying, clinch'd the dust.

His massy spear in haste the king of Crete
Pluck'd from the dead, but of his radiant arms
Despoil'd him not, by num'rous weapons urg'd;
For now, time-worn, he could no longer make 610
Brisk sally, spring to follow his own spear,
Or shun another, or by swift retreat
Vanish from battle, but the evil day
Warded in stationary fight alone.
At him retiring, therefore, step by step
Deïphobus, who had with bitterest hate
Long time pursu'd him, hurl'd his splendid lance,
But yet again erroneous; for he pierc'd
Ascalaphus instead, the son of Mars; 619
Right through his shoulder driv'n, the stormy spear
On earth outstretch'd him, and he clinch'd the dust.
Nor any tidings reach'd as yet the ear
Of the hoarse-throated Mars, that his own son
In bloody fight had fall'n; for on the heights
Olympian, overarch'd with clouds of gold,
He sat, where sat the other Pow'rs divine,
Pris'ners together of the will of Jove.
Mean-time for slain Ascalaphus arose
Conflict severe; Deïphobus had snatch'd
His splendid casque, but swift as fiery Mars 630
Meriones transpierc'd his upper arm,
And from his hand down fell the sounding spoil.
Then, like a vulture, darted he again
Toward him, pluck'd his weapon from the wound,
And mingled with his band. The conqu'ror gone
Polites casting his fraternal arms
Around Deïphobus, conducted far
From that tumultuous scene the drooping chief,
Till where his charioteer his coursers held,
Behind the hindmost battle, he arriv'd. 640
Thence, groaning, fainting, bleeding, as he went
From his fresh wound, *they* whirl'd him back to Troy.
Still rag'd the war, and infinite arose
The clamour. Aphareus, Caletor's son,
Turning to face Æneas, deep within
His throat the hero's pointed lance receiv'd.
With head reclin'd, and bearing to the ground
Buckler and helmet with him, in dark shades

Of soul-divorcing death involv'd, he fell.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd to flight, 650
With quick preventive spear plough'd forth the vein,
Which from the chine ascends into the neck,
Through all its length; with arms outstretch'd in vain
To his own host, supine he fell and died.
Forth sprang Antilochus to strip his arms,
But watch'd mean-time the Trojans, who, in crowds
Encircling him, his splendid buckler broad
Smote oft, but none with ruthless point prevail'd
Ev'n to inscribe the skin of Nestor's son,
Whom Ocean's God and Governour, amid 660
Innumerable darts, kept still secure.
Yet never from his foes he shrank, but fac'd
From side to side; nor idle slept his spear,
Which, shifting oft his aim, he turn'd and turn'd
From side to side, now, menacing to pierce
The more remote, and now, the nearer foe.
Nor pass'd his dauntless purpose unperceiv'd
By Asius son of Adamas, who pierc'd,
In close assault, the centre of his shield.
But Neptune azure-hair'd so dear a life 670
Denied to Adamas, and render'd vain
The weapon; part within his buckler stood
Like a sear'd truncheon, and the remnant fell.
Then Adamas, for his own life alarm'd,
Retir'd; but as he went, Meriones
Him reaching with his lance, between the shame
And navel pierc'd him, where the stroke of Mars
Proves painful most to miserable man.
There enter'd deep the weapon; down he fell,
And in the dust lay panting as an ox 680
Among the mountains pants by peasants held
In twisted bands, and dragg'd perforce along;
So panted Adamas; but soon he ceas'd;
For brave Meriones, approaching, pluck'd
The weapon forth, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Helenus, with his huge broad Thracian blade
Struck down Deïpyrus. The pond'rous steel
Fell on his temple. Driven from its hold
His helmet flew and roll'd, till at his feet
Some Greecian found and kept it; but involv'd 690

In death's dim shades its hapless owner lay.
Grief at that spectacle the bosom fill'd
Of valiant Menelaus; high he shook
His radiant spear, and, threat'ning him, advanc'd
On royal Helenus, who ready stood
With his bow bent. They met; impatient, one,
To give his pointed lance its rapid course,
And one, to start his arrow from the nerve.
The arrow of the son of Priam struck
Atrides' hollow corselet, but the reed 700
Glanc'd wide. As vetches or as swarthy beans
Leap from the van and fly athwart the floor
By sharp winds driv'n, and by the winnower's force,
So from the corselet of the glorious Greek
Wide wand'ring flew the bitter shaft away.
But Menelaus the left-hand transpiere'd
Of Helenus, and with the lance's point
Fast fix'd it to his bow; he, shunning death,
Into the centre of his phalanx'd friends
Retir'd, his arm dependent at his side, 710
And trailing, as he went, the ashen beam;
There bold Agenor from the spear releas'd
And folded thick his hand with softest wool,
By his attendant's quilted sling supplied.
Then sprang Pisander on the glorious prince,
The son of Atreus, but his evil fate
Beckon'd him to his death in conflict fierce,
O Menelaus, mighty chief! with thee.
And now they met, small interval between.
Atrides hurl'd his weapon, and it err'd. 720
Pisander with his spear struck full the shield
Of glorious Menelaus, but his force
Resisted by the stubborn buckler broad
Fail'd to transpierce it, and the weapon fell
Snapp'd at the neck. Yet leap'd Pisander's heart
Within him, for he deem'd the vict'ry won.
But Menelaus, drawing his bright blade,
Sprang on him, while Pisander from behind
His buckler drew a brazen battle axe
By its long haft of polish'd olive wood, 730
And both chiefs struck together. He the crest
That crown'd the shaggy casque of Atreus' son

Hew'd from its base, but Menelaus him
 In his swift onset on the forehead smote,
 Where nose and forehead join; loud crash'd the bone,
 And his eyes both fell bloody at his feet.
 Convolv'd with pain he lay, and on his breast
 Atrides setting fast his heel, tore off
 His armour, and exulting thus began:

So shall ye leave at length the Grecian fleet, 740
 Traitors, and never satisfied with war!
 Nor want ye other guilt, dogs and profane!
 But me have injur'd also, and defied
 Th' avenging wrath of Hospitable Jove,
 Who shall in time bring down your lofty tow'rs.
 I wrong'd not you, yet bore ye far away
 My youthful bride, who welcom'd you, and stole
 My treasures also, and your wish is now,
 To burn Achaia's gallant fleet with fire,
 And slay her heroes; but your furious bent 750
 To battle shall be check'd. O Father Jove!
 Thee wisest we account in Earth or Heav'n,
 Yet this is all thy work; for ah, how kind
 Art thou to this flagitious people, strong
 In wickedness alone, and whose delight
 In war and bloodshed never can be cloy'd,
 All pleasures breed satiety, sweet sleep,
 Soft dalliance, music, and the graceful dance,
 Though sought with keener appetite by most
 Than bloody war; but Troy still covets blood. 760

So spake the royal chief, and to his friends
 Pisander's gory spoils consigning, flew
 To mingle in the foremost fight again.
 Him, next, Harpalion, offspring of the king
 Pylæmenes, assail'd, who came to Troy
 Foll'wing his sire, but never thence return'd.
 He, from small distance, smote the central boss
 Of Menelaus' buckler with his lance;
 But wanting pow'r to pierce it, with an eye
 Of cautious circumspection, lest perchance 770
 Some spear should reach him, to his band retir'd:
 But him retiring with a brazen shaft
 Meriones pursu'd; swift flew the dart
 To his right buttock, slipp'd beneath the bone,

His bladder graz'd, and started through before.
 There ended his retreat; at once he sank,
 And like a worm lay on the ground, his life
 Exhaling in his fellow-warriors' arms,
 And soaking with his sable blood the plain.
 Around him flock'd his Paphlagonians bold, 780
 And in his chariot placing drove him back
 To Ilium, among whom his father went
 Weeping, but never saw his death aveng'd.

Him slain with indignation Paris view'd,
 For he, with num'rous Paphlagonians more,
 His guest had been; he, therefore, in the thirst
 Of vengeance, sent a brazen arrow forth.
 There was a certain Greek, Euchenor, son
 Of Polyides the soothsayer, rich,
 And of great worth, and who in Corinth dwelt. 790
 He, knowing well his fate, yet sail'd to Troy.
 For Polyides oft, his rev'rend sire,
 Had prophesied that he should either die
 By some dire malady at home, or, slain
 By Trojan hands, amid the fleet of Greece.
 He, therefore, vigilant alike to guard
 His honour, and to shun that dire disease,
 Had join'd the Grecian host; him Paris pierc'd
 The ear and jaw beneath; at once he fell,
 And instant darkness overspread his eyes, 800

So rag'd the battle like devouring fire.
 But Hector dear to Jove not yet had learn'd
 Nor aught surmis'd the havock of his host
 Made on the left, where vict'ry crown'd wellnigh
 The Grecians animated to the fight
 By Neptune seconding himself their arms.
 He, where he first had started through the gate,
 After dispersion of the shielded Greeks,
 Had fought nor left the spot. The galleys there
 Of Ajax and Protesilaüs stood 810
 Updrawn above the hoary Deep; the wall
 Was there of humblest structure, and the steeds
 And warriors there conflicted furious most.
 Th' Epean there and the Iäonian band
 Long-rob'd, the Phthians, Locrians, and the bold

Bœotians check'd the terrible assault
Of Hector all activity and fire,
Yet not repuls'd him. Chos'n Athenians form'd
The van, by Peteos' son, Menestheus led,
Whose high command undaunted Bias shar'd, 820
Phidas, and Stichius. The Epean host
Under Amphion, Dracius, Meges, fought.
Podarces brave in arms the Phthians rul'd,
And Medon (Medon was by spurious birth
Brother of Ajax Oïliades,
And for his uncle's death, whom he had slain,
The brother of Oïleus' wife, abode
In Phylace; but from Iphiclus sprang
Podarces); these, all station'd in the front
Of Phthia's hardy sons, together strove 830
With the Bœotians for the fleet's defence.
Ajax the swift swerv'd never from the side
Of Ajax son of Telamon a step:
But as in some deep fallow two black steers
Together toil, dragging the pond'rous plough,
The briny sweat around their rooted horns
Oozes profuse; they, parted, as they drudge
Along the furrow, by the yoke alone,
Cleave to its bottom sheer the stubborn glebe,
So, side by side, they persevering fought. 840
The son of Telamon a people led
Num'rous and bold, who, when his bulky limbs
Fail'd overlabour'd, eas'd him of his shield.
Not so attended by his Locrians fought
Oïleus' valiant son; they were not arm'd
For standing fight, since neither crested casques
Of brass had they, nor ashen spears, nor shields
Of ample orb; but trusting in the bow
And twisted sling alone, had come to Troy, 849
And broke with shafts and volley'd stones the ranks.
Thus occupying, clad in burnish'd arms,
The van, these two with Hector and his host
Conflicted, while the Locrians from behind
Vex'd them with shafts, secure; nor could the men
Of Ilium stand, by such a show'r confus'd.
Then, driv'n with dreadful havock thence, the foe

To wind-swept Ilium had again retir'd,
 Had not Polydamas, at Hector's side
 Standing, the dauntless hero thus address'd:

Thou, Hector! ever art too wise to learn. 860
 Would'st thou, by Jove advanc'd to foremost praise
 In battle, claim it in the council too?
 Vain hope! assert not to thyself alone
 His num'rous gifts—Thou canst not grasp them all.
 To one superior force in arms is giv'n,
 Skill to another in the graceful dance,
 Sweet song and pow'rs of music to a third,
 And wisdom, at his hands, a fourth receives,
 By whose support full many a city stands,
 Which else had fall'n. The multitude with joy 870
 Confess its pow'r, but none exults as he.
 My best advice is this; for thou art hemm'd,
 As with a fiery circle, all around,
 By num'rous foes; the Trojans, since they pass'd
 The bulwark, either stand aloof, or wage
 Unequal war, dispers'd among the ships.
 Retiring, therefore, summon all our chiefs
 To consultation on the sum of all,
 Whether (should Heav'n so prosper us) t' assail
 The fleet at once, or leave it while we may. 880
 For much I dread due payment by the Greeks
 Of yesterday's arrear, since yonder chief,
 Inactive now, will, likeliest, feel again
 His thirst for battle, and rejoin the fight.

So spake Polydamas, whose safe advice
 Pleas'd Hector; from his chariot down he leap'd
 All arm'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied:

Polydamas! stay thou the leaders here.
 I haste into the fight, and, my commands
 Once issu'd there, incontinent return. 890

He ended, and conspicuous as the height
 Of some snow-crested mountain, shouting rang'd
 The Trojans and confederates of Troy.
 They swift around Polydamas, brave son
 Of Panthus, at the voice of Hector, ran.
 Himself with hasty strides the front, mean-time,
 Of battle roam'd, seeking from rank to rank
 Asius Hyrtacides, with Asius' son

Adamas, and Deïphobus, and the might
Of Helenus, his royal brother bold.

900

Them neither altogether free from hurt
He found, nor living all. Beneath the sterns
Of the Achaian ships some slaughter'd lay
By Grecian hands; some wounded from afar,
Some by the sword, within the rampart sat.
But leftward of the woful field he found,
Erelong, bright Helen's paramour his band
Exhorting to the fight. Him Hector next
Approaching, in displeasure thus began:

Ill-fated fair deceiver! Woman-mad!
Where is Deïphobus, and where the might
Of royal Helenus? Where Adamas,
Offspring of Asius, and where Asius, son
Of Hyrtacus, and where Othryoneus?
Now lofty Ilium from her topmost height
Falls headlong, now is thy own ruin sure.

910

To whom the godlike Paris thus replied:
Hector! Thy blame far more I have deserv'd,
Than I deserve it now; this day, at least,
My deeds some proof afford, that I was born
Not altogether such a slave to fear;
For since commanded by thyself to wage
This conflict at the ships, we have obey'd
(Myself and mine) with not a moment's pause.
But those our friends, of whom thou hast inquir'd,
Are slain, Deïphobus alone except
And royal Helenus, who in the hand
Bear each a wound inflicted by the spear
And have retir'd; but sav'd by Jove they live.
Come now—conduct thus whither most thine heart
Prompts thee, and thou shalt find us ardent all,
And swift to follow; what we can we will,
The best and most determin'd can no more.

920

931

So saying the hero sooth'd his brother's mind.
Then mov'd they both toward the hottest war
Together, where Polydamas the brave,
Phalces, Cebriones, Orthæus fought,
Palmys and Polyphœtes, godlike chief,
And Morys and Ascanius, gallant sons
Both of Hippotion. They to Troy had come

940

From fair Ascania the preceding morn,
 In recompense for aid by Priam lent
 Erewhile to Phrygia, and by Jove impell'd,
 Now wag'd the furious battle side by side.
 The march of these at once was as the sound
 Of mighty winds from deep-hung thunder-clouds
 Descending; clamorous the blast and wild
 With ocean mingles; many a billow, then,
 Upridg'd rides turbulent the sounding flood,
 Foam-crested, billow after billow driv'n, 950
 So mov'd the host of Troy, rank after rank
 Behind their chiefs, all dazzling-bright in arms.
 Before them Priameian Hector strode
 Like crimson Mars, advancing, as he came,
 His broad shield ponderous with hides, and thick
 O'erlaid with brass; his helmet on his brows
 Refulgent shook, and in its turn he tried
 The force of ev'ry phalanx, if perchance
 Behind his broad shield pacing he might shake
 Their stedfast order; but he bore not down 960
 The spirit of the firm Achaian host.

Then Ajax, striding forth, him first defied:

Approach. Why temptest thou the Greeks to fear?

No babes are we in aught that appertains
 To arms, though humbled by the scourge of Jove.
 Thou cherishest the foolish hope to burn
 Our fleet with fire; but even we have hearts
 Prepar'd to guard it, and your stately tow'rs
 Shall sooner far with ruin strew the ground.
 The hour, I tell thee, comes, when thou shalt ask 970
 In pray'r to Jove and all the Gods of Heav'n,
 That speed more rapid than the falcon's flight
 May wing thy coursers, while, exciting dense
 The dusty plain, they whirl thee back to Troy.
 While thus he spake, sublime on his right-hand
 An eagle soar'd; confiding in the sign,
 The whole Achaian host with loud acclaim
 Hail'd it. Then glorious Hector thus replied:

Brainless and loud, what means this tumid boast,
 Earth-cumber'd Ajax? Would I were the son 980
 As sure, for ever, of almighty Jove
 And Juno, and such honour might receive

Henceforth as Pallas and Apollo share,
As comes this day with ruin charg'd and wo
For all the Greeceans, among whom thyself
Shalt also perish if thou dare abide
My massy spear, which shall thy pamper'd flesh
Disfigure, and amid the barks of Greece
Falling, thou shalt with thy enormous bulk
The vultures satiate, and the dogs of Troy. 990

He spake and led his host; with clamour loud
They follow'd him, and all the distant rear
Came shouting on. On the other side the Greeks
Re-echo'd shout for shout, all undismay'd,
And waiting firm the bravest of their foes.
Upwent the double roar into the heights
Ethereal, and among the beams of Jove.

BOOK XIV.

Argument.

Agamemnon and the other wounded chiefs, taking Nestor with them, visit the battle. Juno, having borrowed the Cestus of Venus, first engages the assistance of Sleep, then hastes to Ida to inveigle Jove. She prevails. Jove sleeps; and Neptune takes that opportunity to succour the Grecians.

NOR heard not Nestor even at his wine
Those clamours, but in accents of surprise
The son of Æsculapius thus address'd :

Divine Machaon ! think what this may bode.
The cry of our young warriors at the ships
Grows louder; but, possessing still thy seat,
Drink thou (for thou hast need) the sable wine,
Till Hecamede shall have warm'd a bath,
To cleanse thy clotted wound. I will, myself,
From yonder eminence soon learn the cause. 10

He said, and finding in his tent the shield
Of Thrasymedes, who had borne to fight
His father's shield, he slung the glitt'ring orb,
And, grasping, next, a keen and sturdy spear,
Stood forth before the tent. Thence soon he saw
Foul deeds and strange, the Grecian host confus'd,
Their broken ranks escaping from the host
Of Ilium, and the rampart overthrown.
As when, though silent yet, the wide sea shows
A darker hue, foreboding winds to blow, 20
The doubtful waters roll to neither side,
Till swept at length by a decisive gale,
So stood the senior motionless awhile
Through indecision whether first to seek
The Grecian host, or Agamemnon's self
The sov'reign, and at length that course preferr'd.
Mean-time with mutual carnage they the field

Spread far and wide, and smitten by the sword
And spear of double edge their corslets rang.

The royal chiefs ascending from the fleet, 50
Ulysses, Diomede, and Atreus' son,
Imperial Agamemnon, who had each
Bled in the battle, met him on his way.
For, distant from the dang'rous field, the Greeks
Had rang'd their barks beside the hoary Deep,
The foremost next the plain, and at the sterns
Of that exterior line had built the wall;
Since, spacious though it were, the shore alone
That fleet suffic'd not, incommoding much 40
The people; wherefore they had rang'd the ships
Line above line ascending, and the bay
Between both promontories, all was fill'd.
They, therefore, curious to survey the fight,
Came forth together, leaning on the spear,
When Nestor met them; heavy were their hearts,
And at the sight of him still more alarm'd,
Whom royal Agamemnon thus bespake:

Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks!
What mov'd thee to forsake yon bloody field,
And urg'd thee hither? Cause I see of fear, 50
Lest Hector even now his threat perform
Denounc'd long since among the chiefs of Troy,
That he would never enter Ilium more,
Till he had burn'd our fleet, and slain ourselves.
So threaten'd Hector, and shall now perform.
Alas! alas! Achaia's gallant host
All, like Achilles, have deserted me
Resentful, and decline their fleet's defence.

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied:
Those threats are verified; nor Jove himself 60
The Thunderer can disappoint them now;
For our chief strength in which we trusted most,
That it should guard impregnably secure
Our navy and ourselves, the wall, hath fall'n.
Hence all this conflict by our host sustain'd
Among the ships; nor could thy keenest sight
Inform thee where in the Achaian camp
Confusion most prevails, such deaths are dealt
Promiscuous, and the cry ascends to Heav'n.

But come—consult we on the sum of all, 70
 If counsel yet may profit. As for you,
 Ye shall have exhortation none from me
 To seek the fight; the wounded have excuse.

Whom Agamemnon answer'd, king of men:
 Ah, Nestor! if beneath our very sterns
 The battle rage, if neither trench nor wall
 Constructed with such labour, and suppos'd
 Of strength to guard impregnably secure
 Our navy and ourselves, avail us aught,
 It is because almighty Jove hath will'd, 80
 That the Achaian host should perish here
 Inglorious, from their country far remote.
 When he vouchsaf'd assistance to the Greeks,
 I knew it well; and now, not less I know,
 That high as the immortal Gods he lifts
 Our foes to glory, and depresses us.
 Delay not then, but act as I advise.
 Our ships—all those that nearest skirt the Deep,
 Launch we into the sacred flood, and moor
 With anchors safely, till o'ershadowing night 90
 (If night itself may save us) shall arrive.

Then may we launch the rest; for I no shame
 Account it, ev'n by 'vantage of the night
 To fly destruction. Wiser him I deem
 Who 'scapes his foe, than whom his foe inthrals.

But him Ulysses, frowning stern, reprov'd:
 What words, Atrides, have escap'd thy lips?
 Cold-hearted chief—far worthier to command
 Unwarlike women, than a race like ours,
 Whom Jove ordains to weave the thread of war 100
 Till battle and old-age consume us all.
 Canst thou resolve thus tamely to renounce
 All hopes of Ilium, and to render vain
 Our num'rous woes? Thy friends have heard, but,
 hush,

Lest others also witness, to thy shame,
 Words too unseemly for the sober speech
 Of sceptred sov'reignty, and that disgrace
 Thee in peculiar, whom the valiant tribes
 Of all Achaia rev'rence and obey.
 I deem thy wisdom madness, which commands 110

The Greeks to launch amid the ceaseless din
And stress of battle; to fulfil the wish
Of Ilium's host, wellnigh victorious now,
And plunge the Greeks at once. For while they draw
Their galleys seaward, thither will they look,
Nor check the foe, nor heed the battle more.
Then shalt thou rue thy counsel, king of men!

To whom th' imperial leader of the Greeks:
Thy sharp reproof, Ulysses, hath my soul
Pierc'd deeply. Yet my counsel to depart 120
Coercion none implies; ye still are free.
Now, therefore, whether ye be green in years
Or grey with age, some other man propose
A wiser course, and he shall please me well.

Then thus the gallant Diomedes replied:
That man shall soon be found. Myself am he.
True, I am young; none here is young as I;
Yet view me not with looks of angry scorn,
For I am offspring of a valiant sire,
And sprung from Tydeus, whose funereal hill 130
At Thebes is seen. Three sons, illustrious all,
Were born to Portheus. They in Pleuro dwelt,
And on the heights of Calydon; the first
Agrius; the second Melas; and the third
Brave Æneus, father of my father, fam'd
For virtuous qualities above the rest.
Æneus still dwelt at home; but wand'ring thence,
My father dwelt in Argos; so the will
Of Jove appointed, and of all the Gods,
There he espous'd a daughter of the king 140
Adrastus, occupied a mansion rich
In all abundance; many a field possess'd
Of wheat, well-planted gardens, num'rous flocks,
And was accounted dext'rous at the spear
Past all the Grecians. Such is my descent,
As ye have doubtless heard, for it is true.
Ye will not, therefore, reprobate, as base
And by a base man spoken, the discreet
And wholesome words of one so nobly born.
We must, though wounded, to the field again. 150
Not there to fight; but distant from the range
Of spear and arrow, lest we suffer worse,

Those to excite, who, sullenly retir'd,
Abstain from battle for Achilles' sake.

So saying, he pleas'd them all, and forth they went,
Imperial Agamemnon at their head.

Nor watch'd the sov'reign of the billowy deep
In vain, but like a man time-worn approach'd,
And, seizing Agamemnon's better hand,
In accents wing'd the monarch thus address'd: 160

Atrides! now exults the vengeful heart
Of fierce Achilles, viewing at his ease
The flight and slaughter of Achaia's host;
For he is mad, and let him perish such,
And may his portion from the Gods be shame!
But as for thee, they still have in reserve
Some clemency for thee; the chiefs of Troy
Shall cover yet with cloudy dust the breadth
Of all the plain, and backward from the camp
To Ilium's gates thyself shalt see them driv'n. 170

He ceas'd, and shouting travers'd swift the field.
Loud as nine thousand or ten thousand shout,
In furious battle mingled, Neptune sent
His voice abroad, force irresistible
Infusing into ev'ry Grecian heart,
And thirst of battle not to be assuag'd.

But Juno of the golden throne stood forth
On the Olympian summit, viewing thence
The field, where clearly noticing the God
Of ocean, her own brother, sole engag'd 180
Amid the glorious battle, glad was she.
Seeing Jove also on the topmost point
Of spring-fed Ida seated, she conceiv'd
Hatred against him, and thenceforth began
Deliberate, how best she might deceive
The Thunderer, and thus at last resolv'd:
Attir'd with skill celestial to descend
On Ida, with the hope to allure him first
Won by her beauty to a fond embrace,
Then closing fast in balmy sleep profound 190
His eyes, to elude his vigilance, secure.
She sought her chamber by her own son built,
The King of Fire. He fram'd the solid doors,
And to the posts fast clos'd them with a key

Mysterious, which, herself except, in Heav'n
 None understood. There ent'ring, she secur'd
 The splendid portal. First she lav'd all o'er
 Her beauteous body with ambrosial lymph,
 Then polish'd it with richest oil divine
 Of boundless fragrance; oil that in the courts 200
 Eternal only shaken, through the skies
 Breath'd odours, and through all the distant earth.
 Her whole fair body with those sweets bedew'd,
 She pass'd the comb through her ambrosial hair,
 And braided her bright locks profusely pour'd
 From her immortal brows; with golden studs
 She made her gorgeous mantle fast before,
 Ethereal texture, labour of the hands
 Of Pallas, beautified with various art,
 And brac'd it with a zone fring'd all around 210
 A hundred fold; her pendants triple-gemm'd,
 Of liquid lustre in her ears she hung,
 And cov'ring all her glories with a veil
 Sun-bright, new-woven, bound to her fair feet
 Her small and shapely sandals. Thus attir'd
 In all her ornaments, she issu'd forth,
 And beck'ning Venus from the other Pow'rs
 Of Heav'n apart, the Goddess thus bespake:

Daughter belov'd! Shall I obtain my suit,
 Or wilt thou thwart me, angry that I aid 220
 The Grecians, while thine aid is giv'n to Troy?

To whom Jove's daughter, Venus, thus replied:
 What would majestic Juno, daughter dread
 Of Saturn, sire of Jove? I feel a mind
 Dispos'd to gratify thee, if thou ask
 Things possible, and possible to me.

Then, veiling thus with wiles her deep design,
 Imperial Juno: Give me those desires,
 That love-enkindling pow'r, by which thou sway'st
 Immortal hearts and mortal, all alike. 230
 For to the green earth's utmost bounds I go,
 To visit there the parent of the Gods,
 Oceanus, and Tethys his espous'd,
 Mother of all. At Rhea's gentle hands
 They erst receiv'd and with parental care
 Sustain'd and cherish'd me, what time from Heav'n

The Thund'rer hurl'd down Saturn, and beneath
The earth fast bound him and the barren deep.
Them go I now to visit, and their feuds
Innumerable to compose; for long 240
They have from conjugal embrace abstain'd
Through mutual wrath, whom by persuasive speech
Might I restore into each others' arms,
They would for ever love me and revere.

Her, then, the smiling daughter of the waves
Thus answer'd: Thy request, who in the arms
Reposest of the mighty Sire of all,
Nor just it were nor seemly to refuse.

So saying, the cincture from her breast she loos'd
Embroider'd, various, her all-charming zone. 250
It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete
With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,
And music of resistless whisper'd sounds,
Which from the wisest steal their best resolves;
She plac'd it in her hands and thus she said:

Take this—this girdle fraught with ev'ry charm.
Hide this within thy bosom, and return,
Whate'er thy purpose, mistress of it all.

She spake; imperial Juno smil'd, and still
Smiling complacent, bosom'd safe the zone. 260
Then Venus to her father's courts return'd,
And Juno, starting from th' Olympian height,
O'erflew Pieria and the lovely plains
Of broad Emathia; soaring thence she swept
The snow-clad summits of the Thracian hills
Sublime, nor printed, as she pass'd, the soil.
From Athos o'er the foaming billows borne
She came to Lemnos, city and abode
Of noble Thoas, and there meeting Sleep,
Brother of Death, she press'd his hand, and said: 270

Sleep, over all, both Gods and men, supreme!
If ever thou hast heard, hear also now
My suit; I will be grateful evermore.
Seal for me fast the radiant eyes of Jove
In th' instant of his gratified desire.
Thy recompense shall be a throne of gold,
Bright, incorruptible; my limping son,
Vulcan, shall fashion it himself with art

Laborious, and, beneath, shall place a stool
For thy fair feet, at the convivial board. 280

Then answer thus the tranquil Sleep return'd :
Great Saturn's daughter, awe-inspiring queen !
There is no Deity but whom with ease
I could make slumber, ev'n the restless streams
Of Ocean source of all ; but Jove himself
I dare not lull, unless himself command,
Or ev'n approach him, taught as I have been
Already in the school of thy commands
That wisdom. I forget not yet the day
When, Troy laid waste, that valiant son of his 290
Sail'd homeward : then my influence I diffus'd
Soft o'er the sov'reign intellect of Jove ;
While thou, against the hero plotting harm,
Didst rouse the billows with tempestuous blasts,
And separating him from all his friends
Brought'st him to populous Cos. Then Jove awoke,
And, hurling in his wrath the Gods about,
Sought chiefly me, whom far below all ken
He had from Heav'n cast down into the Deep,
But Night, resistless vanquisher of all, 300
Both Gods and men, preserv'd me ; for to her
I fled for refuge. So the Thund'rer cool'd,
Though sore displeas'd, and spar'd me through a fear
To violate the peaceful sway of Night.
And thou wouldst now embroil me yet again !

To whom majestic Juno thus replied :
Ah, wherefore, Sleep ! shouldst thou indulge a fear
So groundless ? Chase it from thy mind afar.
Think'st thou the Thund'rer as intent to serve
The Trojans, and as jealous in their cause 310
As erst for his own offspring, Hercules ?
Come then, and I will bless thee with a bride ;
One of the younger Graces shall be thine,
Pasithea, day by day thy soul's desire.

She spake ; Sleep heard delighted, and replied :
By the inviolable Stygian flood
Swear to me ; lay thy right hand on the earth's
All-teeming bosom, while thy left is laid
On the flat sea, that all the Immortal pow'rs
Who compass Saturn in the nether realms 320

May witness, that thou giv'st me for a bride
The younger Grace whom thou hast nam'd, divine
Pasithea, day by day my soul's desire.

He said, nor beauteous Juno not complied,
But sware, by name invoking all the pow'rs
Titanian call'd, who in the lowest gulf
Dwell under Tartarus, omitting none.
Her oath with solemn ceremonial sworn,
Together forth they went, and (Lemnos left
And Thracian Imbrus far) in dusky clouds 330
Involv'd, with gliding ease swam through the air
To Ida's mount with rilling waters vein'd,
Parent of savage beasts; at Lectos first
They quitted Ocean, overpassing high
The dry land, while beneath their feet the woods
Their spiry summits wav'd. There, unperceiv'd
By Jove, Sleep mounted Ida's loftiest pine
Of growth that pierc'd the sky, and hidden sat
Secure by its expanded boughs, the bird
Shrill-voic'd resembling in the mountain seen, 340
Chalcis in Heav'n, on earth cymindis nam'd.

Then swift to Gargarus on Ida's top
The Goddess soar'd, and there Jove saw his spouse.
—Saw her—and felt his heart all wrapp'd around
With love as vehement as had at first
Join'd them, when, by their parents unperceiv'd,
They stole aside, and snatch'd their first embrace.
At once accosting her, he thus inquir'd:

Juno! what region seeking hast thou left
Th' Olympian summit, and hast here arriv'd 350
With neither steed nor chariot in thy train?

To whom majestic Juno thus replied,
Dissembling: To the green earth's end I go,
To visit there the parent of the Gods
Oceanus, and Tethys his espous'd,
Mother of all. At Rhea's gentle hands
They erst receiv'd, and with parental care
Sustain'd and cherish'd me; to them I haste,
Their feuds innumerable to compose,
Who, disunited by intestine strife 360
Long time, from conjugal embrace abstain.
My steeds, that lightly over dank and dry

Shall bear me, at the rooted base I left
 Of Ida river-vein'd. But for thy sake
 From the Olympian summit I arrive,
 Lest journeying remote to the abode
 Of Ocean, and with no consent of thine
 Entreated first, I should, perchance, offend.

To whom the Sov'reign of the boundless air:
 Juno, thy journey thither may be made 370
 Hereafter. Let us turn to dalliance now.
 For never Goddess pour'd, nor woman yet,
 So full a tide of love into my breast;
 I never lov'd Ixion's consort thus,
 Who bore Pirithous, wise as we in Heav'n;
 Nor sweet Acrisian Danaë, from whom
 Sprang Perseus, noblest of the race of man;
 Nor Phoenix' daughter fair, of whom were born
 Minos unmatch'd but by the pow'rs above,
 And Rhadamanthus; nor yet Semele, 380
 Nor yet Alcmena, who in Thebes produc'd
 The valiant Hercules; and though my son
 By Semele were Bacchus, joy of man;
 Nor Ceres, nor Latona, nor—thyself,
 As now I love thee, and my soul perceive
 O'erwhelm'd with sweetness of intense desire.

Then thus majestic Juno her reply
 Fram'd artful: O unreasonable haste!
 What speaks the Thund'rer? If on Ida's heights,
 Where all is open and to view expos'd, 390
 Thou wilt that we embrace, what next ensues,
 Should any of the everlasting Gods
 Observe us, and declare it to the rest?
 Never could I, arising, seek again
 Thy mansion, so unseemly were the deed.
 But if thy inclinations that way tend,
 Thou hast a chamber; it is Vulcan's work
 Our son's; he fram'd and fitted to its posts
 The solid portal; thither let us hie,
 And there repose, since such thy pleasure seems. 400

To whom the King of Ether, Jove Supreme:
 Juno, dismiss all fear lest either Man
 Or God discern us; for at my command
 A golden cloud shall fold us so around,

That not the sun himself shall through that veil
Discover aught, though keenest-ey'd of all.

So spake the son of Saturn, and his spouse
Fast lock'd within his arms. Beneath them earth
With sudden herbage teem'd; at once upsprang
The crocus soft, the lotus bathed in dew, 410
And the crisp hyacinth with clust'ring bells;
Thick was their growth, and high above the ground
Upbore them. On that flow'ry couch they lay,
Invested with a golden cloud that shed
Bright dew-drops all around. His heart at ease,
There lay the Sire of all by sleep and love
Vanquish'd on lofty Gargarus, his spouse
Constraining still with amorous embrace.
Then, gentle Sleep to the Achaian camp
Sped swift away, with tidings for the ear 420
Of Neptune, and, approaching to his side,
In accents wing'd the Sov'reign thus addressed:

Now, Neptune, yield the Greeks effectual aid,
And, while the moment lasts of Jove's repose,
Make vict'ry theirs; for him in slumbers soft
I have involv'd, while Juno by deceit
Prevailing, lur'd him with the bait of love.

So saying, he departed to his task
Among the nations; but his tidings urg'd
Neptune with still more ardour to assist 430
The Danaï; he leap'd into the van
Afar; and thus exhorted them aloud:

O Argives! yield we yet again the day
To Priameian Hector? Shall he seize
Our ships, and make the glory all his own?
Such is his expectation, so he vaunts,
For that Achilles leaves not yet his camp,
Resentful; but of him small need, I judge,
Should here be felt, could once the rest be rous'd
To mutual aid. Act, then, as I advise. 440
The best and broadest bucklers of the host,
And brightest helmets, put we on, and, arm'd
With longest spears, advance; come—follow me,
And trust me, furious as he is, the son
Of Priam flies. Ye then, who feel your hearts
Undaunted, but are arm'd with smaller shields,

Them give to those who fear, and in exchange,
Their stronger shields and broader take yourselves.

So he, whom, unreluctant, all obey'd.
Then, wounded as they were, themselves the king
Tydides, Agamemnon, and Ulysses 451
Marshall'd the warriors, and from rank to rank
Making exchange of arms, transferr'd the best
To the best warriors, to the worse, the worst.
And now in brazen armour all array'd
Refulgent, on they mov'd, by Neptune led
With firm hand grasping his long-bladed sword
Keen as Jove's bolt; with Him may none contend
In dreadful fight, but fear chains ev'ry arm.

Opposite, Priameian Hector rang'd 460
His Trojans; then was stretch'd the bloody cord
Of conflict, both by Neptune azure-hair'd
And Hector, pride of Ilium; one, the Greeks
Encouraging, and one, the pow'rs of Troy;
A sea-flood dash'd the galleys, and the hosts
Join'd clamorous. Not so the billows roar
The shores among, when Boreas' roughest blast
Sweeps landward from the main the swelling surge;
Not so, devouring fire among the trees
That clothe the mountain, when the sheeted flames
Ascending wrap the forest in a blaze; 471
Nor howl the winds through leafy boughs of oaks
Uprgrown aloft (though loudest there they rave)
With sounds so awful as were heard of Greeks
And Trojans shouting when the clash began.

At Ajax first (for Ajax with his face
Turn'd right toward him stood) brave Hector threw,
But smote him where the belts that bore his shield
And falchion cross'd each other on his breast.
The double guard preserv'd him unannoy'd. 480
Indignant that his spear had bootless flown,
Yet fearing death at hand, the Trojan chief
Toward the phalanx of his friends retir'd.
But, as he went, huge Ajax with a stone
Of those which propp'd the ships (for num'rous such
Lay rolling at the feet of those who fought)
Assail'd him. Twirling like a top it pass'd
The shield of Hector, near the neck his breast

Struck full, then plough'd circuitous the dust.
As when Jove's arm omnipotent an oak 490
Prostrates uprooted on the plain, a fume
Rises sulphureous from the riven trunk,
And if, perchance, some trav'ler nigh at hand
See it, he trembles at the bolt of Jove,
So fell the might of Hector, to the earth
Smitten at once. Down dropp'd his idle spear,
And with his helmet and his shield himself
Also; loud thunder'd all his gorgeous arms.
Swift flew the Grecians, shouting to the skies
And show'ring darts, to drag his body thence; 500
But neither spear of theirs nor shaft could harm
The fallen leader, with such instant aid
His princely friends encircled him around,
Sarpedon, valiant Glaucus, Lycian Chiefs,
Polydamas, Æneas, and renown'd
Agenor; nor were others more remiss,
But with round shields all shelter'd Hector fall'n.
Him soon uplifted from the plain his friends
From battle bore, till, where his charioteer
Behind the tumult of the fight detain'd 510
His splendid chariot and swift steeds, he came,
Which drew him groaning back toward the town.
Arriving at the fords of Xanthus' stream
Vortiginous, from mighty Jove deriv'd,
They stretch'd him on the bank, and on his face
Pour'd water: he, reviving, upward gaz'd,
And seated on his hams black blood disgorg'd
Coagulate, but soon relapsing fell
Supine, his eyes with pitchy darkness veil'd,
And all his pow'rs still torpid by the blow. 520

Then, seeing Hector borne away, the Greeks
Rush'd fiercer on, all mindful of the fight,
And Oïlean Ajax, foremost far,
Assailing Satnius, pierc'd him. Him a nymph,
A Naiad, bore to Enops, while his herd
Feeding, on Satnio's grassy verge he stray'd.
But Oïliades his shorten'd spear
Thrust deep into his flank; supine he fell,
And fiery contest for the dead arose.
First came Polydamas, the mighty son 330

Of Panthoüs, and with a vengeful spear
Through his right shoulder Prothoënor pierc'd,
Offspring of Areñlochus. He fell;
Expiring clinch'd the dust; and, as he died,
The conqu'ror with a boundless joy exclaim'd:

Yon spear, methinks, by Panthus' noble son
Dismiss'd so forcibly, flew not in vain,
But some Greek hath it, purposing, I judge,
To lean on it in his decent to Hell.

So vaunted he. The Greeks indignant heard, 540
But Telamonian Ajax most; for he,
As it befel, stood nearest to the slain.
Swift flew his spear to reach, as he retir'd
Polydamas; but with a sideward leap
He shunn'd the deadly stroke, which in his stead
Archilocus, Antenor's son, receiv'd;
Such was the will of Heav'n. Just where the neck
And spine unite, both ligaments he cut,
And in the dust his nostrils and his mouth
Lay buried, long or e'er his body fell. 550

Then Ajax vaunted in his turn aloud:
Think now, Polydamas, and answer true;
Makes not the Trojan's life, whom I have slain,
Just recompense for Prothoënor's life?
To me, nor base, nor basely born he seems,
But brother of Antenor, or his son
Perchance, for he resembles none so much.

So he, well knowing him, and sorrow seiz'd
Each Trojan heart. Then Acamas, around
His brother stalking, wounded with his spear 560
Bœotian Promachus, who by the feet
Dragg'd off the slain, and, at his fall, aloud
The conqu'ror vaunted with a boundless joy:

Vain-glorious Argives, dastards arrow-doom'd!
War's toil and trouble are not ours alone,
But ye shall perish also; mark the man—
How deeply slumbers, vanquish'd by this arm,
Your hero Promachus! My brother's death
Demanded swift amends. Who would not wish
A brother left t'avenge his death so well? 570

He ended, when the Greeks indignant heard,
But chiefly brave Peneleus; swift he rush'd

On Acamas; but from before the force
 Of king Peneleus Acamas retir'd.
 And, in his stead, Ilioneus he pierc'd,
 Offspring of Phorbas rich in flocks, and blest
 By Mercury with such abundant wealth
 As other Trojan none; for other child
 To Phorbas had his consort never borne.
 Him deep into the socket of his eye 580
 Peneleus piercing, push'd the pupil forth,
 And through his poll enforc'd the deadly steel.
 He sank, and sat, and spread his hands abroad;
 When, drawing his keen sword, Peneleus lopp'd,
 At once, his helmetted and crested head,
 Which, like a poppy, on his lance's point
 Inherent still, to Ilium's host he show'd,
 And in triumphant accents thus exclaim'd:

Go, Trojans! be my messengers! Inform
 The parents of Ilioneus the brave, 590
 That they may mourn their son through all their house,
 For so the wife of Alegenor's son
 Bœotian Promachus must him bewail,
 Nor shall she welcome his return with smiles
 Of gratulation, when, the shores of Troy
 Abandon'd, we of Greece shall reach our own.

He said; fear whiten'd ev'ry Trojan cheek,
 And ev'ry Trojan eye with earnest look
 Explor'd a refuge from impending fate.

Say now, celestial choir! What Grecian first 600
 Fill'd his victorious hand with gory spoils
 From Trojans torn, when once (the battle's course
 By Neptune chang'd) the Greeks prevail'd again?

First, Telamonian Ajax Hyrtius slew,
 Undaunted leader of the Mysian band.
 Phalces and Mermerus their arms resign'd
 To young Antilochus; Hyppotion fell
 And Morys by Meriones; with shafts
 Unerring Teucer to the shades dismiss'd
 Prothoüs and Periphetes; and the prince 610
 Of Sparta, Menelaus, in his flank
 Pierc'd Hyperenor; on his entrails prey'd
 The hungry steel, and, through the gaping wound

Expell'd, his spirit flew; night veil'd his eyes.
But Ajax Oiliades the swift
Slew most; for him none equall'd in pursuit
Of tremblers scatter'd by the frown of Jove.

BOOK XV.

Argument.

Jove, awaking and seeing the Trojans routed, threatens Juno. He sends Iris to admonish Neptune to relinquish the battle, and Apollo to restore health to Hector. Apollo, armed with the Ægis, puts to flight the Grecians; they are pursued home to their fleet, and Telamonian Ajax slays twelve Trojans bringing fire to burn it.

BUT when the flying Trojans had repass'd
The rugged gulf, with loss of many slain
In furious battle, pale with panic fear
Beside their chariots halting, there they stood.
Just then, on Ida's top, from Juno's side
Upstart'd Jove. The Trojans he beheld
All fugitive, the Grecians in pursuit,
And Neptune at their head. Elsewhere he saw
Stretch'd on the plain amidst his seated friends
The vanquish'd Hector. Panting forth with pain 10
A crimson stream he lay, nor conscious where,
For not the feeblest Grecian gave the blow.
Touch'd with compassion at that sight, the Sire
Of Gods and men with frowns terrific fix'd
His eyes on Juno, and her thus bespake:

No place for doubt remains. O vers'd in wiles,
Juno! thy mischief-teeming mind perverse
Hath plotted this; thou hath contriv'd the hurt
Of Hector, and hast driv'n his host to flight.
I know not but thyself mayst chance to reap 20
The first-fruits of thy cunning, scourg'd by me.
Hast thou forgotten how I hung thee once
On high, with two huge anvils at thy feet,
And bound with force-defying cord of gold
Thy wrists together? In the heights of Heav'n
Did I suspend thee. With compassion mov'd

Th' assembled Gods thy painful suff'rings saw,
 But help could yield thee none; for whom I seiz'd
 Hurl'd through the portal of the skies he reach'd
 The distant Earth, and scarce surviv'd the fall. 30
 Nor this suffic'd, but I resented still
 The woes of Hercules, whom thou by storms,
 Call'd with malicious purpose from the North,
 Hadst driven devious o'er the barren Deep
 To wealthy Cos; for I releas'd him thence,
 And, after num'rous toils, at last he reach'd
 The shores of fruitful Argos, sav'd by me.
 I thus remind thee now, that thou mayst cease
 Henceforth from artifice, and mayst be taught
 How little all the dalliance and the love, 40
 Which, stealing down from Heav'n, thou hast by fraud
 Obtain'd from me, shall favour thy designs.

He ended, whom Imperial Juno heard
 Shudd'ring, and in wing'd accents thus replied:

Be witness Earth, the boundless Heav'n above,
 And Styx beneath, whose stream the blessed Gods
 Ev'n tremble to abjure; be witness too
 Thy sacred life, and our connubial bed,
 Which by a false oath I will never wrong,
 That Neptune, under influence none of mine, 50
 These harms inflicts on Hector and his host,
 But self-impell'd, and for compassion-sake
 Of the Achaians, all whose efforts vain
 To save their fleet from Trojan force he saw.
 But even Him, dread Ruler of the skies!
 I am prepar'd to admonish, that he quit
 The battle, and retire where thou command'st.

So she; then smil'd the Sire of Gods and men,
 And in wing'd accents answer thus return'd:

Juno! wouldst thou on thy celestial throne 60
 Assist my counsels, howsoe'er in heart
 He differ now, the Ruler of the Deep
 Should soon conform to thy desires and mine.
 But if sincerity be in thy words
 And truth, repairing to the blest abodes,
 Send Iris hither, with the shaft-arm'd God,
 Apollo; that she, visiting the host
 Of Greece, may bid the sov'reign of the waves

Renounce the fight, and seek his proper home.
 Apollo's part shall be to rouse again 70
 Hector to battle, to inspire his soul
 Afresh with courage, and to banish thence
 All mem'ry of the pangs he now sustains.
 Apollo also shall again repulse
 Achaia's host, which, with base panic fill'd,
 Shall even to Achilles' ships be driv'n.
 Achilles shall exhort his valiant friend
 Patroclus forth; him under Ilium's walls
 Shall glorious Hector slay; but many a youth
 Shall perish by Patroclus first, with whom, 80
 My noble son Sarpedon. Peleus' son,
 Resentful of Patroclus' death, shall slay
 Hector, and I will, unrelenting, drive
 Thenceforth Troy's routed legions from the fleet,
 Till by Minerva's aid the Greeks shall take
 Ilium's proud city; till that day arrive
 My wrath shall burn, nor shall one Pow'r Divine
 From me have licence to assist the Greeks,
 For I will grant Achilles' whole desire.
 Such was my promise to him at the first, 90
 And by a nod confirm'd that self-same day,
 When Thetis, suppliant at my knees, implor'd
 Vindictive honours for her glorious son.

He ended; nor his lovely spouse refus'd
 Obedience, but from the Idæan heights
 Departing, to the Olympian summit soar'd.
 Swift as the trav'ler's thought, who, far from home,
 Delib'rates wisely, shall I thither, next,
 Or thither? and forecasts his whole return,
 So swift upstart Juno to the skies. 100
 Arriv'd on the Olympian heights, she found
 The Gods assembled; they, at once, their seats
 At her approach forsaking, with full cups
 Her coming hail'd; heedless of all beside,
 She took the cup from blooming Themis' hand,
 For she first flew to welcome her, and thus
 In accents wing'd of her return inquir'd:

Say, Juno, why this sudden reascent?
 Thou seem'st dismay'd: return'st thou by command
 Of Jove, thy terrible though wedded Lord? 110

To whom the beauteous Goddess thus replied:
 'Themis divine inquire not. Him thou know'st
 Proud and severe. But, as thy function bids,
 Go. Govern Thou the banquet. Thou shalt hear,
 Nor thou alone, but all, what dreadful ills
 He threatens; such as neither all on Earth,
 Nor yet in Heav'n, shall unrepining learn,
 However tranquil some and joyous now.

So Juno spake and sat. The Pow'rs of Heav'n
 Offended heard; and she with brows that spoke 120
 Sincere disgust, and lips that feign'd a smile,
 Her speech to all, indignant, thus began:

What senseless frenzy prompts us when, incens'd
 Against him, we essay by word or deed
 To thwart Jove's purposes! He, enthron'd apart,
 Nor fears nor heeds us, for himself he deems,
 Past all compare, superior to us all.
 Endure ye, therefore, meekly at his hands
 What ills soever. Mars, or I mistake,
 Already suffers; for the noble youth 130
 Whom he acknowledges his son, and loves
 Of all men most, Ascalaphus, is slain.

She spake, and with expanded palms his thighs
 Smiting, thus, sorrowful, the God exclaim'd:
 Inhabitants of the Olympian heights!
 Oh bear with me, if, to avenge my son
 I seek Achaia's fleet, although my doom
 Be thunder-bolts from Jove, and with the dead
 Outstretch'd to lie in carnage and in dust.

He spake, and bidding Horror and Dismay 140
 Lead to the yoke his rapid steeds, put on
 His all-refulgent armour. Then had wrath
 More dreadful, some strange punishment, befall'n
 The Gods from Jove, had not Minerva, touch'd
 With timely fears for all, upstarting sprung
 From where she sat, right through the vestibule.
 She snatch'd the helmet from his brows, the shield
 From his broad shoulder, and the brazen spear,
 Forc'd from his grasp, into its place restor'd.
 Then reprimanding Mars, she thus began: 150

Frantic, delirious! thou art lost for ever!
 Is it in vain that thou hast ears to hear,

And hast thou neither shame nor reason left?
 Have Juno's words, who from Olympian Jove
 This moment hath arriv'd, no sound for thee?
 Or wouldst thou, countless evils first endur'd,
 Regain Olympus shamefully constrain'd,
 And here beget like evils to us all?
 For, Greeks and Trojans left, he will return
 To raise a storm in Heav'n, and neither guilt 160
 Shall 'scape his rage, nor innocence appease.
 Indulge not, therefore, this intemp'rate wrath
 For such a cause; thy son was brave indeed,
 But braver still than he now press the plain,
 Or quickly shall; for Gods themselves must yield
 Their human offspring to the stroke of Fate.

She said; and on his throne by force replac'd
 The stormy Mars. Then, summoning abroad
 Apollo from within the hall of Jove,
 With Iris, swift ambadress of Heav'n, 170
 Imperial Juno gave them thus in charge:

Jove bids you seek him with your utmost speed
 On Ida's top. Go, therefore, and, arriv'd,
 Swerve not in aught from all that he commands.

She spake, and, to her throne returning, sat.
 They soon with sudden flight descending reach'd
 The mountain moist with river-feeding rills,
 Parent of savage kinds. High on the point
 Of Gargarus repos'd, and wrapp'd around
 With fragrant clouds, they found Saturnian Jove 180
 The Thunderer, and in his presence stood.
 He, nought displeas'd that they his high command
 Had with such readiness obey'd, his speech
 To Iris, first, in accents wing'd address'd:

Haste, Iris! hence, and, faithful to thy charge,
 Thus greet for me the Sov'reign of the waves.
 All interference in the fight renounc'd,
 Command him either to the realms above,
 Or to his own, the Deep. If he refuse,
 And scorn my mandate, tell him he hath need 190
 Consider well, with what sufficient pow'r
 He will resist my fury once provok'd.
 For I am elder born, and boast an arm,

Which, little as he fears it, strikes with awe
And with astonishment all hearts beside.

He spake, nor storm-wing'd Iris disobey'd,
But down from the Idæan summit stoop'd
To sacred Ilium. As when snow or hail
Flies drifted by the cloud-dispelling North,
So swiftly, wing'd with readiness of will, 200
She shot the gulf between, and standing soon
At glorious Neptune's side, him thus address'd:

Earth-circling Neptune! I report the words
Of dread Olympian Jove, and thus he speaks:
All interference in the fight renounc'd,
He bids thee either to the realms above,
Or to thy own, the Deep. If thou refuse,
And scorn his mandate, thou hast need, he says,
Consider well, with what sufficient pow'r
Thou wilt resist his fury once provok'd. 210
For he is elder-born, and boasts an arm
Which, little as thou fear'st it, strikes with awe
And with astonishment all hearts beside.

Her then the mighty shaker of the shores
Answer'd indignant: Great as is his pow'r,
Yet hath he spoken proudly, threat'ning me
With force, high-born and glorious as himself.
We are three brothers; Saturn is our sire.
And Rhea brought us forth; first, Jove she bore;
Me next; then Pluto, sov'reign of the shades. 220
By distribution tripart we receiv'd
Each his peculiar honours; me the lots
Made Ruler of the hoary floods, and there
I dwell for ever. Pluto, for his part,
Receiv'd the realms of darkness; and the Heav'ns,
The clouds, and boundless ether, fell to Jove.
The Earth and the Olympian heights alike
Are common to the three. My life and being
I hold not, therefore, at his will, whose best
And safest course, with all his boasted pow'r, 230
Were to possess in peace his proper Third.
Let him not seek to terrify with force
Me like a dastard! let him rather chide
His own-begotten; with big-sounding words

His sons and daughters govern, who perforce
Obey his voice, and shrink at his commands.

To whom thus Iris tempest-wing'd replied:
Harsh is thine answer, Sov'reign of the Deep!
Shall I rehearse it in the ear of Jove,
Or wilt thou soften it? The just and wise 240
Are flexible, and on the elder-born
Erynnis, with her vengeful sisters, waits.

To whom the monarch of the sounding shores:
Celestial Iris! messengers, who give
Good counsel, well deserve especial praise,
And such is thine. But thus my bosom swells
With anguish ever, when I see him bent,
To vex and irritate with bitt'rest taunts
Me his compeer, and by decree of Fate
Illustrious as himself; yet, though inflam'd 250
With just resentment, I will now retire.
But hear—for it is treasur'd in my heart
The threat that my lips utter. If he still
Resolve to spare proud Ilium in despite
Of me, of Pallas, Goddess of the spoils,
Of Juno, Mercury, and the King of fire,
And will not overturn her lofty tow'rs,
Nor grant immortal glory to the Greeks,
Then tell him thus—Hostility shall burn
And wrath between us never to be quench'd. 260

He ceas'd, and, turning, plung'd into the Deep,
Miss'd by the chiefs of all Achaia's host.
Then thus to Phœbus spake the Sire of all:

Now seek the valiant Hector, since, through fear
Of my impending vengeance, Neptune quits
The warring hosts, and to his deeps retires.
Else, all the pow'rs beneath, where Saturn dwells,
Had heard us loudly. But that he repents,
Though furious at the first, and disappears,
Is happiest for us both; since grief to me 270
And mis'ry to himself had else ensu'd.
But, shaking thou my tassell'd Ægis, strike
With terrour, first, the heroes of the Greeks;
Then, making Hector thy peculiar care,
Him clothe with pow'r to chase them to the ships
And to the shores of Hellespont. Thenceforth,

To yield them worn with battle some relief
And needful leisure, shall be my concern.

He ended, nor Apollo disobey'd
His father's voice; from the Idaean heights, 280
Swift as the swiftest of the fowls of air,
The dove-destroyer falcon, down he flew.
No longer stretch'd, but seated on the plain
He found the noble Hector newly ris'n,
Self-recollected, conscious of his friends,
Nor panting, nor in sickly sweats dissolv'd,
But freshen'd into life, the gift of Jove.
Apollo reach'd him, stood, and thus inquir'd:
What troubles Hector, that he leaves his host,
Seems scarce to live, and sits sequester'd here? 290

To whom with difficulty thus replied
The warlike chief: But tell me, who art Thou,
Divine inquirer! best of pow'rs above!
Hast thou not learn'd, that Ajax, while I thinn'd
The Grecian ranks, assail'd me with a stone,
That smote my breast, and quell'd my pow'r in arms?
Nought less I fear'd than this day to have join'd
The ghosts beneath, so fast my spirit ebb'd.

But thus the Archer of the skies replied:
Arise, take courage; for from Ida's height 300
Jove sends thee Phœbus of the golden sword
To combat at thy side, whose constant care
Hath ever watch'd for Ilium's good and thine;
Lead, therefore, forth, this moment to the ships
Troy's num'rous charioteers; for they shall pass
The trench with ease made level first by me,
Nor shall one Grecian hero dare the fight.

He said, and with new strength the chief inspir'd.
As some stall'd horse high-pamper'd, snapping short
His cord, beats under-foot the sounding soil, 310
Accustom'd in smooth-sliding streams to lave
Exulting; high he bears his head, his mane
Wantons around his shoulders; pleas'd, he eyes
His glossy sides, and borne on pliant knees
Soon finds the haunts where all his fellows graze,
So swift, once quicken'd by that voice divine,
From side to side encouraging aloud
His charioteers, the nimble Hector flew.

But as when hounds and hunters through the woods
Rush in pursuit of antler'd stag or goat, 320
He, in some cave with tangled boughs o'erhung,
Lies safe conceal'd, no destin'd prey of theirs,
Till, by their clamours rous'd, a lion grim
Starts forth to meet them; then the boldest fly;
Such hot pursuit the Danaï, with swords
And spears of double edge long time maintain'd,
But seeing Hector through his ranks again
Proceeding, felt at once their courage fall'n.

Then, Thoas them, Andræmon's son, address'd,
Ætolia's pride; well-taught to wield the spear, 330
In stationary combat firm and bold,
And when the sons of Greece contending sought
The prize of eloquence, surpass'd by few.
Prudent advising them, he thus began:

Gods! I behold a prodigy; the slain
From death deliver'd; for that Hector died,
Vanquish'd by Telamon's unconquer'd son,
Seem'd manifest to all. But he revives
By some assistant Deity restor'd,
That still more num'rous victims of his force 340
May this day perish: such too plain appears
The Thund'rer's pleasure, or he ne'er had stood
Thus fiercely forth, and flam'd in front again.
But let my voice prevail. Command ye back
The useless multitude into the fleet,
That we alone, of courage well-approv'd,
Stand ready to receive his first assault
With lifted spears. To penetrate a host
Of Greeks, all heroes, were a deed, I judge,
Too rash for even Hector's self to dare. 350

He ceas'd, with whose advice all, glad, complied.
Then Ajax with Idomeneus of Crete,
Teucer, Meriones, and Meges fierce
As Mars in battle, summoning aloud
The noblest Greeks, in opposition firm
To Hector and his host their bands prepar'd,
While others all into the fleet retir'd.
Troy's crowded host struck first. With awful strides
Came Hector foremost; him Apollo led,
His shoulders wrapp'd in clouds, and on his arm 360

Bearing the tassell'd Ægis of his Sire,
 Tempestuous, dazzling-bright; it was a gift
 To Jove from Vulcan, and design'd t' appall
 And drive to flight the armies of the Earth.
 Bearing that shield Apollo led them on.
 Firm stood th' embodied Greeks; from either host
 Shrill cries arose; the arrows from the nerve
 Leap'd, and, by vig'rous arms dismiss'd, the spears
 Flew frequent, in the flesh some stood infix'd
 Of warlike youths; but many, ere they reach'd 370
 The mark they coveted, unsated fell
 Between the hosts, and rested in the soil.
 While Phœbus held the Ægis unemploy'd,
 Thick flew the darts and mutual deaths they dealt;
 But when he look'd the Grecian charioteers
 Full in the face and shook it, raising high
 Himself the shout of battle, then he quell'd
 Their spirits, then he struck from ev'ry mind
 At once all mem'ry of their might in arms.
 As when two lions in the still dark night 380
 A herd of beeves disperse, or num'rous flock,
 Suddenly, in the absence of their guard,
 So fled the heartless Greeks, for Phœbus sent
 Terrours among them, but renown conferr'd
 And triumph proud on Hector and his host.
 Then, in the foul disorder of the field,
 Man singl'd man. Arcesilaüs died
 By Hector's arm, and Stichius; one, a chief
 Of the Bœotians brazen-mail'd, and one,
 Menestheus' faithful foll'wer to the fight. 390
 Æneas Medon and Iäsus slew.
 Medon was spurious offspring of divine
 Oïleus, Ajax' father, and abode
 In Phylace; for he had slain a chief,
 Brother of Eriopis the espous'd
 Of brave Oïleus; but Iäsus led
 A phalanx of Athenians, and the son
 Of Sphelus son of Bucolus was deem'd.
 Pierc'd by Polydamas Mecisteus fell.
 Polites, in the van of battle, slew 400
 Echion, and Agenor Clonius;
 But Paris, while Deïochus to flight

Turn'd with the routed rear, him pierc'd beneath
His shoulder-blade, and urg'd the weapon through.

While them the Trojans spoil'd, mean-time the
Greeks,

Entangled in the foss, among the piles,
Fled ev'ry way, and through necessity
Repass'd the wall. Then Hector with a voice
Of loud command bade ev'ry Trojan cease
From spoil, and rush impetuous on the fleet. 410
And whom I find far ling'ring from the ships,
Wherever, there he dies; no fun'ral fires
Brother on him, or sister, shall bestow,
But dogs shall rend him in the sight of Troy.

So saying, he lash'd the shoulders of his steeds,
And, through the ranks vociferating, call'd
His Trojans on; they, clamorous as he,
All lash'd their steeds, and, menacing, advanc'd.
Before them with his feet Apollo push'd
The banks into the foss, bridging the gulf 420
With pass commodious, both in length and breadth
A lance's flight, for proof of vigour hurl'd.
There, phalanx after phalanx, they their host
Pour'd dense along, while Phœbus in the van
Display'd the awful Ægis, and the wall
Levell'd with ease divine. As, on the shore,
Some idle boy with sand builds plaything walls,
Then, sportive, spreads them with his feet abroad,
So thou, shaft-arm'd Apollo! that huge work
Laborious of the Greeks didst turn with ease 430
To ruin, and constrain their host to fly.
They, thus enforc'd into the fleet, again
Stood fast, with mutual exhortation each
His friend encouraging, and all the Gods
With lifted hands soliciting aloud.
But, more than all, Achaia's ancient guard,
Nestor, devoutly pray'd, and with his arms
Outstretch'd toward the starry skies, exclaim'd:

Jove, Sire of all! if ever Grecian yet
In corn-clad Argos, burning at thy shrine 440
Fat thighs of sheep or oxen, ask'd from thee
A safe return, whom thou hast gracious heard,
Olympian King! and promis'd what he sought,

Now, in remembrance of it, give us help
In this disastrous day, nor thus permit
Their Trojan foes to tread the Grecians down!

So Nestor pray'd, and Jove's loud thunders roll'd
Responsive to the old Neleian's pray'r.
But when that voice of Ægis-bearing Jove
The Trojans heard, more furious on the Greeks 450
They sprang, all mindful of the fight. As when
A turgid billow of some spacious sea,
While the wind blows that heaves it highest, borne
Sheer o'er the vessel's side, rolls into her,
With such loud roar the Trojans pass'd the wall.
In rush'd the steeds, and at the galley-sterns
They wag'd close battle; from their chariots these
With spears, and from the decks of many a bark
With naval poles of length enormous, those,
Vast weapons shod with steel; for ev'ry ship 460
Had such, for conflict maritime prepar'd.

Long as the battle only rag'd without
The wall, and from the ships apart, so long
Patroclus sat contentedly beside
Eurypylus, with many a pleasant theme
Soothing the gen'rous warrior, and his wound
Sprinkling with drugs assuasive of his pains.
But when he saw the Trojans rushing through
The broken rampart, and the clamour heard
And tumult of the flying Greeks, a voice 470
Of loud lament he utter'd, with both palms
Smote on his thighs, and, sorrowful, exclaim'd:

Eurypylus! although thy need be great,
No longer may I now beside thee sit,
Such contest hath aris'n; thy servant's voice
Must sooth thee now, for I will hence in haste,
To seek Achilles, and exhort him forth;
Who knows? if such the pleasure of the Gods,
may prevail; friends rarely plead in vain. 479

So saying, he went. Meantime the Greeks endur'd
The Trojan onset, firm, yet from the ships
Repuls'd them not, though fewer than themselves;
Nor could the Trojans through their dense array
Once force a passage to the camp or fleet.
But as the line divides the plank aright,

Stretch'd by some naval architect, whose hand
 Minerva hath accomplish'd in his art,
 So stretch'd on them the cord of battle lay.
 Others at other ships the conflict wag'd,
 But Hector flew right on toward the ship 490
 Of glorious Ajax ! for one ship they strove;
 Nor Hector, him dislodging thence, could fire
 The fleet, nor Ajax from the fleet repulse
 Hector, conducted thither by the Gods.
 Then, noble Ajax wounded in the breast
 Caletor, son of Clytius, bringing fire
 With which to burn his bark ; he sounding fell,
 And from his loosen'd grasp down dropp'd the brand.
 But Hector, seeing his own kinsman fall'n
 Beneath the galley's side, with mighty voice 500
 Call'd on the hosts of Lycia and of Troy :

Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
 Of Dardanus, within this narrow pass
 Stand firm, retreat not, but redeem the son
 Of Clytius, lest the Grecians of his arms
 Despoil him slain in battle at the ships.

So saying, at Ajax his bright spear he cast,
 Him pierc'd he not, but Lycophron the son
 Of Mastor, a Cytherian, who had left
 Cytheræ, fugitive for blood, and dwelt 510
 With Ajax. Him at Ajax' side he pierc'd
 Above his ear ; so wounded, from the stern
 Supine he fell, and in the dust expir'd.

Then, shudd'ring, Ajax to his brother spake :

Alas, my Teucer ! we have lost our friend ;
 Mastorides is slain, whom we receiv'd
 An inmate from Cytheræ, and with love
 And rev'rence even filial, entertain'd ;
 By Hector pierc'd, he dies. Where slumber now
 Thy bow and deadly shafts, Apollo's gift ? 520

He said, whom Teucer hearing, instant ran
 With bow and well-stor'd quiver to his side,
 Whence soon his arrows sought the Trojan host.
 Clytus, Pisenor's son, he struck, the friend
 And charioteer of Panthus' noble son,
 Polydamas, essaying with both hands

To rule his fiery steeds ; for more to please
The Trojans and their chief, where stormy most
He saw the battle, thither he had driv'n.

But sudden mischief, valiant as he was, 530

Found him, and such as none could waft aside ;

For in his neck behind the arrow plung'd,

And down he fell : his startled coursers shook

Their trapping, and the empty chariot rang.

That sound alarm'd Polydamas ; he turn'd,

And, flying to their heads, consign'd them o'er

To Protiaön's son, Astynoüs,

Whom he enjoin'd to keep them in his view,

Then, turning, mingled with the van again.

But Teucer still another shaft produc'd 540

Design'd for valiant Hector, whose exploits

(Had that shaft reach'd him) at the ships of Greece

Had ceas'd for ever. But the eye of Jove,

Who guarded Hector's life, slept not ; he took

From Telamonian Teucer that renown,

And while he stood straining the twisted nerve

Against the Trojan, snapp'd it. Devious flew

The steel-charg'd arrow, and he dropp'd his bow.

Then, shudd'ring, to his brother thus he spake :

Ah ! it is evident. Some Pow'r divine 550

Makes fruitless all our efforts, who hath struck

My bow out of my grasp, and snapp'd the cord,

With which I strung it new at dawn of day,

That it might bear the bound of many a shaft.

To whom the tow'ring son of Telamon :

Leave then thy bow, and let thine arrows rest,

Which, envious of the Greeks, some God confounds,

That thou mayst fight with spear and buckler arm'd,

And animate the rest. Be such our deeds,

That, should they conquer us, our foes may find 560

Our ships at least a prize not lightly won.

So Ajax spake ; then Teucer, in his tent

The bow replacing, slung his fourfold shield,

Adjusted to his gallant brows his casque

With hair high crested, waving, as he mov'd,

Tremendous from above, took forth a spear

Tough-grain'd, acuminated sharp with brass,

And stood, incontinent, at Ajax' side.
 Hector perceiv'd the change, and of the cause
 Conscious, with echoing voice hail'd all his host: 570

Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
 Of Dardanus, O now, my friends, be men,
 Now, wheresoever through the fleet dispers'd,
 Call into mind the fury of your might!
 For I have seen, myself, Jove rend'ring vain
 The arrows of their mightiest. Man may know
 With ease the hand of interposing Jove,
 And with what purpose; whether to exalt
 Or to depress, give strength or take away—
 So, all his aid is, now, not theirs but ours. 580

Therefore stand fast, and whosoever, gall'd
 By arrow or by spear, dies—Let him die;
 Death for his country shall not slur his fame,
 But his dear wife, his children after him,
 His house and heritage shall be secure,
 Drive but the Grecians from the shores of Troy.

So saying, he animated each. Mean-time,
 Ajax his fellow-warriors thus address'd:

Shame on you all! Now, Grecians, either die,
 Or save at once your galleys and yourselves. 590
 Hope ye that should your ships become the prize
 Of Hector, ye shall reach your home on foot?
 Or hear ye not his voice, how loud he calls
 His warriors on, and raves to fire the fleet?
 Not to a dance, believe me, but to fight
 He calls them; therefore wiser course for us
 Is none than mingled battle, hand to hand.
 Die then at once, or live; far better so,
 Than to be wasted fighting for the ships
 All day in vain, with an inferior foe. 600

He said, and by his words into all hearts
 Fresh confidence infus'd. Then Hector smote
 Schedius, a chief of the Phocensian pow'rs,
 And son of Perimedes; Ajax slew,
 Mean-time, a chief of Trojan infantry,
 Laodamas, Antenor's noble son;
 While by Polydamas, a leader bold
 Of the Epeans, and Phylides' friend,
 Cyllenian Otus died. His fall the son

Of Phyleus seeing, on the conqu'ror sprang, 610
But, starting wide, Polydamas escap'd,
Sav'd by Apollo, and his spear transpierc'd
The breast of Cræsmus; on his sounding shield
He prostrate fell, and Meges stripp'd his arms.
But Dolops him assail'd the while, brave son
Of Lampus best of men and bold in fight,
Offspring of king Laomedon; he stood
Full near, and through his middle buckler struck
The son of Phyleus; but his corslet thick
With plates of scaly brass his life secur'd. 620
That corslet Phyleus on a time brought home
From Ephyre, where smooth Selleïs winds,
And it was giv'n him for his life's defence
In furious battle by the king of men,
Euphetes. Many a time had it preserv'd
Unharm'd the sire, and now it sav'd the son.
Then Meges, rising, with his pointed lance
The bushy crest of Dolops' helmet drove
Sheer from its base; new ting'd with purple bright
Entire it fell, and mingled with the dust. 630
While Dolops thus persisted, in the hope
Of vict'ry, Menelaus to the aid
Of Meges hasted; spear in hand unseen
He stood by Dolops; through his back and breast
And far beyond impell'd the stormy spear,
And prone and lifeless in the dust he fell.
At once both flew to strip his radiant arms.
Then Hector, summoning his kindred, call'd
Each to his aid, and Melanippus first,
Illustrious Hicetaon's son, reprov'd. 640
Ere yet the enemies of Troy arriv'd,
He in Percote fed his wand'ring beeves;
But when the Danaï with all their fleet
Came thither, then, returning, he outshone
The noblest Trojans, dwelt at Priam's side,
And was regarded by him as a son.
Him Hector reprimanding, stern began:
Sleeps Melanippus? Feels not even he
For Dolops? Mark how busily the Greeks
Despoil thy breathless kinsman of his arms! 650
Haste—follow me—close fight must now be wag'd

Or Ilium's lofty tow'rs this moment sink,
And we, with all our citizens, are slain.

So saying he went, whose steps the godlike chief
Attended; and the Telamonian, next,
Huge Ajax, animated thus the Greeks:

O friends, be men! Deep treasure in your hearts
An honest shame, and, fighting bravely, fear
Each to incur the censure of the rest.
Of men so minded more survive than die, 660
While dastards forfeit life and glory both.

So mov'd he them, themselves already bent
To chase the Trojans; yet his word they bore
In faithful mind, and with a wall of brass
Secur'd the fleet, while Jove impell'd the foe.
Then Menelaus, brave in fight, approach'd
Antilochus, and thus his courage rous'd:

Antilochus! than whom no Grecian here
Is younger, stronger, more alert in arms,
Couldst thou not now, to please me, sally forth 670
Into the field, and lay some Trojan low?

He ended and retir'd; but him his words
Fill'd with fresh courage; through his foremost rank
He sprang to battle, with a wistful eye
Survey'd the field, and hurl'd his glitt'ring spear.
Back fell the Trojans daunted by the force
Of such an arm; nor vain the weapon flew,
But Melanippus, Hicetaon's son,
Hasting to battle, in his breast receiv'd
The fatal steel. Precipitate he fell, 680
And with his sounding armour smote the plain.

Swift flew Antilochus as flies the hound
Some fawn to seize, which issuing from her lair
The hunter with his lance hath stricken dead,
So thee, O Melanippus! to despoil
Of thy bright arms the son of Nestor flew,
But not unnotic'd by the watchful eye
Of noble Hector, who through all the war
Ran to encounter him; his dread approach
Antilochus, although expert in arms, 690
Stood not; but as some prowler of the wilds,
Conscious of injury that he hath done,
Slaying the watchful herdsman or his dog,

Escapes, ere yet the peasantry arise,
So fled the son of Nestor, after whom
With hideous clamours Hector and his host
Pour'd many a doleful dart; but he arriv'd
With his own band, and, turning, fac'd them all.
Then, eager as voracious lions, rush'd
The Trojans on the fleet; fulfilment fierce 700
Of Jove's command! who ceas'd not to excite
In them their utmost pow'rs, or to infuse
Unmanly dread into the host of Greece.
For Jove's unalter'd purpose was to give
Success to Priameian Hector's arms,
That he might cast into the fleet of Greece
Devouring flames, and that no part might fail
Of Thetis' ruthless pray'r; that sight alone
He watch'd to see, one galley in a blaze,
Ordaining foul repulse, thenceforth, and flight 710
To Ilium's host, but glory to the Greeks.
Such was the cause for which, at first, he mov'd
Hector to that assault, not slow himself
But ardent for the task; nor less he rag'd
Than Mars while fighting, or than flames that seize
Some forest on the mountain-tops; the foam
Hung at his lips, beneath his awful front
His keen eyes glisten'd, and his helmet mark'd
The agitation wild with which he fought.
For Jove omnipotent, himself, from Heav'n 720
Assisted Hector, and, although alone
He strove with numbers, gave him to attain
The heights of glory, for that now his life
Wan'd fast, and, urg'd by Pallas on, his hour
To die by Peleus' mighty son approach'd.
He then, wherever richest arms he saw
And thickest throng, the warrior ranks assay'd,
But though resolv'd to break them, broke them not,
In even square compact so firm they stood.
As some vast rock beside the hoary Deep 730
The stress endures of many a hollow wind,
And the huge billows tumbling at his base,
So stood the Danaï, nor fled nor fear'd,
But he, all fiery-bright in arms, the host
Assail'd on ev'ry side, and on the van

Fell, as a wave by wint'ry blasts upheav'd
Falls pond'rous on the ship; white clings the foam
Around her, in her sail shrill howls the storm,
And ev'ry seaman trembles at the view
Of thousand deaths from which he scarce escapes, 740
Such anguish rent the bosom of the Greeks.
But he, as leaps a famish'd lion fell
On beeves that graze some marshy meadow's breadth
A countless herd, the care of one unskill'd
To cope with savage beasts in their defence,
Beside the foremost kine or with the last
He paces heedless, but the lion, borne
Impetuous on the midmost, one devours
And scatters all the rest, so fled the Greeks
Dispers'd on ev'ry side before the arm 750
Of Hector, and before the frown of Jove.
All fled, but of them all alone he slew
The Mycenæan Periphetes, son
Of Copreus, custom'd messenger of king
Eurystheus to the might of Hercules.
From such a sire inglorious had arisen
A son far worthier, with all virtue grac'd,
Swift-footed, valiant, and by none excell'd
In wisdom of the Mycenæan name;
Yet all but serv'd to ennoble Hector more. 760
For Periphetes, with a backward step
Retiring, on his buckler's border trod,
Which swept his heels; so check'd, he fell supine,
And dreadful rang the helmet on his brows.
Then was not Hector slow; he saw, he ran,
He reach'd him, thrust a spear into his breast,
And slew him in the presence of his friends,
They mourn'd his fate, but help had none for him,
Half-dead themselves through fear of Hector's arm.
And now behind the barks which landing first 770
Were station'd highest on the shelving shore
The Greeks retir'd; in rush'd a flood of foes;
Then, through necessity, those foremost barks
Abandoning, amid the tents they stood
Compact, not disarray'd, for shame and fear
Held them, and each exhorted all, aloud.
But more than all, the guardian of them all,

Gerenian Nestor, in their parents' name
Implor'd them, falling at the knees of each : 779

O friends ! be men. Now dearly prize your place
Each in the estimation of the rest.

Now call to memory your children, wives,
Possessions, parents ; ye whose parents live,
And ye whose parents are not, all alike !

By them, as if here present, I entreat
That ye stand fast—O be not turn'd to flight !

So saying he rous'd the courage of the Greeks ;
Then, Pallas chas'd the mist from Heav'n diffus'd
O'er ev'ry eye ; great light the plain illum'd
On all sides, both toward the fleet, and where 790
The indiscriminating battle rag'd.

Then Hector might be seen, and Hector's host
Distinct, as well the rearmost who the fight
Shar'd not, as those who wag'd it at the ships.

Nor, even now, could Ajax be content
To mingle with the rest, who in retreat
Sought safety, but from deck to deck with strides
Enormous marching, to and fro he swung
With iron studs emboss'd a battle-pole
Unwieldy, twenty and two cubits long. 800

As one, expert to spring from horse to horse,
From many steeds selecting four, toward
Some noble city drives them from the plain
Along the populous road ; him many a youth
And many a maiden eyes, while still secure
From steed to steed he vaults ; they rapid fly ;
So Ajax o'er the decks of num'rous ships
Stalk'd striding large, and sent his voice to Heav'n.

Thus, ever clamouring, he bade the Greeks
Stand both for camp and fleet. Nor Hector, now, 810
Enclos'd and hidden in his ranks remain'd ;

But as the tawny eagle on full wing
Assails the feather'd nations, geese, or cranes,
Or cygnets grazing on the river's verge,

So right toward a sable galley sprang
The Trojan chief ; whom, ceaseless, from behind,
With all his host, the Thund'rer urg'd along.

And now again the battle at the ships
Grew furious ; thou hadst deem'd them of a kind

By toil untamable, so fierce they strove, 820
And, striving, thus they thought. The Grecians
judg'd.

Hope vain, and the whole host's destruction sure ;
But nought expected ev'ry Trojan less
Than to consume the fleet with fire, and leave
Achaia's heroes lifeless on the field.
With such persuasion occupied they fought.

Then Hector seiz'd the stern of a brave bark
Well-built, sharp-keel'd, and of the swiftest sail,
Which had to Troy Protesilaüs brought,
But bore him never thence. For that same ship 830
Contending, Greeks and Trojans hand to hand
Dealt mutual slaughter. Javelins now no more
Might serve, or arrows started from the bow.
But, one mind ruling all, in closest fight,
With axes, battle-axes, pond'rous swords,
And shorten'd spears, they wag'd the desp'rate war.
Many a huge-hilted falchion strew'd the plain,
Some smitten from the grasp, some still insheath'd
In brightest steel, and from the shoulder hewn,
And pools of blood soak'd all the sable glebe. 840
Hector that ship once grappled by the stern
Left not, but griping fast her upper edge
With both hands, to his Trojans call'd aloud :

Fire ! bring me fire ! Stand close and urge the foe !
Jove gives us now a day worth all the past ;
The ships are ours, which, in the Gods' despite
Steer'd hither, have such sorrow caus'd to Troy,
For which our tardy seniors most I blame,
Who me withheld from battle at the fleet,
And check'd the people ; but if then the hand 850
Of thunder-rolling Jove our judgment marr'd,
Himself now urges and command us—On.

He ceas'd ; they still more violent assail'd
The Grecians. Even Ajax could endure,
Whelm'd under weapons numberless, that storm
No longer, but, resolv'd on death, retir'd
Down from the decks to an inferior stand,
Where, planted on a sev'n foot bench, he watch'd,
And if a foe approach'd the ship with fire
To burn it, he repuls'd him with his spear, 860

Roaring continual to the host of Greece:

Friends! Grecian heroes! Ministers of Mars!
Be men, my friends! now summon all your might!
Think we that we have thousands at our backs
To succour us, or yet some stronger wall,
To guard from hostile rage our wearied host?
Not so. No towered city is at hand,
To which we may retreat, while others fill
Our station here, but far from Argos' shore
Our camp is, where the Trojans arm'd complete. 870
Swarm on the plain, and Ocean shuts us in.
Stand therefore. Fight, not flight, must save us now.

He said, and furious with his spear again
Assail'd them; and if any Trojan came,
Obsequious to the will of Hector, arm'd
With fire to burn the fleet, on his spear's point
Ajax receiving wounded him, until
Twelve died in conflict with himself alone.

BOOK XVI.

Argument.

Achilles at the suit of Patroclus grants him his own armour, and permission to lead the Myrmidons to battle. They, sallying, repulse the Trojans. Patroclus slays Sarpedon; and Hector, when Apollo had first stripped off his armour, and Euphorbus wounded him, slays Patroclus.

SUCH contest for that gallant bark they wag'd.
Mean-time Patroclus, standing at the side
Of the illustrious chief Achilles, wept
Fast as a crystal fountain from the height
Of some rude rock pours down its rapid stream.
Divine Achilles with compassion mov'd,
Mark'd him, and in wing'd accents thus began :
 Why weeps Patroclus like an infant girl,
That begs her mother, at whose side she runs,
To lift her; pulls her mantle, checks her haste, 10
And, weeping, pleads till she at last prevail?
Such childish tears, my friend, thy cheeks bedew.
Say—bring'st thou tidings? and concern they most
My people or myself? Hast thou, alone,
Heard aught from Phthia? Still, as they affirm,
Mencætiüs, son of Actor, lives, and still
Peleus Æacides; whom, were they dead,
With cause sufficient we should both deplore.
Or weep'st thou the Achaians at the ships
Thus slaughter'd for their outrage done to me? 20
Speak. Name thy trouble. I would learn the cause,
 To whom, deep-sorrowing, thou didst reply,
Patroclus!—Oh! Achilles, Peleus' son!
Bear with my grief, thou noblest of the host!
Since such distress hath on the Grecians fall'n,
Our bravest chiefs lie wounded in the fleet,
Some in close conflict, others from afar,

Bold Diomede, the son of Tydeus, bleeds,
Gall'd by a shaft; Ulysses, glorious chief,
And Agamemnon suffer by the spear, 30
And brave Eurypylus an arrow-point
Bears in his thigh. These all are now the care
Of healing hands. Oh thou art pity-proof,
Achilles! be my bosom ever free
From anger such as harbour finds in thine,
Scorning all limits! Whom, of men, unborn,
Hereafter wilt thou save, from whom avert
Disgrace, if not from the Achaians now?
Ah ruthless! neither Peleus thee begat,
Nor 'Thetis bore, but rugged rocks sublime, 40
And roaring billows blue gave birth to thee,
Who bear'st a mind that knows not to relent.
But, if some prophecy alarm thy fears,
If from thy Goddess-mother thou have aught
Receiv'd, and with authority of Jove,
Me send at least, me quickly, and with me
Thy Myrmidons. A dawn of cheerful hope
Shall thence, it may be, on the Greeks arise.
Grant me thine armour also, that the foe,
Thyself supposing present, may abstain 50
From battle, and the weary Greeks enjoy
Short respite: it is all that war allows.
We, fresh and vig'rous, by our shouts alone
May easily repulse an army spent
With labour, from the camp and from the fleet.
Such suit he made, and ask'd (ah rash and blind
To future ill!) his own disastrous end.
Then thus Achilles, sorrowful, replied:
Patroclus, noble friend! what words are these?
Me neither prophecy that I have heard 60
Holds in suspense, nor aught that I have learn'd
From Thetis, with authority of Jove;
No—they are other griefs that torture me;
If one, in nought superiour to myself
Save in his office only, should by force
Amerce me of my merited reward—
How then? There lies the grief that stings my soul.
The virgin chosen for me by the sons
Of Greece, my just requital, whom I won

By my own spear when I dismantled Thebes, 70
Her Agamemnon, leader of the host,
From my possession wrung, as I had been
Some alien wretch, unhonour'd and unknown.
But let it pass; anger is not a flame
To feed for ever; I affirm'd, indeed,
Mine inextinguishable till the war
Should thunder here, and reach me in my camp.
But thou put on my glorious arms, lead forth
My valiant Myrmidons, since such a cloud,
So dark, of dire hostility surrounds 80
The fleet, and the Achaians, by the waves
Hemm'd in, are prison'd now in narrow space.
Because the Trojans meet not in the field
My dazzling helmet, therefore bolder grown
All Ilium comes abroad; but had I found
Kindness at royal Agamemnon's hands,
Soon had they fled from whom ourselves endure
Siege now, and with their bodies chok'd the streams.
For in the hands of Diomedes his spear
No longer rages rescuing from death 90
Th' afflicted Danaï, nor hear I more
The voice of Agamemnon issuing harsh
From his detested throat, but all around
A shatter'd peal of savage Hector's cries
Calling his Trojans on; they loud insult
The vanquish'd Greeks, and claim the field their own.
Go therefore, my Patroclus! furious fall
On these assailants; even now preserve
From fire the only hope of our return.
But hear the sum of all; mark well my word; 100
So shalt thou glorify me in the eyes
Of all the Danaï, and they shall yield
Briseïs mine, with many a gift beside.
The Trojans from the fleet expell'd, return.
Should Juno's awful spouse such vict'ry once
Afford thee, be content; no farther press
The Trojans without me; for thou shalt add
Still more to the disgrace already mine.
Much less, by martial ardour urg'd, conduct
Thy slaught'ring legions to the walls of Troy, 110

Lest some Immortal pow'r on her behalf
Descend, for much the Archer of the skies
Loves Ilium. No—the fleet once sav'd, lead back
Thy band, and leave the battle to themselves.
For O, by all the Pow'rs of Heav'n, I would
That not one Trojan might escape of all,
Nor yet a Grecian, but that we, from death
Ourselves escaping, might survive to spread
Troy's sacred bulwarks on the ground, alone!

Thus they conferr'd. But Ajax, overwhelm'd 120
Mean-time with darts, no longer could endure,
Quell'd both by Jupiter and by the spears
Of many a noble Trojan; hideous rang
His batter'd helmet bright, stroke after stroke
Sustaining on all sides, and, weary grown
Of griping fast and shaking long his shield,
His hand and shoulder fail'd; yet could not all
Displace him with united force, or move.
Quick pantings heav'd his bosom, sweat distill'd
Profuse from all his limbs, nor found he time, 130
However short, to breathe again, so close
Evil beset him round on evil heap'd.

Olympian Muses! now declare, how first
The fire was kindled in Achaia's fleet?

With his huge falchion Hector, drawing nigh
To Ajax, of its brazen point disarm'd
His ashen beam; for close behind the neck
He lopp'd it, and the Telamonian chief
Brandish'd his mutilated spear in vain, 139
Whose bright point tinkling struck the ground remote.
Then Ajax in his noble mind perceiv'd,
Shudd'ring with awe, the interposing pow'r
Of Heav'n, and that, propitious to the arms
Of Troy, the Thund'rer purpos'd to rescind
And frustrate all the counsels of the Greeks.
He left his stand; they fir'd the gallant bark;
Swift ran the flames; all soon was in a blaze
From end to end. And thus that bark was fir'd.
Achilles saw it, smote his thighs, and said:

Patroclus, noble charioteer, arise! 150
I see the rapid run of hostile fires

Already in the fleet. Lest all be lost,
And our return impossible, arm, arm
This moment; I will call, myself, the band.

Then put Patroclus on his radiant arms.
Around his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd,
With argent studs secur'd; the hauberk rich
Star-spangled of Æacides the swift
Brac'd to his bosom; slung his brazen sword
With silver haft adorn'd and his broad shield; 160
Adjusted to his gallant brows his casque
Hair-crested, waving terribly aloft,
And with two spears well chosen fill'd his grasp.
Of all Achilles' arms his spear alone
He took not; that huge beam, of bulk and length
Enormous, none, Æacides except,
In all Achaia's host had pow'r to wield.
It was that Pelian ash, which, from the top
Of Pelion hewn, that it might prove the death
Of heroes, Chiron had to Peleus giv'n. 170
He bade Automedon his steeds in haste
Bind to the chariot; for him most he lov'd
Next to Achilles' self, as worthiest found
Of trust, what time the battle loudest roar'd.
Automedon led forth the fiery steeds
Swift as wing'd tempests to the chariot-yoke,
Xanthus and Balius. Them the harpy bore
Podarge, while in meadows green she fed
On Ocean's verge, to Zephyrus the wind.
To these he added, at their side, a third 180
The noble Pedasus; him Peleus' son,
Eëtion's city taken, thence had brought,
Though mortal, not ill-match'd with steeds divine.
Mean-time from ev'ry tent Achilles call'd
And arm'd his Myrmidons. As wolves that gorge
The prey yet panting, terrible in force,
When on the mountains wild they have devour'd
An antler'd stag new-slain, with bloody jaws
Troop all at once to some clear fountain, there
To lap with slender tongues the brimming wave; 190
No fears have they, but at their ease eject
From full maws flatulent the clotted gore,

Such seem'd the Myrmidon heroic chiefs
Assembling fast around the valiant friend
Of swift Æacides. Amid them stood
Warlike Achilles, the well-shielded ranks
Encouraging, and charioteers, to war.

The ships to Ilium steer'd by Peleus' son
Were fifty; fifty rowers sat in each,
And five, in whom he trusted, o'er the rest
He captains nam'd, but rul'd, himself, supreme.
One band Menestheus swift in battle led,
Offspring of Sperchius heav'n-descended stream.
Him Polydora, Peleus' daughter, bore
To ever-flowing Sperchius, compress'd,
Although a mortal woman, by a God.
But his reputed father was the son
Of Perieres, Borus, who with dow'r
Enrich'd, and made her openly his bride.
Warlike Eudorus led the second band.
Him Polymela, graceful in the dance,
Daughter of Phylas bore, but bore by stealth,
A mother unsuspected of a child.
Her worshipping the golden-shafted Queen
Diana, in full choir, with song and dance,
The valiant Argicide beheld and lov'd.
Ascending with her to an upper room,
All-bounteous Mercury clandestine there
Embrac'd her, who a noble son produc'd,
Eudorus, swift to run, and bold in fight.
No sooner Ilithya, arbitress
Of pangs puerperal, had giv'n him birth,
And he beheld the beaming sun, than her
Echechleus, Actor's mighty son, enrich'd
With countless dow'r, and led her to his home;
While ancient Phylas, cherishing her boy
With fond affection, rear'd him as his own.
The third, Pisander, mighty warrior led,
Offspring of Maimalus; he far excell'd
In spear-fight ev'ry Myrmidon, the friend
Of Peleus' dauntless son alone except.
The hoary Phœnix of equestrian fame
The fourth band led to battle, and the fifth

200

210

220

230

Laërceus' offspring, bold Alcimedon.

Thus, all his bands beneath their proper chiefs
Marshall'd, Achilles gave them strict command—

Myrmidons! all that vengeance now inflict,
Which in this fleet ye ceas'd not to denounce
Against the Trojans while my wrath endur'd.
Me censuring, ye have proclaim'd me oft 240
Obdurate. O Achilles! ye have said,

Thee not with milk thy mother but with bile
Suckled, who hold'st thy people here in camp
Thus long imprison'd. Unrelenting chief!
Conduct us in our winged barks again
To Phthia, since thou canst not be appeas'd—
Thus in full council have ye spoken oft.

Now, therefore, since a day of glorious toil
At last appears, such as ye have desir'd, 249
There lies the field—go—give your courage proof.

So them he rous'd, and they, their leader's voice
Hearing elate, to closest order drew.

As when an architect some palace wall
With shapely stones erects, cementing close
A barrier against all the winds of Heav'n,
So wedg'd the helmets and boss'd bucklers stood;
Shield, helmet, man, press'd helmet, man, and shield,
And ev'ry bright-arm'd warrior's bushy crest
Its fellow swept, so dense was their array.

In front of all, two chiefs their station took, 260
Patroclus and Automedon; one mind

In both prevail'd, to combat in the van
Of all the Myrmidons. Achilles, then,
Retiring to his tent, displac'd the lid

That clos'd a curious chest by Thetis plac'd
On board his bark, and fill'd with tunics, cloaks,
And fleecy arras; it contain'd beside

A cup embellish'd with laborious art,
From which no prince libation ever pour'd,
Himself except, and he to Jove alone. 270

That cup producing from the chest, he first
With sulphur fum'd it, rins'd it next with lymph
Pellucid of the running stream, and, last,
(His hands clean lav'd) he charg'd it high with wine.
And now, advancing to his middle court,

He pour'd libation, and with eyes to Heav'n
Uplifted pray'd, of Jove not unobserv'd:

Pelasgian, Dodonæan Jove supreme,
Dwelling remote, who on Dodona's heights 279
Snow-clad reign'st sov'reign, compass'd by thy seers
The Selli, prophets by their vow constrain'd
To unwash'd feet and slumbers on the ground!
I plainly see my former pray'r perform'd,
Myself exalted, and the Greeks abas'd.
Now also this request vouchsafe me, Jove!
Here, in my fleet, I shall myself abide,
But lo! with all these Myrmidons I send
My friend to battle. Thunder-rolling Jove
Send glory with him, make his courage firm!
That even Hector may himself be taught, 290
If my companion have a valiant heart
When he goes forth alone, or only then
The noble frenzy feel that Mars inspires,
When I rush also to the glorious field.

But soon as from the ships he shall have driv'n
The battle, grant him with his arms complete,
None lost, himself unhurt, and all my band
Of dauntless warriors with him, safe return!

Such pray'r Achilles offer'd, and his suit
Jove hearing, part confirm'd, and part refus'd; 300
To chase the dreadful battle from the fleet
He gave him, but vouchsaf'd him no return.
Pray'r and libation thus perform'd to Jove
The Sire of all, Achilles to his tent
Return'd, replac'd the goblet in his chest,
And anxious still that conflict to behold
Between the hosts, stood forth before his tent.

Then rush'd the bands, by brave Patroclus led,
Full on the Trojan host. As wasps forsake
Their home by the way-side, provok'd by boys 310
Disturbing inconsiderate their abode,
Not without nuisance sore to all who pass,
For if, thenceforth, some trav'ller unaware
Annoy them, issuing one and all they swarm
Around him fearless in their broods' defence,
With courage fierce as theirs forth rush'd a flood
Of Myrmidons all shouting to the skies,

Whom with loud voice Patroclus thus harangu'd :

O Myrmidons, attendants in the field
On Peleus' son, now be ye men, my friends ! 320
Call now to mind the fury of your might ;
That even from the courage of his train
The chief most excellent in all the camp
May glory reap, and that the king of men
Himself may learn his fault, when he denied
All honour to the prime of all his host.

So saying he fir'd their hearts, and on the van
Of Troy at once they fell ; loud-shouted all
The joyful Grecians, and the navy rang.
Soon as the Trojans then that sight beheld, 330
The brave Patroclus and his charioteer
Arm'd dazzling bright, fear seiz'd on ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry phalanx quak'd, believing sure,
That, wrath renounc'd, and terms of friendship chos'n,
Achilles' self was there ; then, ev'ry eye
Look'd round for refuge from impending fate.

Patroclus first, where most confus'd they swarm'd
Around Protesilaüs' burning bark
Hurl'd at the multitude his glitt'ring spear.
He smote Pyræchmes, the Pæonian chief, 340
Who led from Amydon on Axius' side
His crested warriors. In his shoulder stood
The spear, and with loud groans supine he fell.
At once fled all his foll'wers on all sides
With consternation, at the sight of him,
Their noblest warrior, by Patroclus slain.
Forth from the fleet he drove them, quench'd the
flames,

And rescu'd half the ship. Then scatter'd fled
With infinite uproar the host of Troy,
While from between their ships the Danaï 350
Pour'd after them, and hideous rout ensu'd.
As when the King of lightnings, Jove, dispels
From some huge eminence a gloomy cloud,
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland heights
Shine all, illumin'd from the boundless Heav'n,
So, when the Greeks had sav'd the ships from fire,
Some ease they found ; but still the battle lour'd,
For not to flight, but to retreat alone

They had compell'd the Trojans, who remain'd
Still undispers'd, and meant resistance still. 360
Then, in that scatter'd warfare, ev'ry chief
Slew one. Menœtius' noble offspring first
Reach'd, as he fled, with sudden spear the thigh
Of Areïlocus; right through his bone
The weapon pass'd; he headlong smote the ground.
The hero Menelaüs, where he saw
The breast of Thoas by his slanting shield
Unguarded, struck and stretch'd him at his feet.
Phylides, meeting with preventive spear
The furious onset of Amphiclus, gash'd 370
His leg below the knee, where brawny most
The muscles swell in man; disparted wide
The tendons shrank, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Of Nestor's sons, the youngest, first, assail'd
Atymnius, whom wounded in the flank
He stretch'd before him; Maris saw his fall,
And, starting to avenge his brother's fate,
Stood forth between the slayer and the slain.
But godlike Thrasymedes wounded first
Maris, ere he Antilochus; he pierc'd 380
His upper arm, and with the lance's point
Rent off and stripp'd the muscles to the bone.
Sounding he fell, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
They thus, two brothers by two brothers slain,
Went down to Erebus, associates both
Of brave Sarpedon, and spear-practis'd sons
Of Amisodarus, who day by day
That public pest, the huge Chimæra fed.
Ajax the swift on Cleobulus sprang,
Whom, while he toil'd entangled in the crowd, 390
He seiz'd alive, but smote him where he stood
With his huge-hafted sword full on the neck;
The blood warm'd all his blade, and ruthless fate
Benighted dark the dying warrior's eyes.
Peneleus into close contention rush'd
And Lycon. Each had hurl'd his glitt'ring spear,
But each in vain, and now with swords they met.
He smote Peneleus on the crested casque,
But snapp'd his falchion; him Peneleus smote
Beneath his ear; the whole blade ent'ring sank 400

Into his neck, and Lycon, with his head
Depending by the skin alone, expir'd.
While Acamas his steeds for flight prepar'd,
Meriones with quick preventive force
Pierc'd his right shoulder. From his chariot thrust
He smote the ground, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
With ruthless force his spear the Cretan chief
Right through the mouth of Erymas impell'd.
His brain it spar'd, but, sev'ring in its course
The jointed neck-bone, started forth beyond. 410
It wrench'd his teeth, his eyes with blood suffus'd,
And through his nostrils and his open mouth
He pour'd the sanguine stream, till death, at length,
With sable shades enwrapp'd him all around.
Thus slew these Grecian leaders, each, a foe.

Furious as hungry wolves the kids assail
Or lambs, which haply some unheeding swain
Hath left to roam at large the mountains wild;
They, seeing, snatch them from beside the dams,
And rend with ruthless haste the feeble prey, 420
So swift the Danaï assail'd the host
Of Ilium; they, into tumultuous flight
Together driv'n, all hope, all courage lost.

The tow'ring Ajax wish'd but to dismiss
A spear at Hector, whom with constant eye
The hero watch'd. But Hector, not untaught
The warrior's art, with bull-hide buckler stood
Shelt'ring his ample shoulders, so to 'scape
Unharm'd by whistling shaft or sounding spear.
Full sure he saw the shifting course of war 430
Now turn'd, yet even so fled not, in hope
To rescue yet the remnant of his friends.

As when the Thund'rer spreads a sable storm
O'er ether, late serene, the cloud that wrapp'd
Olympus' head escapes into the skies,
So fled the Trojans from the fleet of Greece
Vocif'rous in their flight, nor pass'd the trench
Smoothly or unannoy'd; the rapid steeds
Of Hector him indeed bore safely through
With all his arms; but in the hollow foss 440
Impassable to them his host he left.
Then many a chariot-whirling steed, the pole

Broken at its extremity, forsook
His driver, while Patroclus with the shout
Of battle calling his Achaians on,
Left not a Trojan, in his thoughts, alive.
They, once dispers'd, with clamour and with flight
Fill'd all the ways; the dust beneath the clouds
Hung like a tempest, and from camp and fleet
Back flew at stretch the coursers to the town. 450
Patroclus, where most tumult he perceiv'd
Drove thither, menacing the foe aloud,
While under his own axle many a chief
Fell prone, and the o'ertumbled chariots rang.
Right o'er the hollow foss the coursers leap'd
By the immortal Gods to Peleus giv'n,
Impatient for the plain, nor less desire
Felt he who drove to smite the Trojan chief,
But him his fiery steeds caught swift away.

As when a tempest from autumnal skies 460
Floats all the fields, what time Jove heaviest pours
Impetuous rain, in token of his wrath
Against perverters of the laws by force,
Who drive forth justice, reckless of the Gods;
The rivers and the torrents, where they dwell,
Sweep many a green declivity away,
And, groaning, plunge at length into the Deep
From the hills headlong, leaving where they pass'd
No traces of the pleasant works of man;
So, flying homeward, groan'd the steeds of Troy. 470
And now, their foremost intercepted all,
Patroclus back again toward the fleet
Drove them precipitate, nor the ascent
To Troy permitted them, for which thy strove,
But in the midway space between the ships,
The river, and the lofty Trojan wall,
Pursu'd them ardent, slaught'ring whom he reach'd,
And well avenging many a Grecian slain.
First, then, with glitt'ring spear he pierc'd the breast
Of Pronoüs, undefended by his shield, 480
And stretch'd him dead; loud rang his batter'd arms.
The son of Enops, Thestor, next he smote.
He in his chariot with his body bent
Sat cowering low, a fear-distracted form,

And from his palsied grasp the reins had fall'n.
 Then came Patroclus nigh, and through his cheek
 His teeth transpiercing, drew him by his lance
 Sheer o'er the chariot-front. As when a man
 On some projecting rock advanc'd, with line
 And splendid hook draws forth a sea-fish huge, 490
 So him wide-gaping from his seat he drew
 At his spear-point, then shook him to the ground
 Prone on his face, where gasping he expir'd.

At Eryalus, next, with eager force
 He hurl'd a stone; full on the middle front
 It smote him, and within the pond'rous casque
 His whole head open'd into equal halves.
 With deadliest night surrounded, prone he fell.
 Epaltes, Erymas, Amphoterus,
 Echius, Tlepolemus Damastor's son, 500
 Evippus, Ipheus, Pyres, Polymelus,
 All these he on the champaign, corse on corse,
 Promiscuous flung. Sarpedon, when he saw
 Such havock made of his uncinctur'd friends
 By Menœtiades, with sharp rebuke
 His band of godlike Lycians loud address'd :

Shame on you, Lycians ! whither would you fly ?
 Take heart, for I will meet this conqu'ring chief
 Myself, and learn to whom the Trojans owe
 Such num'rous ills, so many valiant slain. 510

So saying, to the ground all-arm'd he leap'd.
 Patroclus also on the other side
 Leap'd from his chariot. As two vultures fight
 Bow-beak'd, crook-talon'd, on some lofty rock
 Clanging their plumes, so they together rush'd
 With dreadful cries; whose conflict when the son
 Of wily Saturn saw, with pity mov'd
 His sister and his spouse he thus bespake :

Alas for my beloved son, my own
 Sarpedon ! whom the Fates ordain to die, 520
 Slain by Patroclus ! Yet my doubtful mind
 With equal force two purposes impel,
 Or to replace him, snatch'd from furious fight,
 In Lycia's wealthy realm, or to permit
 His fall, in conflict with Patroclus, now.

To whom, displeas'd, his awful spouse replied :

How speaks the terrible Saturnian Jove?
 Wouldst thou again from pangs of death exempt
 A mortal man, ordain'd long since to die!
 Do it. But small thy praise shall be in Heav'n. 550
 Mark thou my words, and in thy inmost breast
 Repose them. If thou send Sarpedon safe
 To his own home, how many Gods *their* sons
 May also send from battle? Weigh it well.
 For under yon great city fight no few
 Sprung from the Gods, whom thou shalt much
 provoke.

But if thou love him, and thine heart his lot
 Commis'rate, let him perish by the hands
 Of Menœtiades in furious fight,
 But give command to Death and gentle Sleep, 540
 That they convey him, soon as he expires,
 To Lycia's ample realm, where, with due rites
 Funereal, his next kindred and his friends
 Shall honour him, a pillar and a tomb
 (The dead man's portion) rearing to his name.

She said, from whom the sire of Gods and men
 Dissented not, but on the earth distill'd
 A sanguine show'r in honour of a son
 Dear to him, whom Patroclus on the field
 Of Troy should slay, from Lycia far remote. 550

And now, for conflict fierce prepar'd, they met.
 Patroclus in his nether bowels pierc'd
 The Lycian hero's friend and charioteer,
 Brave Thrasymelus, Sinking, he expir'd.
 Sarpedon, next, sent forth his glitt'ring spear.
 It miss'd Patroclus, but with mortal force
 Pierc'd the right shoulder of Achilles' steed,
 Fleet-footed Pegasus; he groaning heav'd
 His spirit forth, and fallen on the field
 In long loud moanings breath'd his life away. 560
 Wide flew the startled pair, perplex'd the reins,
 And wrung the creaking yoke, their fellow slain,
 And at their side extended in the dust.
 But, with his falchion from beside his thigh
 Drawn swiftly forth, Automedon at once
 The side-rein sev'ring, settled them aright
 Between their traces; and, with mutual hate

And fury fir'd, the chiefs engag'd again.

Again Sarpedon with successless aim
Design'd Patroclus; for his erring spear 570

O'er his left shoulder flew. But, in return,

No faithless spear forsook Patroclus' hand;

For in their pectoral recess enclos'd

It reach'd the vitals nearest to the heart.

As falls a poplar, oak, or lofty pine,

With new-edg'd axes on the mountains hewn

Right through, for structure of some gallant bark,

So fell Sarpedon stretch'd before his steeds,

And gnash'd his teeth, and clutch'd the bloody dust.

And as a lion slays a tawny bull, 580

Leader magnanimous of all the herd;

Beneath the lion's jaws he groaning dies;

So, leader of the shielded Lycians, groan'd

Indignant, by Patroclus slain, the bold

Sarpedon, and his friend thus, sad, bespake;

Glaucus, my friend, among these warring chiefs

Thyself a chief illustrious! thou hast need

Of all thy valour now, now strenuous fight,

And, if thou bear within thee a brave mind,

Make war and war's calamities thy joy. 590

First, marching through the host of Lycia, rouse

Our chiefs to combat for Sarpedon slain,

Then haste, thyself, to battle for thy friend.

For shame and foul dishonour, which no time

Shall e'er obliterate, I must prove to thee,

Should the Achaians of my glorious arms

Despoil me here, in prospect of the fleet.

Fight, therefore, thou, and others urge to fight.

He said, and, cover'd by the night of death,
Nor look'd nor breath'd again; for on his chest 600

Implanting firm his heel, Patroclus drew

The spear enfolded with his vitals forth,

And the soul follow'd as the weapon went.

His steeds the Myrmidons detain'd; they, now

His steeds no more, indignant felt the sway

Of other hands, and snorted to be gone.

Grief past endurance and distress o'erwhelm'd

The soul of Glaucus, hopeless to perform

As he was charg'd. He press'd his wounded arm,

Scarce able to sustain the pangs he felt 610
Since Teucer shooting from the barrier's height
Had pierc'd it, to defend the fleet from fire,
And thus in pray'r Apollo's aid implor'd :

O Thou ! who, whether in the fruitful realm
Of Lycia, or in Troy, canst hear alike,
And in all regions under Heav'n relieve
The suppliant in distress, now pity me.
Behold this rankling wound ; it goads with pain
My tortur'd hand. No pow'r of mine may staunch 620
This purple stream ; my feeble shoulder scarce
Itself sustains ; nor could I lift my spear
To his annoyance, should I seek the foe.
Our noblest chief, Sarpedon, in the dust
Extended lies, and, though the son of Jove,
By Jove neglected. But, O glorious King !
Neglect not thou thy suppliant ; heal my wound,
Assuage its anguish ; strengthen me to rouse
My Lycian friends, and to withstand, myself,
Our fiercest foes in conflict for the dead.

He ceas'd, nor su'd in vain. At once the God 630
Chas'd all his anguish, dried the streaming wound,
And with its wonted force his soul inspir'd.
He, conscious of his granted pray'r, rejoic'd
In his celestial healer's sudden aid,
And, first, the leaders of the Lycian host,
Chief after chief, exhorted to contend
For slain Sarpedon ; then, with hasty strides
Borne from his own into the lines of Troy,
Agenor first he sought ; the noble son
Of Panthous, next, Polydamas ; renown'd 640
Æneas then ; and, last, the chief of all,
Illustrious Hector, whom he thus reprov'd :

Now, Hector ! now, thou hast indeed resign'd
All care of thy allies, who, for thy sake,
Lost both to friends and country, on these plains
Perish, unaided and unmiss'd by thee.
There lies Sarpedon. He, who led to fight
Our shielded bands, and from whose might in arms
And justice Lycia drew her chief defence.
Him brazen Mars hath vanquish'd by the spear 650
Of Menœtiades. But stand ye firm !

Let indignation fire you, O my friends !
Lest, stripping him of his resplendent arms,
The Myrmidons with foul dishonour shame
His body, through resentment of the deaths
Of num'rous Grecians slain by spears of ours.

He ceas'd ; then grief seiz'd ev'ry Trojan heart
Deep, inconsolable at such a loss,
For that Sarpedon, though an alien born,
Had ever been a bulwark of the town, 660
Had led to its defence a num'rous band,
And peer had none in all the band he led.
At once toward the Danaï they mov'd,
Ardent for battle. Furious to avenge
The slain Sarpedon, Hector led them on.
Mean-time, the bold Patroclus rous'd the Greeks,
And animating either Ajax first,
Eager themselves already, thus he said :

Heroic pair ! now make it all your joy
To chase the Trojan host, and such to prove 670
As erst, or even bolder, if ye may.
The brave Sarpedon, who ascended first
Our wall, lies breathless. Let us bear him hence,
Strip and dishonour him, and in the blood
Of his protectors drench the ruthless spear.

So Menœtiades his warriors urg'd,
Themselves courageous. Then the Lycian host
And Trojan here, and there the Myrmidons
With all the host of Greece in close array,
Rush'd into furious contest for the dead 680
With deaf'ning clamours ; clang'd their brazen arms,
And Jove with Night's pernicious shades o'erhung
The wasteful battle, to enhance the more
Their conflict for the body of his son.
First then the Trojans from their order shock'd
The bright-ey'd Grecians, slaying not the least
Nor meanest Myrmidon, Epigeus, son
Of the renown'd Agacles. He had rul'd
In populous Budeum erst, but, charg'd
With slaughter of a kinsman, thence had fled 690
To Peleus and to Thetis his espous'd,
Who, with that breaker of the ranks, their son

Achilles, sent him to the field of Troy.
Him seizing fast the body, with a stone
Illustrious Hector on the forehead smote,
And cleft his head within its pond'rous guard
Asunder; prostrate on the slain he fell
In shades of soul-divorcing death involv'd.
Patroclus, grieving for his slaughter'd friend, 699
Rush'd through the foremost warriors. As the hawk
Swift-wing'd before him startlings drives or daws,
With such rapidity Patroclus drove
Full on the Lycian and the Trojan host,
Resentful of his fellow-warrior's fall,
And seeking Sthenelaüs with a stone,
Son of Ithæmenes, the rugged mass
Directed to his neck and burst the nerves.
Then Ilium's van, with Hector, all retir'd.
Far as a slender javelin cuts the air
Hurl'd with collected force, or in the games, 710
Or even to annoy a cruel foe,
So far the Greeks repuls'd the host of Troy.
Then Glaucus first, chief of the shielded bands
Of Lycia, slew Bathycles, valiant son
Of Calchon; Hellas was his home, and none
Of all the Myrmidons was rich as he.
But Glaucus, while he press'd the Lycian host,
Turn'd on him suddenly, and with a spear
Transpierc'd his bosom; sounding, down he fell.
Deep sorrow, that a valiant chief had fall'n, 720
Fill'd all the Greeks, the Trojans equal joy;
At once they rallied, flew to Glaucus' aid,
And gather'd fast around him; while the Greeks,
Still fearless and still resolute, advanc'd.
Then, by Meriones a Trojan died
Of noble rank, Laogonus, the son
Undaunted of Onetor great in Troy,
Priest of Idæan Jove; between the ear
And jaw he pierc'd him with a mortal force,
Swift flew the life, and darkness veil'd his eyes. 730
Æneas, in return, his brazen spear
Hurl'd at Meriones with ardent hope
To pierce him, while, with nimble steps and short

Behind his buckler made, he pac'd the field;
 But he, forewarn'd and bowing low his head
 Eluded it, and in the distant soil
 The quiv'ring weapon rock'd itself to rest.

* * * * *

Indignant then Æneas thus exclaim'd: 740

Meriones! I sent thee such a spear
 As, reaching thee, should have for ever marr'd
 Thy step, accomplish'd dancer as thou art.

To whom the brave Meriones replied:
 Æneas! Thou wilt find it hard, how great
 Soe'er thy might, to quell the force of all
 Who would repulse thee. Thou art also doom'd
 Thyself to die, and may but spear of mine
 Once reach thee at the waist, whatever strength
 Or magnanimity be thine to boast, 750
 Thy glory in that moment thou resign'st
 To me, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd.

He said, but him Patroclus thus reprov'd:
 Why speaks Meriones, although in fight
 Approv'd, thus proudly? Nay, my gallant friend!
 The Trojans never will for taunt of ours
 Renounce the body. Blood must first be spilt.
 Tongues in debate, but hands in war decide;
 Deeds therefore now, not wordy vaunts, we need.

So saying he led the way, whom follow'd close 760
 Godlike Meriones. As from the depth
 Of some lone wood, that clothes the mountain's side,
 The fellers at their toil are heard remote,
 So, from the face of Ilium's ample plain
 Reverberated, was the din of brass
 And of tough targets heard, by falchions huge
 Hard-smitten, and by spears of double edge.
 None then, no, not the quickest to discern,
 Had known divine Sarpedon, from his head
 To his foot-sole with mingled blood and dust 770
 Polluted, and o'erwhelm'd with weapons. They
 Around the body swarm'd. As hovel-flies
 In spring-time buzz around the brimming pails
 With milk bedew'd, so compass'd they the dead.
 Nor Jove averted once his glorious eyes

From that dread contest, but with watchful note
 Mark'd all, much musing on the bloody death
 Of brave Patroclus; whether best it were,
 That Hector now should slay him on the corse
 Of slain Sarpedon, and should strip his arms 780
 After fierce combat in that very spot,
 Or he should still that arduous strife prolong.
 At length this counsel pleas'd him; that the friend
 Of Peleus' son should yet again compel
 The Trojan host with Hector to the walls
 Of Ilium, slaught'ring many by the way.
 First then, with fears unmanly he possess'd
 The heart of Hector; mounting to his seat
 He turn'd to flight himself, and bade his host
 Fly also; for he knew Jove's purpose chang'd. 790
 Nor stood the Lycians then, but even they
 Fled also, shock'd and heartless to behold
 Their king extended with his bosom gor'd,
 And whelm'd with heaps of slain; for on his corse,
 While Jove prolong'd the strife, had many fall'n.
 Then soon of all his dazzling arms they stripp'd
 Sarpedon, and Menœtius' valiant son
 Consign'd the spoil to warriors of his band,
 Who bore it to the ships. Mean-time his will
 The Thund'rer to Apollo thus express'd: 800

Phœbus, my son, delay not; from beneath
 Yon hill of weapons drawn, Sarpedon cleanse
 From sable gore; then, bearing him remote,
 Lave him in waters of the running stream,
 With oils divine anoint, and in attire
 Immortal clothe him. Last, to Death and Sleep,
 Swift bearers both, twin-born, deliver him;
 For hence to Lycia's opulent abodes
 They shall transport him quickly, where, with rites
 Funereal, his next kindred and his friends 810
 Shall honour him, a pillar and a tomb
 (The dead man's portion) rearing to his name.

He ceas'd; nor was Apollo slow to hear
 His father's will, but from th' Idæan heights
 Descending swift into the dreadful field,
 Godlike Sarpedon's body from beneath
 The hill of weapons drew, which, borne remote,

He lav'd in waters of the running stream,
 With oils ambrosial bath'd, and cloth'd in robes
 Immortal. Then to Death and gentle Sleep, 820
 Swift-bearers both, twin-born, he gave the charge,
 Who plac'd it soon in Lycia's wealthy realm.

Mean-time Patroclus, calling to his steeds
 And to Automedon, the Trojans chas'd
 And Lycians, on his own destruction bent
 Infatuate; for Pelides' charge observ'd
 Had sav'd him from his miserable doom.
 But vain are wisest counsels, that oppose
 The will of Jove. He quells the boldest heart,
 And (as Patroclus found) with ease defeats 830
 The glorious ardour which Himself inspires.
 Who, then, Patroclus! first, who last by thee
 Fell slain, what time thyself wast call'd to ~~death~~
 Adrastus first, then Perimus he slew,
 Offspring of Megas; then Autonoüs,
 Echeclus, Melanippus and Epistor,
 Pylartes, Mulius, Elasmus. All these
 He slew, and from the field chas'd all beside.
 Then, doubtless, had Achaia's sons prevail'd
 To enter Troy's proud gates, such havock made 840
 He with his spear, but that the son of Jove,
 Apollo, on a tower's conspicuous height
 Station'd, devoted him for Ilium's sake.
 Thrice to an angle of the lofty wall
 Patroclus sprang, and, with immortal hands
 Thrice smiting his resplendent shield, the God
 Shock'd him to earth again; but when he rush'd
 A fourth time, demon-like, to the assault,
 Him thus Apollo awfully rebuk'd:

Patroclus, warrior of renown, retire! 850
 The fates ordain not that imperial Troy
 Stoop to thy spear, nor to the spear itself
 Of Peleus' son, though mightier far than thou.

So he; and, fearing to provoke still more
 The radiant God, Patroclus left the wall.
 But Hector in the Scæan gate his steeds
 Detain'd, uncertain whether thence to drive
 Amid the warring multitude again,
 Or, loud commandment issuing, to collect

His host within the walls. Him musing long 860
Apollo, clad in semblance of a young
And valiant chief, approach'd; Asius he seem'd,
Illustrious uncle of the Chief of Troy,
Brother of Hecuba, and Dymas' son,
Who on the Sangar's banks in Phrygia dwelt.
Apollo, so disguis'd, him thus bespake:

Why, Hector, hast thou left the fight? this sloth
Not well befits thee. O that I as far
Thee pass'd in force as thou transcendest me,
Then, not unpunish'd long, shouldst thou retire; 870
Come, drive thy rapid steeds abroad and seek
Mencæti'us' son, to slay him if thou mayst,
And Phœbus have decreed that glory thine.

So saying, Apollo join'd the host again.
Then noble Hector bade his charioteer,
Valiant Cebriones, his coursers lash
Back into battle, while the God himself
Ent'ring the throng confus'd the Greeks, and gave
Glory to Hector and the host of Troy.
But Hector, leaving all beside unslain, 880
Impell'd with furious haste his rapid steeds
Against Patroclus; on the other side
Patroclus from his chariot to the ground
Leap'd ardent; in his left a spear he bore,
And in his right a marble fragment rough,
Large as his grasp. With full collected might
He hurl'd it; neither was the weapon slow
To find whom he had mark'd, or sent in vain.
He smote the charioteer of Hector, bold
Cebriones, king Priam's spurious son, 890
Full on the forehead, while he sway'd the reins.
The bone that force withstood not, but the rock
With ragged angles rough dash'd both his brows
In pieces, and his eyes fell at his feet.
He, diver-like, from his exalted stand
Behind the steeds pitch'd headlong, and expir'd;
O'er whom, Patroclus, of equestrian fame!
Thou didst exult with taunting speech severe:

Ye Gods, with what agility he dives!
Ah! it were well if in the fishy Deep 900
This man were occupied; he might no few

With oysters satisfy, although the waves
Were churlish, plunging headlong from his bark
As easily as from his chariot here.

So then—in Troy, it seems, are divers too !

So saying, on bold Cebriones he sprang
With all a lion's force, who, while the folds
He ravages, is wounded in the breast,
And, victim of his own fierce courage, dies.
So didst thou spring, Patroclus ! to despoil 910
Cebriones, and Hector opposite

Leap'd also to the ground. Then contest such
Arose between them as two lions wage
Contending in the mountains for a deer
New-slain, both hunger-pinch'd and haughty both.
So Hector and Patroclus, brave alike,
That prize disputing equal ardour felt
To pierce each other with the ruthless spear.
First, Hector seiz'd his head, nor loos'd his hold,
Patroclus, next, his feet, while all beside 920
Of either host in furious battle join'd.

As when the East wind and the South contend
To shake some deep wood on the mountain's side,
Or beech, or ash, or rugged cornel old,
With stormy violence the mingled boughs
Smite and snap short each other, crashing loud,
So, Trojans and Achaians, mingling, slew
Each other, equally disdaining flight.

Around Cebriones stood many a spear,
And many a shaft sent smartly from the nerve 930
Implanted deep, and many a stone of grasp
Enormous sounded on their batter'd shields
Who fought to gain him. He, involv'd, the while,
In circling dust, at all his bulky length
Extended lay, nor his superiour skill
To rule the fiery steed remember'd more.

While yet the sun ascending climb'd the heav'ns,
Both shower'd their weapons and the people fell ;
But when he journey'd westward, by a change
Surpassing hope the Grecians then prevail'd. 940
Forth from beneath a hill of darts they drew
Valiant Cebriones, and stripp'd his arms
At leisure, distant from the battle's roar.

Then sprung Patroclus on the Trojan host.
Thrice, like another Mars, he sprang with shouts
Tremendous, and nine warriors thrice he slew.
But when the fourth time, demon-like, he rush'd
To the assault, too plainly then appear'd,
Ah hapless youth ! thy destiny at hand ;
For then it was that Phœbus terroure-clad 950
Encounter'd thee in that tremendous field.
He notic'd not his coming, in such clouds
Impenetrably dark involv'd he came.
With palms expanded, on his shoulders broad
He such a stroke impress'd, and on his spine,
As dimm'd his sight with dizziness ; he dash'd
His helmet to the ground, and under foot
Of many a prancing steed it roll'd and rang.
Then first that wavy crest defilement gross 960
Of dust and blood endur'd ; unworthy stains !
Till then impossible ; for how should dust
The tresses of that helmet shame, with which
Achilles, fighting, fenc'd his brows divine ?
But Jove now made it Hector's ; he awhile
Bore it, himself to swift perdition doom'd.
His spear brass mounted, pond'rous, huge, and long,
Fell shiver'd from his grasp. His shield that swept
His ancle, with its belt dropp'd from his arm,
And Phœbus loos'd the corslet from his breast.
Confusion seiz'd his brain ; his noble limbs 970
Quak'd under him, and panic-stunn'd he stood.
Then came a Dardan chief, who from behind
Enforc'd a pointed lance into his back
Between the shoulders ; Panthus' son was he,
Euphorbus, famous for equestrian skill,
For spearmanship, and in the rapid race
Past all of equal age. He twenty men
(Although a learner yet of martial feats,
And by his steeds then first to battle borne)
Dismounted. He, Patroclus, mighty chief ! 980
Adventur'd first to throw a lance at thee,
But slew thee not ; then, snatching from the wound
His ashen beam, he ran into the crowd,
Nor dar'd encounter thee although unarm'd.
Then both by mortal and immortal hands

At once assail'd, and all his force subdu'd,
 Patroclus shrank and to his friends retir'd.
 But Hector, soon as his retreat he saw,
 And saw him wounded, issuing from his ranks
 Came spear in hand, and pierc'd him in the groin. 990
 Sounding he fell. Loud groan'd Achaian's host.
 As when the lion and the sturdy boar
 Contend in battle on the mountain-tops
 For some scant rivulet which both desire,
 Erelong the lion quells the panting boar,
 So Hector, spear in hand, of life bereav'd
 Patroclus, who had first laid many a friend
 Of Hector low, and thus in accents wing'd
 With fierce delight exulted in his fall:

It was thy thought, Patroclus, to have laid 1000
 Our city waste, and to have wafted hence
 Our wives and daughters to thy native land,
 Their day of liberty for ever set.
 Fool! for their sakes the feet of Hector's steeds
 Fly into battle, and myself excel,
 For their sakes, all our bravest at the spear,
 That I may turn from them that evil hour
 Necessitous. But thou art vulture's food.
 Unhappy youth! all valiant as he is,
 Achilles hath no succour giv'n to thee, 1010
 Who, when he sent thee whither he himself
 Would not, thus doubtless gave thee oft in charge.
 Ah, well beware, Patroclus, glorious chief!
 That thou revisit not these ships again,
 Till first on hero-slaying Hector's breast
 Thou cleave his bloody corslet. So he spake,
 And with vain words thee credulous beguil'd.

To whom, Patroclus! with a feeble voice
 And falt'ring utt'rance, thou didst thus reply:

Now triumph, Hector! for Saturnian Jove 1020
 And Phœbus, first despoiling me themselves
 Of all defence, have made the vict'ry thine,
 And thine with ease. Else—twenty, of thy force,
 My might encount'ring here, had here expir'd.
 But me relentless Fate and Phœbus made
 Their victim first; Euphorbus, from behind,
 Assail'd me next, and thou, more basely still,

Didst wound me, last, whom thou had slain before.
But mark me, for inexorable Fate
Now speaks by me; thou shalt not long survive; 1030
Achilles comes; the vengeful and renown'd
Æacides, and thou shalt also die.

He said, and, from his languid limbs dismiss'd,
To Pluto's drear abode his spirit pass'd
Sad and disconsolate; deploring life
In life's best season lost.—Then him, though dead,
As living still, the conqu'ror thus address'd:

Patroclus! wherefore these prophetic strains
Of instant death to me? Achilles' spear
Shall menace, it may chance, my life in vain, 1040
And he by mine, himself, may perish first.

He said; and on the body stretch'd supine
His heel impressing, from the deadly wound
Tugg'd forth his lance, and ardent flew to pierce
The swift Achilles' godlike charioteer
Automedon. But him, the steeds conferr'd
On Peleus by the Gods, a glorious gift!
Defying all pursuit, soon snatch'd away.

BOOK XVII.

Argument.

Sharp contest ensues around the body of Patroclus. Hector puts on the armour of Achilles. Menelaus, having dispatched Antilochus to Achilles with news of the death of Patroclus, returns to the battle, and together with Meriones bears Patroclus off the field, while the Ajaces cover their retreat.

NOR Menelaus, Atreus' valiant son,
Knew not that Menœtiades had fall'n
By Trojan hands in battle; forth he rush'd
All bright in burnish'd armour through his van;
And as some heifer, with maternal fears
Now first acquainted, compasses around
Her young one, murmuring with tender moan,
So mov'd the Hero of the amber locks
Around Patroclus, before whom his spear
Advancing and broad shield, he death denounc'd 10
On all opposers; nor the dauntless son
Of Panthus inattentive stood long time
To slain Patroclus, but approach'd the dead,
And warlike Menelaus thus bespake:

Prince! Menelaus! Atreus' mighty son!
Go. Leave the body and these gory spoils;
For of the Trojans or allies of Troy
None sooner drew Patroclus' blood than I.
Seek not to rob me, therefore, of my praise
Among the Trojans, lest my spear assail 20
Thee also, and thou perish in thy prime.

To whom, indignant, Atreus' son replied:
Self-praise, the Gods do know, is little worth.
But neither lion may in pride compare
Nor panther, no, nor savage boar, whose heart's
High temper flashes in his eyes, with thee
And with the warriors of thy father's house.

Yet Hyperenor of equestrian fame
 Liv'd not his lusty manhood to enjoy,
 Who scoffingly defied my force in arms, 50
 And call'd me most contemptible in fight
 Of all the Danaï. But him, I ween,
 His feet bore never hence to cheer at home
 His wife and parents with his glad return.
 So also shall thy confidence be tam'd,
 If thou oppose me. I command thee, go—
 Mix with the multitude; withstand not me,
 Lest evil overtake thee. To be taught
 By suff'rings only, is the part of fools.

He said, but him sway'd not, who thus replied: 40
 Now, Menelaus! shall that haughty boast,
 That thou hast slain my brother, cost thee dear.
 Thou mad'st a widow whom he lately made
 His happy bride; thou gav'st the deadly wound,
 That whelm'd his parents in the deepest wo;
 And that same head and those resplendent arms
 To Panthus and to Phrontis borne by me
 May much console them all; nor shall they want
 Those comforts long, if all that I possess 50
 Of courage, force, or skill, may gain the prize.
 He said, and strove, but vainly, spear in hand,
 To pierce Atrides' shield; for at the disk
 Of stubborn brass his blunted weapons stay'd.
 Then, Menelaus (supplicating, first,
 The Sire of all) pierc'd deep, as he retir'd,
 Euphorbus' throat, and, bearing on the beam
 Enforc'd it, till the point stood forth behind.
 Sounding he fell; loud rang his batter'd arms.
 His locks, which e'en the Graces might have own'd,
 Blood sullied, and his ringlets, wound about 60
 With twine of gold and silver, swept the dust.
 As the luxuriant olive, by a swain
 Rear'd in some solitude where rills abound,
 Puts forth her buds, and, fann'd by genial airs
 On all sides, hangs her boughs with whitest flow'rs,
 But by a sudden whirlwind from the trench
 Uptorn, lies all extended on the field,
 Such, Panthus' warlike son Euphorbus seem'd,
 By Menelaus, son of Atreus, slain,

And suddenly of all his arms despoil'd. 70

But as the lion on the mountains bred,
Glorious in strength, when he had seiz'd the best
And fairest of the herd, with savage fangs
First breaks her neck, then laps the bloody paunch
Torn wide; mean-time, around him, but remote,
Dogs stand and herdsmen shouting, yet, by fear
Repress'd, annoy him not or dare approach;
So there, all wanted courage to oppose
The glorious Menelaus. Then, with ease
He should have borne Euphorbus' armour thence, 80
But that Apollo the illustrious prize
Denied him, who in semblance of the chief
Of the Ciconians, Mentès, prompted forth
Against him Hector terrible as Mars,
Whose spirit thus in accents wing'd he rous'd:

Hector! Thou follow'st, but with vain pursuit,
Achilles' steeds, steeds scornful of control
By mortal hands, unless Achilles, son
Of an immortal mother, sway the reins.
Mean-time, hath Menelaus, in defence 90
Of dead Patroclus, slain thy noble friend
Euphorbus, son of Panthus, and depriv'd
Thyself and Troy for ever of his aid.

So spake the God, and to the fight return'd.
But grief intolerable at that word
Seiz'd Hector; darting through the shielded ranks
An eager look, that moment he descried
The Spartan chief despoiling of his arms
Euphorbus, and Euphorbus in the dust
Extended, bleeding. Forth into the field, 100
All bright in dazzling armour, with a shout
That pierc'd the skies, and with the lightning's speed,
At once he flew. Nor Menelaus' ear
That cry perceiv'd not, and, his noble heart
Consulting sorrowfully, thus he mus'd:

Alas! if I forsake these gorgeous spoils,
And leave Patroclus for my glory slain,
I fear lest the Achaians at that sight
Incens'd, reproach me; and if, urg'd by shame,
I fight with Hector and his host, alone, 110
Lest, hemm'd around by multitudes, I fall;

For Hector hither leads his whole array,
But why these musings? to oppose in fight
One fenc'd and seconded by pow'r divine,
Is to be whelm'd with ruin like a flood.
Me, therefore, none of all Achaia's host
Will roughly censure, seeing my retreat
From Hector, whom the Gods themselves assist.
But might the battle-shout of Ajax once
Reach me, with force united we would strive, 120
Even in opposition to a God,
To rescue, for Achilles' sake, his friend.
Task arduous! but less arduous than this.

While he thus meditated, swift advanc'd
The Trojan ranks, with Hector at their head.

He then, retiring slow, and turning oft,
Forsook the body. As by dogs and swains
Driv'n from the stalls with clamours and with spears
A bearded lion goes; his noble heart
Abhors retreat, and slow he quits the prey, 130
So Menelaus with slow steps forsook
Patroclus, and, at length, arriv'd in front
Of his own foll'wers, thence, with wistful looks
On all sides sought the Telamonian chief.
Him leftward soon of all the field he mark'd
Encouraging aloud his band, whose hearts
Phœbus with irresistible dismay
Himself had fill'd. He ran, and at his side
Standing, incontinent him thus bespake:

Ajax, my friend! Menœtius' son is dead. 140
Come—Let us hasten, for Achilles' sake,
To rescue from the Trojans, if we may,
The slain, though bare, for Hector hath his arms.

He said; then trouble fill'd the gen'rous soul
Of Ajax; issuing through his foremost line,
Erelong, with Menelaus he arriv'd
Where Hector trail'd Patroclus through the dust
Despoil'd and bare; impatient once again
To trail him bound, behind his chariot-wheels,
Then cast him headless to the dogs of Troy. 150
But Ajax came. The tow'r-like shield approach'd;
When Hector, mingling with his host again,
Sprang to his chariot, and, to blazon more

His praise in Ilium, thither sent, consign'd
 To faithful Trojan hands, his precious spoils.
 But Ajax with his broad shield guarding stood
 Slain Menœtiades, as for his whelps
 The lion stands; him through some forest drear
 Leading his little ones the hunters meet:
 Fire glimmers in his looks, and down he draws 160
 His whole brow into frowns that overwhelm his eyes,
 So, guarding slain Patroclus, Ajax low'r'd.
 On th' other side, with tender grief oppress'd
 Unspeakable, brave Menelaus stood.

But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian band,
 Son of Hippolochus, with looks of scorn
 On Hector cast, him sharply thus reprov'd:

O Hector! warlike in ostent alone!

Fame falsely speaks thee brave, and should commend
 Thy prudence most that prompts thee when to fly.
 Now think, and deeply, by what likeliest means 171

Your city, self-defended, may withstand
 Her num'rous foes; for, of the Lycian host,
 Whose ceaseless toil in arms hath ever prov'd
 A thankless task, shall none assist thee more.
 Inglorious chief! whose body wilt thou save
 Hereafter, who hast now Sarpedon left,
 Thy guest and friend, to be disgrac'd and torn
 Among the Grecians? Ofttimes, while he liv'd,
 Thyself and Ilium at his hands receiv'd 180

No trivial benefit; and when he fell
 In Ilium's cause, ye left him to the dogs.
 Now, therefore, shall the Lycians to their home
 By my advice, and, heedless what befalls,
 To swift perdition leave the tow'rs of Troy.
 For were your spirit such as prompts the brave,
 To guard their home at whatsoever cost
 Of toil and danger, we should soon prevail,
 To drag Patroclus from the field to Troy;
 Whose body, once secur'd within the fence 190
 Of Ilium's walls, the Grecians should redeem,
 And gladly, with Sarpedon and his arms.
 For when Patroclus died, the foremost man
 Of all the Grecians, and the chief who boasts

The bravest foll'wers, lost his noblest friend.
 But thee, too conscious of his mightier arm
 In battle, Ajax with his looks alone
 Subdu'd, and sent thee to thy refuge here.

To whom, with aspect stern, the Trojan chief:
 And whence hath Glaucus privilege to speak 200
 Thus proudly? O my friend! I deem'd thee once
 Wisest of all the Lycians; but thy words
 Now spoken, charging me with dastard fear
 Of big-bon'd Ajax, merit my reproof.
 The roar of battle and the prancing steed
 Appal not me; but I, perforce, obey
 The irresistible control of Jove,
 Who quells the bravest heart, and disappoints
 With ease the courage which himself inspir'd—
 But hither, friend! stand with me. Mark my deed.
 Prove me, if I be found, as thou hast said, 211
 An idler all the day, or if by force
 I not compel some Grecian to renounce
 Patroclus, ev'n the boldest of them all.

He ceas'd, and to his host exclaim'd aloud:
 Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
 Of Dardanus, O be ye men, my friends!
 Now summon all your fortitude, while I
 Put on the armour of Achilles, won
 From the renown'd Patroclus slain by me. 220

So saying, illustrious Hector from the clash
 Of spears withdrew, and with his swiftest pace
 Departing, overtook, not far remote,
 The bearers of Achilles' arms to Troy.
 Apart from all the horrors of the field
 Withdrawn, he chang'd his armour; gave his own
 To be by them to sacred Ilium borne,
 And the immortal arms of Peleus' son,
 Achilles, by the ever-living Gods
 To Peleus giv'n, put on. Those arms the sire, 230
 Now old himself, had on his son conferr'd,
 But in those arms his son grew never old.

Him soon as Jove beheld retir'd from all,
 And putting on divine Achilles' arms,
 Contemplative he shook his brows, and said:

Ah hapless chief! thy death, although at hand,
Nought troubles thee. Thou wear'st his heav'nly
arms,

Who all excels, the terrour of his foes.
His friend, though bold yet gentle, thou hast slain,
And hast the brows and bosom of the dead 240
Unseemly bar'd; yet, bright success awhile
I give thee; so compensating thy lot,
From whom Andromache shall ne'er receive
Those glorious arms, for thou shalt ne'er return.

So spake the Thund'rer, and his sable brows
Shaking, confirm'd the word. To Hector's size
He made the armour apt, and Mars his soul
With fury fill'd; he felt his limbs afresh
Invigorated, and with loudest shouts
Return'd to his illustrious allies. 250

To them he seem'd, in that bright armour clad,
Himself Achilles; rank by rank he pass'd
Through all the host, exhorting ev'ry chief,
Asteropæus, Mesthles, Phoreys, Medon,
Thersilochus, Deisenor, augur Ennomus,
Chromius, Hippothoüs! all these he rous'd
To battle, and in accents wing'd began:

Hear me, ye myriads, neighbours and allies!
For not through fond desire to fill the plain
With multitudes, have I conven'd you here 260
Each from his city, but that, well-inclin'd
To Ilium, ye might help to guard our wives
And little ones against the host of Greece.
Therefore it is that, forage large and gifts
Providing for you, I exhaust the stores
Of Troy, and drain our people for your sake.
Turn then direct against them, and his life
Save each, or lose; it is the course of war.
The man, who, in despite of Ajax, drags
The dead Patroclus to the lines of Troy, 270
Shall, with myself, who stripp'd his glorious arms,
Partake the spoil, and, with myself, the fame.

He ended; they compact with lifted spears
Bore on the Danaï, conceiving each
Warm expectation in his heart to wrest
From Ajax, son of Telamon, the dead.

Vain hope ! he many a lifeless Trojan heap'd
On slain Patroclus, but at length his speech
To warlike Menelaus thus address'd :

Ah Menelaus, valiant friend ! I hope 280
No longer, now, that even we shall 'scape
Ourselves from fight ; nor fear I so the loss
Of dead Patroclus, with whose flesh the dogs
And fowls of Ilium shall erelong be gorg'd ;
As for my life I tremble and for thine ;
That cloud of battle, Hector, such a gloom
Sheds all around ; death manifest impends.
Haste—call our best, if even they can hear.

He spake, nor Menelaus not complied,
But call'd aloud on all the chiefs of Greece : 290

Friends, senators, and leaders of the pow'rs
Of Argos ! who with Agamemnon drink
And Menelaus at the public cost,
Each bearing rule o'er many, by the will
Of Jove advanc'd to honour and renown !
The task were difficult to single out
Chief after chief by name amid the blaze
Of such contention ; but O come yourselves
Indignant forth, nor let the dogs of Troy
Patroclus rend, and gambol with his bones ! 300

He ceas'd, whose voice Oileus' son the swift
Perceiving with quick ear, of all the chiefs
Ran foremost ; after whom Idomeneus
Approach'd, and, dread as homicidal Mars,
Meriones. But never mind of man
Could ev'n in silent recollection name
The whole vast multitude, who, following these,
Renew'd the battle on the part of Greece.
The Trojans first, with Hector at their head,
Wedg'd in close phalanx, rush'd to the assault. 310

As when within some rapid river's mouth
The billows and stream clash, on either shore
Loud sounds the roar of waves ejected wide,
Such seem'd the clamours of the Trojan host.
But the Achaians, one in heart, around
Patroclus stood, bulwark'd with shields of brass,
And over all their glitt'ring helmets Jove
Darkness diffus'd, for he had held him dear

While yet he liv'd friend of Æacides,
And, now, abhorring that the dogs of Troy 320
Should rend him, urg'd the Greeks to his defence.
The Trojans first prevail'd; repuls'd the Greeks
And dragg'd the dead, but none of all their host,
With all their fury slew. Nor stood the Greeks
Long time aloof, soon rallied by the voice
Of Ajax, in his form and in his act
Inferiour to Æacides alone.
Right through the foremost combatants he rush'd,
In force resembling most some savage boar, 329
Which, in the mountains bursting through the brakes,
The swains disperses and their hounds with ease;
Like him, illustrious Ajax, mighty son
Of Telamon, at his assault dispers'd
With ease the close embattled ranks, who fought
Around the dead Patroclus, strong in hope
To achieve him, and to make the glory theirs.
Hippochoüs, Pelasgian Lethus' son,
A noble youth, ambitious to deserve
Applause from Hector and the Trojan host,
Binding Patroclus' ancles with a thong 340
Together, grasp'd his feet, and toil'd to draw
The lifeless load from conflict safe away.
But mischief, swifter than his readiest friends
Could baffle, reach'd him. Sudden in assault,
And spear in hand, illustrious Ajax smote
His glitt'ring helmet with an arm so strong,
And with a beam so pond'rous, that his point
Sheer to its bottom split the crested brass.
Plung'd to its neck, the spear let forth at once
Life's current and the brain. He nerveless sank, 350
Let fall Patroclus' feet, and fell himself
Prone on the body; never more to see
Fruitful Larissa, never to requite
Their kind sollicitudes who gave him birth,
In bloom of life by dauntless Ajax slain.
Then Hector hurl'd at Ajax, but the spear
Pass'd *him* forewarn'd of its approach, and pierc'd
Schedius Iphitides; he, noblest chief
Of the Phocensians, over many reign'd,

Dwelling in Panopeus the far renown'd. 360
 Ent'ring beneath the clavicle the point
 Right through his shoulder's summit pass'd behind,
 And on his loud-resounding arms he fell.
 Next, Ajax wounded at his waist the son
 Of Phœnops, valiant Phorcys, while he stood
 Guarding Hippothoüs; through his hollow mail
 Enforc'd the weapon drank his inmost life,
 And in his palm, supine, he clench'd the dust.
 Then, Hector with the foremost chiefs of Troy
 Fell back; the Argives sent a shout to Heav'n, 370
 And dragging Phorcys and Hippothoüs thence
 Stripp'd both. In that bright moment Ilium's host,
 Fear-quell'd before Achaia's warlike sons,
 Should have re-enter'd Ilium, and the Greeks
 By matchless might and fortitude their own
 Had snatch'd a vict'ry from the grasp of fate,
 But that, himself, the King of radiant shafts
 Æneas rous'd; Epytis' son he seem'd
 Periphas, ancient in the service grown
 Of old Anchises, whom he dearly lov'd; 380
 His form assum'd, Apollo thus began:

Æneas! I have seen the glorious chiefs,
 Who by their people's valour and their own,
 No foreign aid at hand, have, in despite
 Of adverse Heav'n, secur'd their tott'ring tow'rs.
 But we so dread the Grecians, that we yield
 The vict'ry theirs, which Jove designs our own.

He ended, whom Æneas marking, knew
 At once the glorious Archer of the skies,
 And thus to distant Hector call'd aloud: 390

Hector! Ye chiefs of Troy, and her allies!
 Shame is our portion, if we climb again
 The heights of Ilium, slaves of hopeless fear,
 And fugitive before the Grecian host.
 For I have learn'd, this moment, from a God
 Standing beside me, that in Jove himself,
 Whose counsels all events of war obey,
 The Trojans have a friend. Now, therefore, face
 Once more the foe, nor suffer that, in peace,
 They reach the ships, and bear Patroclus home. 400

He spake, and starting far into the van
Stood foremost forth; they, wheeling, fac'd the
Greeks.

Then, spear in hand, Æneas smote the friend
Of Lycomedes, brave Leocritus,
Son of Arisbas. Lycomedes mov'd
With pity saw his fall, and drawing nigh
First stood, then hurling his resplendent lance
Pierc'd Apisaon, son of Hippasus,
And captain of a band, beneath his chest
Right through the liver, and at once he died. 410
He from Pæonia's fruitful land to Troy
Came forth, except Asteropæus, brave
Past all his host. Asteropæus saw,
And rush'd impatient to the van, prepar'd
For furious fight, but room for fight found none,
So thick a fence of shields and ported spears
Fronted the guard of Menœtiades.
For Ajax, passing, ceaseless, through the ranks,
Gave them strict charge, that none should fall behind,
None step before, ambitious of renown, 420
But all, in even undisturb'd array,
Move round Patroclus' body, spear in hand.
Such order gave huge Ajax; purple gore
Drench'd all the ground; in slaughter'd heaps they fell
Trojans and Trojan aids of dauntless hearts,
And Grecians; for not even they the fight
Wag'd bloodless, though with far less cost of blood;
Each mindful to avert his fellow's fate.

Thus burn'd the battle; thou hadst deem'd the sun
And moon alike extinguish'd in the skies, 430
Beneath a cope so dense of darkness strove
Unceasing all the most renown'd in arms
For Menœtiades. Mean-time the war
By Greeks and Trojans in all other parts
Was wag'd beneath serenest skies; the sun
On them his radiance darted; not a cloud,
From mountain or from vale ascending, slak'd
His fervour; there at distance due they fought
And paus'd by turns, and shunn'd the cruel dart.
But in the middle field not war alone 440

They suffer'd, but night also ; ruthless rag'd
The iron storm, and all the mightiest bled.
Two glorious chiefs, the while, Antilochus
And Thrasymedes, tidings none had heard
Of brave Patroclus slain, but deem'd him still
Living, and troubling still the host of Troy ;
For watchful only to prevent the flight
Or slaughter of their fellow-warriors, they
Maintain'd a distant station, so enjoin'd
By Nestor when he sent them to the field. 450
But fiery conflict arduous employ'd
The rest all day continual ; knees and legs,
Feet, hands, and eyes of those who fought to guard
The valiant friend of swift Æacides
Were smear'd with sweat and dust. As when a man
A huge ox-hide drunken with slipp'ry lard
Gives to be stretch'd, his servants all around
Dispos'd, just intervals between, the task
Ply strenuous, and while many straining hard
Extend it equal on all sides, it sweats 460
The moisture out, and drinks the unction in ;
So they, few paces interpos'd, by turns
Pull'd at the body, now toward the ships,
And now toward the city, dragging thence,
As these or those prevail'd, their envied prize.
Wild tumult rag'd around him ; neither Mars
Gath'rer of hosts to battle, nor herself
Minerva in her fiercest wrath, had view'd
That conflict with disdain, to such a length
Extended Jove that day the bloody toil 470
Of steeds and men for Menœtiades.
Nor knew divine Achilles or had aught
Heard of Patroclus slain, for from the ships
Remote they fought, beneath the walls of Troy.
He, therefore, fear'd not for his death, but hope
Indulg'd much rather, that, the battle push'd
To Ilium's gates, he should return alive.
For that his friend, unaided by himself,
Or even aided, should prevail to lay
Troy waste, he nought suppos'd ; by Thetis warn'd
In secret conf'rence oft, he better knew 481

Jove's purpose; yet not even she had borne
Those dreadful tidings to his ear, the loss
Immeasurable of his dearest friend.

'They all around the dead fought spear in hand,
Slaying and spoiling mutually, and thus
A mail-clad warrior of the Greeks exclaim'd—

Shame were it, Grecians! should we seek by flight
Our galleys now; yawn earth beneath our feet
And here ingulf us rather! Better far, 490
Than to permit the Trojan host to win
The glorious day, and drag Patroclus home.

Thus also spake a valiant man of Troy:
My friends! though fate ordain us all to die
Around this body, stand! let none retire.

So spake the warrior prompting into act
The courage of his friends, and such they strove
On both sides! high into the vault of Heav'n
The iron din pass'd through the desert air.
Mean-time the horses of Æacides, 500

From fight withdrawn, when once they understood
Their charioteer outstretch'd in dust beneath
The arm of homicidal Hector, wept.
Them oft with hasty lash Diore's son
Automedon assail'd; with gentle speech
Address'd them oft, oft threaten'd them aloud;
But neither homeward, to the ships that lin'd
The sounding shore, nor to the Grecian host
Would they return, but motionless alike
Stood both, as stands the column of a tomb 510
Some chief's or matron's; bowing low their heads
They ceas'd not to deplore with many a tear
Whom they had lost, and each his glossy mane,
Dishevell'd now, polluted in the dust.

Jove saw their grief with pity, and his brows
Shaking, within himself thus, pensive, said:

Ah, wherefore, hapless pair! by gift divine
Were ye to Peleus giv'n, a mortal king,
Yourselves immortal and from age exempt?
Was it that ye might share in human woes? 520
For, of all things that breathe or creep the earth,
No creature lives so mere a wretch as man.
Yet shall not Priameian Hector ride

Triumphant, drawn by you. Myself forbid.
Suffice it that vain-gloriously he boasts
Those arms his own. Your spirit and your limbs
I will invigorate, that ye may bear
Safe hence Automedon into the fleet.
For I ordain the Trojans still to spread
Carnage around victorious, till they reach 530
The gallant barks, and till the sun at length
Descending, sacred darkness cover all.

He said, and with new might the steeds inspir'd,
They, shaking from their hair the dust, between
The van of either army whirl'd along
The rapid chariot. Fighting as he pass'd,
Though fill'd with sorrow for his slaughter'd friend,
Automedon high mounted swept the field
Impetuous as a vulture scatt'ring geese;
Now would he vanish, and now, turning, chase 540
Through the whole multitude his trembling foe;
But whomsoe'er he follow'd, none he slew,
Nor was it possible, that, borne alone
In that dread chariot, he should both direct
The spear aright, and guide the fiery steeds.
At length Alcimedon, his friend in arms,
Son of Laerceus son of Æmon, him
Observing, from behind the chariot hail'd
The flying warrior, whom he thus bespake:

What pow'r divine, Automedon! distorts 550
Thy sober judgment to so wild a course?
Thy friend is slain; exulting Hector wears
The armour of Æacides; and thou,
Still fighting, brav'st the foremost foe, alone.

Then answer thus Automedon return'd:
And who like brave Alcimedon to rule
The force and fire of these immortal steeds,
Save only, godlike in the noble art,
Patroclus, while he liv'd? Thou, therefore, take
The whip and reins, which he shall hold no more, 560
While I, dismounting, hasten to the fight.

He ceas'd; Alcimedon without delay
Mounting the battle-chariot, seiz'd at once
The lash and reins, and from his seat down leap'd
Automedon. Them noble Hector mark'd,

And to Æneas at his side began :

Illustrious chief of Ilium's warlike host,
 Æneas ! I have notic'd yonder steeds
 Of swift Achilles in the foremost fight
 Conspicuous, but under sway of hands 570
 Unskilful ; whence no little hope I feel,
 That we might seize them, wert thou so inclin'd ;
 Since never would those two presume to rush
 To the encounter of a force like ours.

He ended, nor Anchises' valiant son
 Refus'd his counsel ; then with targets firm
 Of season'd hide brass-plated thrown athwart
 Their shoulders, both advanc'd, with whom a youth
 Of godlike form, Aretus, also went
 And Chromius. Ardent hope they all conceiv'd 580
 To slay those chiefs, and from the field to drive
 Achilles' lofty steeds. Vain hope ! for them
 No bloodless strife awaited with the force
 Of brave Automedon ; he, pray'r to Jove
 First off'ring, felt his angry soul with might
 Heroic fill'd, and thus his faithful friend
 Alcimedon, incontinent, address'd :

Alcimedon ! hold not the steeds remote,
 But breathing on my back ; for I expect
 That never Priameïan Hector's rage 590
 Shall limit know, or pause, till, slaying us,
 He mount, himself, Achilles' fiery steeds,
 And chase the Greeks, or perish in the van.

So saying, he call'd aloud on Menelaus,
 With either Ajax : O illustrious chiefs
 Of Argos, Menelaus, and ye bold
 Ajaces ! leaving all your best to cope
 With Ilium's pow'rs, and to protect the dead,
 From friends still living ward the bitter day.
 For hither borne, two warriors, prime of all 600
 The Trojans, Hector and Æneas, rush
 Right through the battle. The events of war
 Heav'n orders ; therefore even I will give
 My spear its flight, and Jove dispose the rest !

He said, and brandishing his massy spear
 Dismiss'd it at Aretus ; full he smote
 His ample shield, nor stay'd the pointed brass,

But penetrating sheer the disk, his belt
 Pierc'd also, and stood planted in his waist.
 As when some vig'rous youth with sharpen'd axe 610
 A pastur'd bullock smites behind the horns
 And hews the muscle through: he at the stroke
 Springs forth and falls, so sprang Aretus forth,
 Then fell supine, and in his bowels stood
 The keen-edg'd lance still quiv'ring till he died.
 Then Hector, in return, his radiant spear
 Hurl'd at Automedon, who, of its flight
 Forewarn'd, his body bowing prone, deceiv'd
 The weapon, which, implanted in the soil
 Behind him, shook to its superiour end, 620
 Till, spent by slow degrees, its fury slept.
 And now, with hand to hilt, for closer war
 Both stood prepar'd; when through the multitude
 Advancing at their fellow-warrior's call
 Each Ajax suddenly their farther strife
 Prevented. Aw'd at once by their approach
 Hector retir'd, with whom Æneas went
 Also and godlike Chromius, leaving there
 Aretus with his vitals torn, whose arms
 Automedon, all terrible as Mars, 630
 Stripp'd off, and thus exulted o'er the slain:

My soul some portion of her grief resigns
 Consol'd, although by slaughter of a worse,
 For loss of valiant Menœtiades.

So saying, within his chariot he dispos'd
 The gory spoils, then mounted it himself
 With hands and feet impurpled, as with blood
 Some lion, after his repast, a bull.

And now around Patroclus rag'd again
 Dread strife deplorable; for from the skies 640
 Descending at the Thunderer's command,
 Whose purpose now was to assist the Greeks,
 Pallas enhanc'd the fury of the fight.
 As when, in view of mortals, Jove displays
 On high his beauteous bow, a sign ordain'd
 Of war, or numbing frost, which all the works
 Of man suspends and saddens all the flocks;
 So she, envelop'd with a radiant cloud
 Ent'ring Achaia's host, fir'd ev'ry breast.

But meeting Menelaus first, brave son 650
 Of Atreus, both the form and mighty voice
 Of Phœnix she assum'd, and thus she spake:

Shame, Menelaus, shall to thee redound
 For ever, and reproach, should dogs devour
 The faithful friend of Peleus' noble son
 Beneath Troy's battlements; but stand, thyself,
 Undaunted, and encourage all the host.

To whom the son of Atreus bold in arms:
 Alas, my Phœnix, ancient friend rever'd!
 Would Pallas give me might, and shield me safe 660
 From flying dart and spear, with willing mind
 I would defend Patroclus, for his death
 Hath touch'd me deep. But Hector, like a fire,
 Lays waste the field, nor knows his spear a pause;
 For this day's glory Jove hath destin'd his.

He ceas'd, whom Pallas, Goddess azure-ey'd,
 Hearing, rejoic'd that of the heavenly pow'rs
 He had invok'd *her* foremost to his aid.
 His shoulders with new might, and limbs she fill'd,
 And persevering boldness to his breast 670
 Imparted, such as prompts the fly, which oft
 From flesh of man repuls'd, her purpose yet
 To bite holds fast, resolv'd on human blood.
 His stormy bosom with such courage fill'd
 By Pallas, to Patroclus he approach'd,
 And hurl'd with rapid haste his glitt'ring spear.
 There was a Trojan leader, Podes, son
 Of old Eëtion, valorous and rich,
 Whom Hector most of all his Trojan friends
 Respected, in convivial pleasures sweet 680
 His chos'n companion. As he sprang to flight,
 The hero of the golden locks his belt
 Struck with full force, and sent the weapon through.
 Sounding he fell, and from the Trojan ranks
 Atrides dragg'd the body to his own.
 Then drew Apollo near to Hector's side,
 And in the form of Phœnops, Asius' son,
 Of all the foreign guests at Hector's board
 His fav'rite most, the hero thus address'd:

What Greek will now fear Hector, who, himself 690

Fears Menelaus? maiden-like, of late,
Was he; but now, triumphant and alone
Drags from the ranks of Troy Eëtion's son,
The valiant Podes, ever true to thee.

He spake, and sorrow like a wintry cloud
Involv'd the mind of Hector dark around;
Right through the foremost combatants he rush'd
All clad in dazzling brass. Then, lifting high
His tassell'd ægis radiant, Jove with storms
Envelop'd Ida; flash'd his lightnings, roar'd 700
His thunders, and the mountain shook, while he
Dispers'd the Greeks before the host of Troy.

First fled Peneleus, the Bœotian chief,
Whom facing firm the foe Polydamas
Had on his shoulder's summit slightly harm'd,
Grazing the bone; for nigh at hand he threw.

Leïtus also, son of the renown'd
Alectryon, pierc'd by Hector in the wrist,
Disabled left the fight; trembling he fled
And peering narrowly around, nor hop'd 710
To lift a spear against the Trojans more.

Hector, pursuing Leïtus, the point
Encounter'd of Idomeneus the brave
Full on his chest; but in his mail the lance
Snapp'd, and the Trojans shouted to the skies.
He, in his turn, cast at Deucalion's son,
Idomeneus, who in that moment gain'd
A chariot-seat; him narrowly he miss'd,
And wounded Cœranus instead, the friend
And follower of Meriones to Troy 720

From wealthy Lyctus, and his charioteer.
For when he left, that day, the gallant barks,
Idomeneus had sought the field on foot,
And triumph proud, full sure, to Ilium's host
Had yielded, but that Cœranus in haste
Arriv'd to his relief; from him the dire
Event averting, which himself incurr'd,
Victim of Hector's homicidal arm.
Him Hector, smiting between ear and jaw,
Push'd from their sockets with the lance's point 730
His firm-set teeth, and sever'd sheer his tongue.

Dismounted down he fell, and from his hand
 Let slide the flowing reins, which, to the earth
 Stooping, Meriones in haste resum'd,
 And briefly thus Idomeneus address'd :

Now drive, and cease not, to the fleet of Greece ;
 Thyself seest victory no longer ours.

He said ; and brave Idomeneus, himself,
 Now fearing, swiftly drove toward the fleet.
 Nor Ajax saw not, or the Spartan prince 740
 The scale of vict'ry verging to the side
 Of Ilium, in the sov'reign hand of Jove,
 And thus the Telamonian chief exclaim'd :

Now may we plainly see,—the blindest may—
 Jove granting vict'ry to the pow'rs of Troy.
 Whose ev'ry weapon, whether shaft or spear
 From base or brave, himself directs aright ;
 While ours, dismiss'd in vain, all pierce the ground.
 Thus left, consider we what likeliest means,
 Ourselves, we can employ, to bear away 750

The dead Patroclus, and to cheer, at length,
 Our anxious friends, who, watching our return,
 Far more expect an inroad on the ships
 From Hector, than that, Hector's rage repuls'd,
 Ourselves shall ever reach them safe again.
 O for some Grecian now to bear with speed
 The tidings to Achilles' ear ; untaught,
 As I conjecture, yet, the doleful news
 Of his Patroclus slain ! but no such Greek
 May I discern, such universal gloom 760
 Both men and steeds envelops all around.

Father of Heav'n and Earth ; deliver thou
 Achaia's host from darkness ; clear the skies ;
 Give day ; and (since thy sov'reign will is such)
 Destruction with it—but O give us day !

He spake, whose tears Jove saw with pity mov'd
 And chas'd the shades ; the sun beam'd brightly forth,
 And the whole battle met the eye. Then spake
 The hero thus to Atreus' mighty son :

Now, Menelaus, haste ; seek Nestor's son 770
 Antilochus ; and, if he still survive,
 Charge him, that with his utmost speed he bear
 To brave Achilles, tidings of the loss

Immeasurable of his dearest friend.

He ceas'd, nor Menelaus, dauntless chief,
That task refus'd, but went; yet neither swift
Nor willing. As a lion leaves the stalls
Wearied himself with harassing the guard,
Who, interdicting him his purpos'd prey,
Watch all the night; he, famish'd, yet again 780
Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof
By spears from daring hands dismiss'd, but more
By flash of torches, which, though fierce, he dreads,
Till at the dawn, sullen he stalks away;
So from Patroclus Menelaus went,
Heroic chief! reluctant; for he fear'd
Lest the Achaians should resign the dead,
Through consternation, to the host of Troy.
Departing, therefore, earnestly he charg'd
Meriones and either Ajax, thus; 790

Ye dauntless leaders of the Grecian host!
Now call to mind the gentle manners sweet
Of poor Patroclus; for Achilles' friend,
While yet he liv'd, was ever kind to all.

So saying, the hero, amber-hair'd, his steps
Turn'd thence, the field exploring with an eye
Keen as the eagle's, keenest-ey'd of all
That wing the air, whom, though he soar aloft,
The lev'ret 'scapes not hid in thickest shades,
But down he stoops, and at a stroke she dies; 800
So, noble Menelaus! were thine eyes
Turn'd into ev'ry quarter of the host
In search of Nestor's son, if still he liv'd.
Him, soon, encouraging his band to fight,
He notic'd on the left of all the field,
And sudden standing at his side, began:

Antilochus! O hear me, noble friend!
And tidings thou shalt learn of such a deed,
As best had never been. Thou know'st, I judge,
And hast already seen, how Jove exalts 810
To victory the Trojan host, and rolls
Distress on ours; but ah! Patroclus lies,
Our chief Achaian, slain, whose loss the Greeks
Fills with regret. Haste, therefore, to the fleet;
Inform Achilles; bid him haste to save,

If save he may, the body of his friend;
He can no more, for Hector hath his arms.

He ceas'd. Antilochus with horreur heard
Those tidings; mute long time he stood, his eyes
With sorrow delug'd, and his voice suppress'd. 820
Yet nought the more neglected he the word
Of Menelaus. Setting forth to run,
He gave his armour to his noble friend
Laodocus, who thither turn'd his steeds,
And, weeping as he went, on rapid feet
Sped to Achilles with that tale of wo.

Nor could the noble Menelaus stay,
To give the weary Pylian band, bereft
Of their belov'd Antilochus, his aid;
But leaving them to Thrasymedes' care 830
He flew to Menœtiades again,
And either Ajax, instant, thus address'd:

He seeks the fleet, and with his utmost speed
Achilles there; of whose arrival, now,
With whatsoever rage he may resent
This deed of Hector, I must yet despair,
For, can he face, unarm'd, the Pow'rs of Troy?
Now, therefore, think, how likeliest we may save
Patroclus hence, and from the stroke of Fate,
That threatens us in this tumultuous field, 840
Escape, ourselves, into the fleet of Greece.

To whom the tow'ring Ajax in return;
Brave Menelaus! Thou hast well advis'd.
Thou, therefore, aid Meriones to lift
And bear Patroclus from the field, while we,
Long-time accustom'd, side by side, to endure
Severest conflict, and, as nam'd alike,
So one in heart, sustain the brunt alone.

He ended; they, enfolding in their arms
The dead, upbore him high above the ground 850
With force united; after whom Troy's host,
Seeing the body lifted from the field,
Shouted, and with impetuous onset all
Throng'd after them. As hounds before a band
Of youthful hunters, on the wounded boar
Make fierce assault; awhile at utmost speed
They stretch toward him, hung'ring for the prey,

But oft as, turning suddenly, the brawn
Withstands them, scatter'd on all sides escape,
The Trojans so, thick thronging in the rear, 860
Ceaseless with swords and spears of double edge
Annoy'd them sore; but oft as in retreat
The dauntless heroes, the Ajaces, turn'd
To face them, deadly wan grew ev'ry cheek,
And not a Trojan dar'd with onset rude
Molest them more in conflict for the dead.

Thus they, laborious, forth from battle bore
Patroclus to the fleet, tempestuous war
Their steps attending, rapid as the flames
Which, kindled suddenly, some city waste; 870
Consum'd amid the blaze, house after house
Sinks, and the wind, meantime, roars through the
fire,

So them a deaf'ning tumult as they went
Pursu'd, of horses and of men spear-arm'd.
And as two mules with em'lous efforts draw
Through rugged ways down from the distant hills
Huge timber, beam or mast; sweating they go,
And overlabour'd to faint weariness,
So they the body bore, while, turning oft,
Th' Ajaces check'd the Trojans. As a mound 880
Planted with trees and stretch'd athwart the mead
Repels an overflow; the torrents loud
Baffling, it sends them far away to float
The level land, nor can they with the force
Of all their waters burst a passage through,
So firmly either Ajax in the rear
Repress'd the Trojans; but the Trojans them
Attended still, of whom Æneas most
Annoy'd them, and the glorious chief of Troy.
They, as a cloud of starlings or of daws 890
Fly screaming shrill, warn'd timely of the kite
Or hawk, devourers of the smaller kinds,
So fled (while Hector and Æneas urg'd
The swift pursuit) with never-ceasing cries
Achaia's sons, escape their only care,
And many a lance, and many a glitt'ring shield
Within the foss, and on the bord'ring plain,
Through terrour left, for respite none they found.

BOOK XVIII.

Argument.

Achilles, by command of Juno, shows himself to the Trojans, who fly at his appearance ; Vulcan, at the instance of Thetis, forges for him a suit of armour.

THUS burn'd the battle like devouring fire.
Mean-time, Antilochus with rapid steps
Came to Achilles. Him he found before
His lofty barks, conjecturing the truth.
He groan'd, and to his noble self he said :
Ah ! wo is me—why falls Achaia's host
Back on the fleet thus broken and confus'd ?
I tremble lest the Gods my fears fulfil
Of evils which my mother hath erewhile
Foretold me, that while I shall yet survive, 10
My bravest Myrmidon by Trojan hands
Is doom'd to fall, and view the sun no more.
Brave Menœtiades is, doubtless, slain.
Ah vainly brave ! The Trojans once expell'd,
I bade thee shun the force of Hector's arm,
And seek, at once, the rescu'd ships again.

While thus he mus'd, the noble Nestor's son
Approach'd him, and, in tepid tears dissolv'd,
His most unwelcome message thus declar'd :

Oh brave Achilles ! Charg'd with heaviest news 20
Of one who well deserv'd a gentler fate,
I seek thee. Menœtiades is dead.
Between the warring hosts his body lies
In fierce dispute, and Hector hath his arms.

Then clouds of sorrow fell on Peleus' son,
And, grasping with both hands the ashes, down
He pour'd them on his head, his graceful brows
Dishonouring, and thick the sooty show'r

Descending settled on his fragrant vest.
 Then, stretch'd in ashes, at the vast extent 30
 Of his whole length he lay, disord'ring wild
 With his own hands, and rending off his hair.
 The maidens, captiv'd by himself in war
 And by Patroclus, shrieking from the tent
 Ran forth, and hemm'd the glorious chief around.
 All smote their bosoms, and all, fainting, fell.
 On the other side, Antilochus, dissolv'd
 In tears, held fast Achilles' hands, and groan'd
 Continually from his heart, through fear
 Lest Peleus' son should perish self-destroy'd. 40
 With dreadful cries *he* rent the air; whose voice
 Within the gulfs of ocean, where she sat
 Beside her ancient sire, his mother heard,
 And, hearing, shriek'd; around her, at the voice
 Assembled all the Nereids of the Deep.
 Cymodoce, Thalia, Glauca came,
 Nisæa, Spio, Thoa, and with eyes
 Protub'rant beauteous Halia; came with these
 Cymothoë, and Actæa, and the nymph
 Of marshes, Limnorea; nor delay'd 50
 Agave, nor Amphithoë the swift,
 Iæra, Doto, Melita; nor thence
 Was absent Proto, or Dynamene,
 Callianira, Doris, Panope,
 Pherusa or Amphinome, or fair
 Dexamene, or Galatea prais'd
 For matchless form divine; Nemertes pure
 Came also, with Apseudes crystal-bright,
 Callianassa, Mæra, Clymene,
 Janeira and Janassa, sister pair, 60
 And Orithya, and with azure locks
 Luxuriant, Amatheia; nor alone
 Came these, but ev'ry ocean-nymph beside.
 The silver cave was fill'd; each smote her breast,
 And Thetis, loud lamenting, thus began:
 Ye sister Nereids hear! that ye may all
 From my own lips my boundless sorrow learn.
 Ah me forlorn and parent to no end
 Of an illustrious birth! who having borne
 A noble son magnanimous, the chief 70

Of heroes, saw him like a thriving plant
 Shoot under my maternal care, aloft,
 And sent him early in his gallant fleet
 Embark'd, to combat with the sons of Troy.
 But him from fight return'd I shall receive
 Beneath the roof of Peleus never more,
 And while he lives and views the light of day,
 Grief is his doom, nor can my presence aught
 Avail him; yet I go, that I may see
 My darling son, and from his lips be taught 80
 What wo he feels, who shares not now the war.

So saying she left the cave, whom all her nymphs
 Attended weeping, and where'er they pass'd
 The parting billows open'd wide a way.
 At fruitful Troy arriv'd, in order fair
 They climb'd the beach, where, by his num'rous barks
 Encompass'd swift Achilles sighing lay.
 Then, drawing nigh to her afflicted son,
 'The Goddess with a piercing shriek his brows
 Between her palms compress'd, and thus inquir'd: 90

Why weeps my son? what sorrow wrings thy soul?
 Speak, hide it not. The Thund'rer hath perform'd
 The pray'r which erst with lifted hands thou mad'st,
 That all Achaia's host, depriv'd of thee,
 Might be compell'd into the fleet, and foul
 Disgrace incur, there prison'd for thy sake.

To whom Achilles, groaning deep, replied:
 My mother! it is true; Olympian Jove
 That pray'r fulfils; but thence what joy to me,
 Patroclus slain? the friend whom erst I lov'd 100
 As life itself, far more than all besides,
 That friend have I destroy'd; the Trojan chief
 Hath slain and stripp'd him of my glorious arms,
 The wonder of all eyes, a matchless gift
 Giv'n by the Gods to Peleus on that day
 When thee they doom'd into a mortal's arms.
 Oh that with these thy deathless ocean-nymphs
 Dwelling content, thou hadst my father left
 T' espouse a mortal bride! so hadst thou 'scap'd
 Pangs numberless, which thou must now endure 110
 For thy son's death, whom thou shalt never meet,
 From Troy return'd, in Peleus' mansion more.

For life I covet not, nor longer wish
To mix with human kind, unless my spear
May find out Hector, and atonement take
By slaying Him, for my Patroclus slain.

To whom, with streaming tears, the Goddess thus:
Swift comes thy destiny as thou hast said,
For after Hector's death thine next ensues.

Then answer thus, indignant, he return'd: 120
Death seize me now ! since, when my friend was slain,
My doom was not to succour him. He died
From home remote, and wanting me to save him.
Now, therefore, since I neither visit more
My native land, nor, present here, have aught
Avail'd Patroclus or my many friends,
Whom noble Hector hath in battle slain,
But here I sit unprofitable grown,
Earth's burden, though of such heroic note,
If not in council foremost (for I yield 130
That prize to others), yet in feats of arms
Such as none other in Achaia's host.

O ! perish Discord from among the Gods
Henceforth, and from among the human race,
With wrath, which sets the wisest hearts on fire;
Sweeter than dropping honey to the taste,
But in the breast an ever-gath'ring smoke !
Such was my wrath which Agamemnon rous'd,
The king of men. But since the past is fled
Irrevocable, howsoe'er distress'd, 140

Renounce we now vain musings on the past,
Content through sad necessity. I go
In quest of noble Hector, who hath slain
My lov'd Patroclus, and such death will take
As Jove ordains me and the Pow'rs of Heav'n
At their own season, send it when they may.
For not the might of Hercules himself,
Of all men dearest to Saturnian Jove,
Could death escape, but even him the force
Of Juno's wrath and Destiny subdued; 150
And if myself am also doom'd to fall,
I, then, shall also rest; but I will win
Immortal glory now, and, in revenge,
Make many a Trojan and Dardanian wife

Wipe her soft cheeks, and many a mother mourn.
Long time have I been absent from the field,
And they shall know it. Love me as thou may'st,
Yet thwart me not, for I am fix'd to go.

Whom Thetis answer'd, Goddess of the Deep:
Thou hast well said, my son! it is no blame, 160
To save from threaten'd death our suff'ring friends.
But thy magnificent and dazzling arms
Are now in Trojan hands; them Hector wears
Exulting, but ordain'd not long t' exult,
So habited; his death is also nigh.
But thou with yonder warring multitudes
Mix not, till thou behold me here again;
For with the rising sun I will return
To-morrow, and will bring thee glorious arms,
By Vulcan forg'd, himself the King of fire. 170

She said, and turning from her son aside,
The sisterhood of Ocean thus address'd:

Plunge ye again into the briny Deep,
And to the hoary Sov'reign of the floods
Report as ye have heard. I seek the heights
Olympian now, with purpose to obtain
From Vulcan, glorious artist, if I may,
Arms of excelling beauty for my son.

Se said; they plung'd into the waves again,
And silver-footed Thetis, to the heights 180
Olympian soaring swiftly to obtain
Arms for renown'd Achilles, disappear'd.
Mean-time with infinite uproar the Greeks
From Hector's hero-slaying arm had fled
Home to their galleys station'd on the banks
Of Hellespont. Nor yet Achaia's sons
Had borne the body of Patroclus clear
From flight of darts away, but still again
The multitude of warriors and of steeds
Came on, by Priameian Hector led 190
Rapid as fire. Thrice, noble Hector seiz'd
His ancles from behind, that he might drag
Patroclus, shouting to his host the while;
But thrice, the two Ajaces, cloth'd with might,
Shock'd and repuls'd him reeling. He with force
Still inexhausted issuing through his ranks

By turns assail'd the heroes, and by turns
 Stood clamouring, yet not a step retir'd;
 But as the hinds deter not from his prey
 A tawny lion by keen hunger urg'd, 200
 So could not both Ajaces, warriors bold,
 Intimidate and from the body drive
 Hector; and he had dragg'd him thence and won
 Immortal glory, but that Iris, sent
 Unseen by Jove and by the pow'rs of Heav'n
 From Juno, to Achilles brought command
 That he should sally. At his side she stood,
 And in wing'd accents thus the chief address'd:

Hero! most terrible of men, arise!
 Protect Patroclus, for whose sake the war 210
 Stands at the fleet of Greece. Mutual prevails
 The slaughter, these the dead defending, those
 Determin'd hence to drag him to the gates
 Of lofty Ilium. But beyond them all
 Illustrious Hector ardently contends
 To win him, purposing to lop his head,
 And to exhibit it impal'd on high.
 Thou then arise, nor longer on the ground
 Lie stretch'd inactive; let the thought with shame
 Touch thee, of thy Patroclus made the sport 220
 Of Trojan dogs, whose corse, if it return
 Dishonour'd home, brings with it thy reproach.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race:
 Iris divine! who sent thee from the skies?

Then thus, the swift ambadress replied:
 Jove's glorious consort. And by Jove himself,
 And all the blest inhabitants besides
 Of bright Olympus, unperceiv'd I came.

Her answer'd then Pelides, glorious chief:
 How, wanting armour, can I seek the fleet? 230
 My mother also charg'd me to expect
 Her prompt return with arms, that she will ask
 At Vulcan's hand. Mean time I know not whose
 Might serve me, save alone the sev'n-fold shield
 Of Telamonian Ajax, whom I deem
 Not unemploy'd himself; but with his spear
 Now dealing slaughter in my friend's defence.

To whom the swift-wing'd messenger of Heav'n:

Full well we know thine armour Hector's prize.
Yet, issuing to the margin of the foss, 240
Show thyself only. Panic-seiz'd, perchance,
The Trojans shall from fight desist, and yield
To the o'ertoil'd though dauntless sons of Greece
Short respite; it is all that war allows.

So saying the rapid Iris disappear'd.
Then rose at once Achilles dear to Jove,
Athwart whose shoulders broad Minerva cast
Her Ægis fring'd terrific, and his brows
Encircled with a golden cloud, that shot
Fires insupportable to sight abroad. 250

As when some Island situate afar
On the wide waves, invested all the day
By cruel foes from their own city pour'd,
Upsends a smoke to Heav'n, and torches shows
On all her turrets at the close of eve,
Which flash against the clouds, kindled in hope
Of aid from neighbour maritime allies,
So from Achilles' head light flash'd to Heav'n.
Without the rampart and beside the foss
He stood, but mix'd not with Achaia's host, 260
Obedient to his mother's wise command.

He stood and shouted; Pallas also rais'd
A dreadful shout, and tumult infinite
Excited throughout all the host of Troy.
As when fierce foes approach the city walls
Shrill sounds the trumpet to alarm the town,
Such, in that moment, and so shrill was heard
Thy voice, Æacides! and tumult-toss'd
Was ev'ry bosom at the brazen tone.

With swift recoil the long-man'd coursers thrust 270
The chariots back, all boding wo at hand,
And ev'ry charioteer astonish'd saw
Fires, that fail'd not, illumining the brows
Of Peleus' son, by Pallas kindled there.

Thrice o'er the trench Achilles sent his voice
Sonorous, and confusion at the sound
Thrice seiz'd the Trojans, and their fam'd allies.
Twelve, in that moment, of their noblest died
By their own spears and chariots, and with joy
The Grecians from beneath a hill of darts 280

Dragging Patroclus, plac'd him on his bier.
 Around him throng'd his fellow-warriors bold,
 All weeping, after whom Achilles went
 Fast-weeping also at the doleful sight
 Of his true friend on his funereal bed
 Extended, gash'd with many a mortal wound,
 Whom he had sent into the fight with steeds
 And chariot, but receiv'd him thence no more.

And now majestic Juno sent the sun,
 Unwearied minister of light, although 290
 Reluctant, down into the Ocean stream.

So the sun sank, and the Achaians ceas'd
 From the all-wasting labours of the war.
 On th' other side, the Trojans, from the fight
 Retiring, loos'd their steeds, but ere they took
 Thought of refreshment, in full council met.

It was a council at which no man sat,
 Or dar'd; all stood; such terrour had on all
 Fallen, for that Achilles had appear'd
 After long pause from battle's arduous toil. 300

First spake Polydamas, the prudent son
 Of Panthus, above all the Trojans skill'd
 Both in futurity and in the past.
 He was the friend of Hector, and one night
 Gave birth to each. In council one excell'd,
 And one still more in feats of high renown.
 Thus then, admonishing them, he began:

My friends! weigh well the occasion. Back to Troy
 E'en now by my advice, nor wait the morn
 Here, on the plain, from Ilium's walls remote. 310

Long as resentment of his wrongs sustain'd
 From Agamemnon fir'd Achilles' breast,
 Our task was easier, and well-pleas'd I slept
 Fast by the ships, for I could hope that soon
 Success should make them ours; but terrour, now,
 Lest Peleus' mighty son come forth again
 To battle, seizes me, and I despair.

A spirit proud as his will scorn the plain,
 On which the adverse hosts prevail by turns,
 And will at once strike at your citadel, 320
 Impatient till he make your wives his prey.
 Haste—let us home—else thus shall it befall;

Night's balmy influence in his tent detains
Achilles now, but rushing arm'd abroad
To-morrow, should he find us ling'ring here,
None shall mistake him then; then happiest he
Who soonest shall escape to sacred Troy,
For dogs shall make and vultures on our flesh
Plenteous repast. O spare mine ears the tale!
But if, though troubled, ye can yet receive 330
My counsel, here assembled we will hold
The host all night; meantime, her gates and tow'rs
With all their mass of solid timbers, smooth
And cramp'd with bolts of steel, will keep the town.
But early on the morrow we will stand
All arm'd on Ilium's tow'rs. Then, if he choose,
His galleys left, to compass Troy about,
He shall be task'd enough; his lofty steeds
Shall have their fill of coursing to and fro
Beneath, and gladly shall to camp return. 340
But waste the town he shall not, nor attempt,
With all the utmost valour that he boasts,
To force a pass; dogs shall devour him first.

To whom brave Hector, louting and in wrath:
Polydamas, I like not thy advice,
Who wouldst confine the Trojan host again
Within their bulwarks. Is confinement there
So pleasant then, that still ye covet more?
Time was, when in all regions under Heav'n
Men prais'd the wealth of Priam's city stor'd 350
With gold and brass; but all our houses now
Stand emptied of their hidden treasures rare.
Jove in his wrath hath scatter'd them; our wealth
Is marketted, and Phrygia hath a part
Obtain'd, and part Mæonia's lovely land.
But since the son of wily Saturn old
Hath giv'n me glory now, and to enclose
The Argives where the ocean hems them in,
Fool! taint not with such talk the public mind.
For not a Trojan here will thy advice 360
Pursue or shall; it hath not my consent.
But thus I counsel: Take we, band by band,
Throughout the host our supper, and let all,
Prepar'd against nocturnal danger, watch.

And if a Trojan here be rack'd in mind
 Lest his possessions perish, let him cast
 His golden heaps into the public maw,
 Far better so consum'd than by the Greeks.
 Then with the morrow's dawn, all fair array'd
 In battle, we will give them at their fleet 370
 Sharp onset, and if Peleus' noble son
 Have ris'n indeed to conflict for the ships,
 The worse for him. I shall not for his sake
 Avoid the deep-ton'd battle, but abide
 His force undaunted. Either he shall gain
 Or I, great glory. Mars his favours deals
 Impartial, and the slayer oft is slain.

So counsell'd Hector, whom with shouts of praise
 The Trojans answer'd. Fools, and by the pow'r 380
 Of Pallas of all sober thought bereft!
 For all applauded Hector, who had giv'n
 Advice pernicious, and Polydamas,
 Whose counsel was discreet and wholesome, none.
 So then they took repast. But all night long
 The Grecians o'er Patroclus wept aloud,
 While, standing in the midst, Pelides led
 The lamentation, heaving many a groan,
 And on the bosom of his breathless friend
 Imposing, sad, his homicidal hands.
 As the grim lion, from whose gloomy lair 390
 Among thick trees the hunter hath his whelps
 Purloin'd, too late returning, mourns his loss,
 Then, up and down, the length of many a vale
 Courses, exploring fierce the robber's foot,
 Incens'd as he, and with a sigh deep-drawn,
 Thus to his Myrmidons Achilles spake:

How vain, alas! my word pronounc'd that day
 At random, when to sooth the hero's fears,
 Menœtius, then our guest, I promis'd him 400
 His noble son at Opoeïs again,
 Living and laden with the spoils of Troy!
 But Jove performs not all the thoughts of man,
 For we were both ordain'd to tinge the soil
 Of Ilium with our blood; nor I shall see,
 Myself, my father in his mansion more
 Or Thetis, but must find my burial here.

Yet, my Patroclus ! since the earth expects
Me next, I will not thy funereal rites
Finish, till I shall bring both head and arms
Of that bold chief, who slew thee, to my tent. 410
I also will smite off, before thy pile,
The heads of twelve illustrious sons of Troy,
Resentful of thy death. Mean-time, among
My lofty galleys thou shalt lie, with tears
Mourn'd day and night by Trojan captives fair
And Dardan compassing thy bier around,
Whom we, at price of labour hard, ourselves
With massy spears in battle toiling took
From many an opulent city, now no more.

So saying, he bade his train surround with fire 420
A tripod huge, that they might quickly cleanse
Patroclus from all stain of clotted gore.
They on the blazing hearth a tripod plac'd,
Infus'd the water, thrust dry wood beneath,
And soon the flames encompassing around
Its ample belly, warm'd the flood within.
Soon as the water in the singing brass
Simmer'd they bath'd him, and with limpid oil
Anointed; filling, next, his ruddy wounds
With unguent mellow'd by nine circling years, 430
They stretch'd him on his bed; then, cover'd him
From head to feet with linen texture light,
And with a wide unsullied mantle, last.
All night the Mymidons around the swift
Achilles, his dead friend deploring, stood,
And Jove his spouse and sister thus bespake:

So then, Imperial Juno ! not in vain
Thou hast attempted to arouse once more
The swift Achilles; yon Achaians, sure,
Are thy own children; thou hast borne them all. 440

To whom the awful Goddess ample-ey'd:
What word hath pass'd thy lips Saturnian Jove!
A man though mortal merely, and to me
Inferiour in device, might have achiev'd
That labour easily. Can I, who boast
Myself the chief of Goddesses, and such
Not by birth only, but as thine espous'd,
Who art thyself Supreme of all the Gods,

Can I with anger burn against the house
Of Priam, and want means of just revenge? 450

Thus they in Heav'n their mutual conf'rence held.
Mean-time, the silver-footed Thetis reach'd

The starry mansion of the King of fire,

Eternal, brazen-vaulted, by himself

Uprear'd; a wonder ev'n in eyes divine.

She found him sweating, at his bellows huge

Toiling industrious; tripods bright he form'd

Twenty at once, his palace-wall to grace

Rang'd in harmonious order. Under each

Two golden wheels he set, on which (a sight 460

Marvellous!) into council they should roll

Self-mov'd, and to his house, self-mov'd, return.

Thus far the work was finish'd, but not yet

Their ears of exquisite design affix'd,

For them he stood adjusting, and prepar'd

The rivets. While thus busied he his skill

Divine exerted, to his palace-gate

The silver-footed Thetis now advanc'd,

Whom Charis, Vulcan's well-attired spouse,

Beholding from the palace portal, flew 470

To seize the Goddess' hand, and thus inquir'd:

Why, Thetis! worthy of all reverence

And of all love, com'st thou to our abode,

Unfrequent here? But enter, and accept

Such welcome as to such a guest is due.

So saying she introduc'd and to a seat

Conducted her with argent studs adorn'd

And foot-stool'd sumptuously; then, calling forth

Her spouse, the glorious artist, thus she said:

Haste, Vulcan! Thetis wants thee; linger not. 480

To whom the artist of the skies replied:

A Goddess then whom justly I respect

And venerate is here, who when I fell

Sav'd me, what time my shameless mother sought

To hide me, for my lameness, from her view.

Then had I been indeed forlorn, had not

Eurynome and Thetis (fair Eurynome

A daughter of the Ocean) interpos'd.

Nine years with them residing, for their use 489

I form'd nice trinkets, clasps, rings, pipes, and chains,

While loud around our hollow cavern roar'd
 The surge of the vast Deep, nor God nor man,
 Save Thetis and Eurynome, my life's
 Preservers, knew where I was kept conceal'd.
 Since therefore she is come, I cannot less
 Than recompense to Thetis amber-hair'd
 With readiness the boon of life preserv'd.
 Haste then, and hospitably spread the board
 For her regale, while with my best dispatch
 I lay my bellows and my tools aside. 500

He spake, and vast in bulk and hot with toil
 Rose limping from beside his anvil-stock,
 Upborne with pain on legs tortuous and weak.
 First, from the forge dislodg'd, he thrust apart
 His bellows, and his tools collecting all
 Bestow'd them, careful, in a silver chest;
 Then, all around with a wet sponge he wip'd
 His visage, and his arms and brawny neck
 Purified, and his shaggy breast from smutch;
 Last, putting on his vest, he took in hand 510
 His sturdy staff, and shuff'd through the door.
 Beside the King of fire two golden forms
 Majestic mov'd, that serv'd him in the place
 Of handmaids: young they seem'd, and seem'd alive.
 Nor want they intellect, or speech, or force,
 Or prompt dexterity by the Gods inspir'd.
 These his supporters were, and at his side
 Attended diligent, while He, with gait
 Uncouth approaching Thetis where she sat
 On a bright throne, seiz'd fast her hand and said: 520

Why, Thetis! worthy as thou art of love
 And of all reverence, hast thou arriv'd,
 Unfrequent here? Speak—tell me thy desire,
 Nor doubt my services, if thou demand
 Things possible, and possible to me.

Then Thetis, weeping plenteously, replied:
 Oh Vulcan! Is there on Olympus' heights
 A Goddess with such load of sorrow oppress'd
 As, in peculiar, Jove assigns to me?
 Me only, of all ocean-nymphs, he made 530
 Spouse to a man, Peleus Æacides,
 Whose bed, although reluctant and perforce,

I yet endur'd to share. He now, the prey
Of cheerless age, decrepit lies, and Jove
With other woes still heaps my wretched head.
He gave me to bring forth and rear a son
Of matchless might, who like a thriving plant
Upran to manhood, while his lusty growth
I nourish'd as the husbandman his vine
Set in a fruitful field, and being grown 540
I sent him early in his gallant fleet
Embark'd, to combat with the sons of Troy:
But him from fight return'd I shall receive
Beneath the roof of Pelcus never more;
And while he lives and sees the light of day,
Sorrow is his inevitable doom.
Nor aid resides nor remedy in me.
The virgin, his own portion of the spoils,
Allotted to him by the Grecians—her
Atrides, king of men, resum'd, and grief 550
Devour'd Achilles' spirit for her sake.
Mean-time, the Trojans, shutting close within
Their camp the Grecians, have forbidden them
All egress, and the senators of Greece
Have sought with splendid gifts to soothe my son.
He, indispos'd to rescue them himself
From ruin, sent, instead, Patroclus forth,
Clad in his own resplendent armour, chief
Of the whole host of Myrmidons. Before
The Scæan gate from morn to eve they fought, 560
And on that self-same day had Ilium fall'n,
But that Apollo, to advance the fame
Of Hector, slew Menæti'us' noble son
Full-flush'd with vict'ry. Therefore at thy knees
Suppliant I fall, imploring from thine art
A shield and helmet, greaves of shapely form
With clasps secur'd, and corslet for my son.
For those once his, his faithful friend hath lost,
Slain by the Trojans, and Achilles lies,
Himself, extended mournful on the ground. 570

Her answer'd then the artist of the skies:
Dismiss thy cares. Be confident in me.
I would that in thy son's last awful hour,
I could as surely screen him from the death

That threatens him, as soon he shall receive
Arms of such splendour, that, by thousands seen,
They shall excite astonishment in all.

He said, and to his bellows quick repair'd,
Which, turning to the fire, he bade them heave.
Full twenty bellows working all at once 580
Breath'd on the furnace, blowing easy and free
The manag'd winds, now forcible, as best
Suited dispatch, now gentle, if the will
Of Vulcan and his labour so requir'd.
Impenetrable brass, tin, silver, gold
He cast into the forge, then, settling firm
His pond'rous anvil on the block, one hand
With his huge hammer fill'd, one with the tongs.

He fashion'd first a massy shield and broad,
Of labour exquisite, for which he form'd 590
A triple border beauteous, dazzling bright,
And loop'd it with a silver brace behind.
The shield itself with five strong folds he forg'd,
And with devices multiform the disk
Capacious charg'd, toiling with skill divine.

There he describ'd the Earth, the Heav'n, the sea,
The sun that rests not, and the moon full-orb'd.
There, also, all the stars which round about
As with a radiant frontlet bind the skies,
The Pleiads and the Hyads, and the might 600
Of huge Orion, with him Ursa call'd,
Known also by his popular name, the Wain,
Which wheeling round the pole still looks toward
Orion; only star of these denied
To slake his beams in Ocean's briny baths.

Two splendid cities also there he form'd,
Such as men build. In one were to be seen
Rites matrimonial solemniz'd with pomp
Of sumptuous banquets; forth they led the brides
Each from her chamber, and along the streets 610
With torches usher'd them, and with the voice
Of Hymenæal song, heard all around.
Here, striplings danc'd in circles to the sound
Of pipe and harp, while in the portals stood
Women, admiring, all, the gallant show.
Elsewhere was to be seen in council met

The close-throng'd multitude. There strife arose,
Two citizens contended for a mulct,
The price of blood. This man affirm'd the fine
All paid, haranguing vehement the crowd, 629
That man denied that he had aught receiv'd,
And each, producing witnesses, appear'd
Impatient for th' award. Mean-time the people,
As favour sway'd them, clamour'd loud for each.
The heralds quell'd the tumult; rev'rend sat
On polish'd stones the Elders in a ring,
Each with a herald's sceptre in his hand,
Which holding they arose, and all in turn
Gave sentence. In the midst two talents lay
Of gold, his prize who best should judge the strife.
The other city by two glitt'ring hosts 631
Invested stood, and a dispute arose
Between the hosts, whether to burn the town
And lay all waste, or to divide the spoil.
Mean-time, the citizens, still undismay'd,
Surrender'd not the town, but taking arms
Prepar'd an ambush, and the wives and boys
With all the hoary elders kept the walls.
They sallied; Mars and Pallas led them on,
Each golden, and in golden tunie clad, 640
And from the multitude of humbler form
Distinguish'd, with propriety, as Gods,
By beauty, size, and majesty of mien.
Arriving at the spot for ambush chos'n,
A river's side, where cattle of each kind
Drank, down they sat, all arm'd in dazzling brass.
Apart from all the rest, sat also down
Two spies, both looking for the flocks and herds.
Soon they appear'd, and at their side were seen
Two shepherd swains, each playing on his pipe 650
Careless, and of the danger nought appris'd.
Swift ran the spies, perceiving their approach,
And intercepting suddenly the herds,
And flocks of silver fleece, slew also those
Who fed them. The besiegers, at that time
In council, by the sound alarm'd, bestrode
At once their steeds, and hasted to the place.
Then, standing on the river's brink, they fought

And push'd each other with the brazen lance.
There Discord rag'd, there Tumult, and the force 660
Of ruthless Destiny; she now a chief
Seiz'd newly wounded, and now captive held
Another yet unhurt, and now a third
Dragg'd breathless through the battle by his feet,
And all her garb was dappled thick with blood.
Like living men they travers'd, and they strove
And dragg'd by turns the bodies of the slain.

He also grav'd on it a fallow field
Rich, spacious, and well-till'd. Ploughers not few,
There driving to and fro their sturdy teams, 670
Labour'd the land; and oft as in their course
They came to the field's bourn, so oft a man
Met them, who in their hands a goblet plac'd
Charg'd with delicious wine. They frequent turn'd
Each to his furrow, toiling as in haste
To reach the border; and as land new plough'd
The glebe behind them show'd a blackish hue
Though golden. Wonderful effect of art!

There too he form'd the likeness of a field
Crowded with corn, in which the reapers toil'd 680
Each with a sharp-tooth'd sickle in his hand.
Along the furrow here, the harvest fell
In frequent handfuls; there, they bound the sheaves.
Three binders of the sheaves their sultry task
All plied industrious, and behind them boys
Attended, filling with the corn their arms,
And off'ring still their bundles to be bound:
Amid them, staff in hand, the master stood
Enjoying mute the order of the field,
While, shaded by an oak apart, his train 690
Prepar'd the banquet, a well-thriven ox
New-slain, and the attendant maidens mix'd
Large supper for the hinds of whitest flour.

There also, laden with its fruit, he form'd
A vineyard all of gold; purple he made
The clusters, and the vines supported stood
By poles of silver set in even rows.
The trench he colour'd sable, and around
Fenc'd it with tin. One only path it show'd, 699
By which the gath'ers when they stripp'd the vines

Pass'd and repass'd. There, youths and maidens blithe
 In frails of wicker bore the luscious fruit,
 While, in the midst, a boy on his shrill harp
 Harmonious play'd, and, ever as he struck
 The chord, sang to it with a slender voice.
 They smote the ground together, and with song
 And sprightly reed came dancing on behind.

There too a herd he fashion'd of tall beeves,
 Part gold, part tin. They, lowing, from the stalls
 Rush'd forth to pasture by a river-side 710
 Rapid, sonorous, fring'd with whisp'ring reeds.
 Four golden herdsmen drove the kine afield,
 By nine swift dogs attended. Dreadful sprang
 Two lions forth, and of the foremost herd
 Seiz'd fast a bull. Him bellowing they dragg'd,
 While dogs and peasants hasted to his aid.
 The lions tore the hide of the huge prey,
 And lapp'd his entrails and his blood. Mean-time
 The herdsmen, troubling them in vain, their hounds
 Encourag'd; but no tooth for lions' flesh 720
 Found they, and, therefore, stood aside and bark'd.

There also the illustrious smith divine
 Amidst a pleasant grove a pasture form'd,
 And sprinkled all its breadth with silver sheep
 Num'rous, and stalls, and huts, and shepherds' tents.

To these the glorious artist added next
 A varied dance, resembling that of old
 In Crete's broad isle by Dædalus compos'd
 For bright-hair'd Ariadne. There the youths
 And youth-alluring maidens, hand in hand, 730
 Danc'd jocund, ev'ry maiden neat-attir'd
 In finest linen, and the youths in vests
 Well-woven, glossy as the glaze of oil.
 These all wore garlands, and bright falchions those,
 Of burnish'd gold in silver trappings hung:—
 They, with well-tutor'd step, now, nimbly ran
 The circle, swift, as when, before his wheel
 Seated, the potter twirls it with both hands
 For trial of its speed; now, crossing quick
 They pass'd at once into each other's place. 740
 A circling crowd survey'd the lovely dance,
 Delighted; two, the leading pair, their heads

With graceful inclination bowing oft,
Pass'd swift between them, and began the song.

Last, with the might of Ocean's boundless flood
He fill'd the border of the wond'rous shield.

When, thus, the massy shield magnificent

He had accomplish'd, for the hero next

He forg'd, more ardent than the blaze of fire,

A corslet; then, a pond'rous helmet bright

750

Crested with gold, well fitted to his brows,

And with laborious art divine adorn'd.

He also made him greaves of molten tin.

The armour finish'd, bearing in his hand

The whole, he set it down at Thetis' feet.

She, stooping like a falcon, left at once

Snow-crown'd Olympus, bearing to the Earth

The dazzling wonder fresh from Vulcan's hand.

BOOK XIX.

Argument.

Achilles is reconciled to Agamemnon, and, clothed in new armour forged by Vulcan, leads out the Myrmidons to battle.

NOW rose the morn in saffron vest attir'd
From Ocean, with new day for Gods and men,
When Thetis at the fleet of Greece arriv'd,
Bearing that gift divine. She found her son
All tears, and close enfolding in his arms
Patroclus, while his Myrmidons around
Wept also; she amid them, graceful, stood,
And, seizing fast his hand, him thus bespake:

Howe'er reluctant, leave me now, my son!
Patroclus on the bier to which the Gods 10
Long since ordain'd him, and, thyself, receive
By Vulcan's skill supplied these glorious arms,
Such as no mortal shoulders ever bore.

So saying, she plac'd the armour on the ground
Before him, and the whole bright treasure rang.
Awe-struck, the Myrmidons all turn'd away
Their dazzled eyes, and, trembling, fled the place.
Not so Pelides. He no sooner saw
The gift divine, than in his breast he felt
Redoubled wrath; a splendour, as of fire, 20
Flash'd from his eyes. Delighted, in his hand
He held the glorious bounty of the God,
And, wond'ring at those strokes of art divine,
With eager speech his mother thus address'd:

The God, my mother! hath bestow'd in truth
On me such armour as demanded skill
Like his, surpassing far all pow'r of man.
Now, therefore, I will arm. But anxious fears
Possess me, lest intrusive flies, mean-time,

Breed worms within the spear-inflicted wounds 30
Of Menœtiades, and fill with taint
Of putrefaction all his lifeless frame.

But him the silver-footed Goddess fair
Thus answer'd: O, my son! let no such fear
Or care distress thee. It shall be my task,
To drive the noisome swarms, which on the slain
In battle feed, afar; and should he lie
The year complete, his flesh shall yet be found
Untainted, and, it may be, fragrant too.

But thou, the heroes of Achaia's host 40
Convening, in their ears thy wrath renounce
Against the king of men, then, instant, arm
For battle, and put on thy glorious might.

So saying, the Goddess rais'd his courage high.
Then through the nostrils of the dead she pour'd
Ambrosia, and the ruddy juice divine
Of nectar, antidotes against decay.

And now forth went Achilles by the side
Of Ocean, calling with a dreadful shout
To council all the heroes of the host. 50
Then, even they who never else were seen
But in the fleet, helmsmen and those who held
In stewardship the food and public stores,
All flock'd to council; for that now at length,
After long abstinence from dread exploits
Of war, Achilles had shone forth again.
Two went together, halting on the spear
(For still they felt the anguish of their wounds),
Noble Ulysses and brave Diomedes,
And took an early seat; whom follow'd last 60
The king of men, by Coön in the field
Of furious battle wounded with a lance.
The Grecians all assembled, in the midst
Upstood the swift Achilles, and began:

Atrides! we had doubtless better sped,
Both thou and I, thus doing, when at first
With cruel rage we burn'd, a girl the cause.
I would that Dian's shaft had in the fleet
Slain her, that self-same day when I destroy'd
Lyrnessus, and by conquest made her mine! 70
Then had not many a Grecian, lifeless now,

Clinch'd with his teeth the ground, my wrath the
cause;

Whence triumph hath to Hector and his host
Resulted, but to ours occasion sad

For long remembrance of our mutual strife.

But evils past let pass, yielding perforce

To sad necessity. My wrath shall cease:

I here resign it; it hath burn'd too long.

Thou, therefore, summon forth the host to fight,

That meeting them in battle I may learn,

80

If still the Trojans purpose at our fleet

To watch us this night also. But I judge

That, driven by my spear to rapid flight,

They shall escape with weary limbs at least.

He ended, and the dauntless Grecians all

Rejoic'd that Peleus' mighty son had cast

His wrath aside. Then, not into the midst

Proceeding, but at his own seat, upstood

Atrides, king of men, and thus began:

Friends! Grecian heroes! ministers of Mars! 90

Arise who may to speak, he claims your ear.

Even the ablest orator is wrong'd

And hurt by interruption. Who can hear

Amid the roar of tumult? or who speak?

The clearest voice, best utt'rance, both are vain.

I shall address Achilles. Hear my speech

Ye Argives, and with understanding mark.

This censure is not new; the Greeks have oft

Condemn'd me thus; yet am not I to blame;

But Jove, and Fate, and she who roams the shades

Erynnis, made me furious on that day

101

In council, when I seiz'd Achilles' prize.

For what could I? All things obey the Gods.

Jove's daughter, Ate, most pernicious Pow'r!

By whom all suffer, challenges from all

Rev'rence and fear. Delicate are her feet,

Which scorn the ground, and over human heads

She glides, injurious to the race of man,

Of two who strive, at least entangling one.

She injur'd, on a day, dread Jove himself

110

Most excellent of all in Earth or Heav'n,

When Juno, although female, even Him

Beguil'd, what time Alcmena should have borne,
In bulwark'd Thebes, the force of Hercules.
For Jove had vaunted thus to all the Gods :

Hear all ! both Gods and Goddesses, attend !
That I may make my purpose known. This day
The birth-presiding Ilithya brings
A hero forth to light, who, sprung from those
That sprang from me, his empire shall extend 120
Over all kingdoms bord'ring on his own.

To whom thus Juno, purposing deceit :
Thou wilt defraud us, and this word of thine
Wilt ne'er accomplish. But Olympian Jove !
Swear now th' inviolable oath, that He
Who shall, this day, fall from between the feet
Of woman, drawing his descent from thee,
Shall rule all kingdoms bord'ring on his own.

She said, and Jove, suspecting nought her wiles,
The great oath swore, to his own grief and wrong. 130
At once from the Olympian summit flew
Juno, and to Achaian Argos borne,
There sought the noble wife of Sthenelus,
Offspring of Perseus. Pregnant with a son
Six months, she now the seventh saw at hand,
But him the Goddess premature produc'd,
And check'd Alcmena's pangs already due.
Then, joyful to have so prevail'd, she bore
Herself the tidings to Saturnian Jove :

Lord of the candent lightnings ! Sire of all ! 140
I bring thee tidings. The great prince, ordain'd
To rule the Argive race, this day is born,
Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus, the son
Of Perseus ; therefore he derives from thee,
Nor shall the throne of Argos shame his birth.

She spake ; then anguish stung the heart of Jove
Deeply, and seizing by her glossy locks
The Goddess Ate, in his wrath he swore,
That never to the starry skies again
And the Olympian heights he would permit 150
The universal mischief to return.
So saying, he whirl'd and cast her from the skies.
She, instant mingling with all works of men,
Caus'd many a pang to Jove, who saw his son

Laborious functions base, and of his birth
Unworthy, at Eurystheus' will enjoin'd.

So also I, when Hector at the fleet
Destroy'd us, could not but regret the crime
Which Ate first impell'd me to commit.
But since, infatuated by the Gods, 160
I err'd, behold me ready to appease
With gifts of price immense, whom I have wrong'd.
Thou, then, arise to battle, and the host
Rouse also. Not a promise yesternight
Was made thee by Ulysses in thy tent
On my behalf, but shall be well perform'd.
Or if it please thee, though impatient, wait
Short season, and my train shall bring thee gifts
Ev'n now; that thou mayst understand and know,
That my peace-off'rings are indeed sincere. 170

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift:
Atrides! Agamemnon! passing all
In glory! retribution fair and just
By gifts to make me, make me none—
That rests with thee. But let us to the fight
Incontinent. It is no time to play
The game of rhet'ric, and to waste the hours
In speeches. Much remains yet unperform'd.
Achilles must go forth. He must be seen
Once more in front of battle, wasting wide 180
With brazen spear the crowded ranks of Troy.
Mark Him—and as He fights, fight also ye.

To whom Ulysses ever-wise replied:
Nay—Urge not, valiant as thou art thyself,
Achaia's sons up to the battlements
Of Ilium, by repast yet unrefresh'd,
Godlike Achilles!—For when phalanx once
Shall clash with phalanx, and the Gods with rage
Both hosts inspire, the contest shall not then
Prove short. Bid rather the Achaians take 190
Both food and wine, for they are strength and might.
To stand all day till sunset to a foe
Oppos'd in battle, fasting, were a task
Might foil the best; for though his will be prompt
To combat, yet the pow'r must by degrees
Forsake him; thirst and hunger he must feel,

And his limbs failing him at ev'ry step.
 But he who feeds his vigour to the full
 Eating, and drinking wine, although he fight,
 All day, yet feels his courage unimpair'd, 200
 Nor weariness perceives till all retire.
 Come then—dismiss the people with command,
 That each prepare replenishment. Mean-time
 Let Agamemnon, king of men, his gifts
 In presence here of the assembled Greeks
 Produce, that all may view them, and that thou
 Mayst feel thine own heart gladden'd at the sight.
 And let him also, standing in the midst,
 Swear to thee, that he renders back the maid
 A virgin still, and strange to his embrace, 210
 And let thy own composure prove, the while,
 Thy reconcilment. Lastly, let him spread
 A princely banquet for thee in his tent,
 That thou mayst want no part of just amends.
 Thou too, Atrides, shalt hereafter prove
 More just to others; for no shame it is,
 When kings themselves appease whom first they
 wrong'd.

Then answer thus the king of men return'd:
 Ulysses! Thou art worthy to advise;
 Just and discreet in all that thou hast said, 220
 And I have listen'd to thee with delight.
 Willing I am, yea more, I wish to swear
 As thou hast said, for by the Gods I can
 Most truly; but, impatient though he be,
 Let Peleus' son, with all assembled here,
 Endure short interval, till from my tent
 The gifts arrive, and oaths of peace be sworn.
 To thee I give it in peculiar charge,
 That choosing forth the most illustrious youths
 Of all Achaia, thou produce the gifts 230
 From my own ship; all those which yesternight
 We promis'd, nor the women leave behind.
 And let Talthybius throughout all the camp
 Of the Achaians, seek in haste a boar
 For sacrifice to Jove and to the Sun.

Then thus Achilles, matchless in the race:
 Atrides! most illustrious! king of men!

Expedience bids us to these cares attend
Hereafter, when some pause, perchance, of fight
Shall happen, and the martial rage which fires 240
My bosom now, shall somewhat less be felt.
Our friends, by Priameian Hector slain,
Now, wounded, strew the field, for him hath Jove
Exalted high, and giv'n him great renown.
But haste, take *ye* refreshment; though, in truth,
Might I direct, the host should by all means
Unfed o battle, and at set of sun
All sup together, this affront reveng'd.
But as for me, no drop shall pass my lips
Or morsel, whose companion lies, with feet 250
Turn'd to the vestibule, a mangled corse,
And compass'd by my weeping train around.
No want of food feel I. My wishes call
For carnage, blood, and agonies, and groans.
But him, excelling in all wisdom, thus
Ulysses answer'd: O Achilles! son
Of Peleus, bravest far of all our host!
Me, in no scanty measure, thou excell'st
Wielding the spear, and thee in prudence, I
Not less. For I am elder, and have learn'd 260
What thou hast yet to learn. Bid then thine heart
Endure with patience to be taught by me.
Men, sated soon with battle, loathe the field
On which the most abundant harvest falls,
Reap'd by the sword; and when the hand of Jove,
Dispenser of the great events of war,
Turns once the scale, the harvest then is o'er.
Shall we abstain from food for all who die?
That were indeed severe; since day by day
No few expire, and respite could be none. 270
The dead, die whoso may, should be inhum'd.
This, duty bids, but bids us also deem
One day sufficient for our sighs and tears.
Ourselves, all we who still survive the war,
Have need of sustenance, that we may bear
The lengthen'd conflict with recruited might,
Cas'd in enduring brass.—Ye all have heard
Your call to battle; let none ling'ring stand
In expectation of a farther call,

Which, if it sound, shall thunder prove to him 280
Who lurks among the ships. No. Rushing all
At once into the field, excite we fierce
And fiery conflict with the host of Troy.

So saying, the sons of Nestor, glorious chief,
He chose, with Meges Phyleus' noble son,
Thoas, Meriones, and Melanippus,
And Lycomedes. These, together, sought
The tent of Agamemnon, king of men.
They ask'd, and they receiv'd. At once were brought
The seven promis'd tripods from the tent. 290
Twice ten bright caldrons, twelve high-mettled steeds,
Sev'n lovely captives skill'd alike in arts
Domestic, of unblemish'd beauty rare,
And last, Briseïs with the blooming cheeks.
First went Ulysses, bearing, by the scale,
Ten golden talents, whom the chosen Greeks
Attended laden with the remnant gifts.
Full in the midst they plac'd them. Then arose
King Agamemnon; and beside the king,
His herald, loud in utt'rance as a God, 300
Talthybius, standing, held the victim boar.
Atrides, drawing forth his knife which hung
Always attach'd to his huge falchion's sheath,
Sever'd the bristly forelock of the boar,
A previous off'ring. Next, with lifted hands
To Jove he pray'd, while, all around, the Greeks
Sat list'ning silent to the Sov'reign's voice.
He look'd to the wide Heav'n, and thus he prey'd:

First, Jove be witness! of all Pow'rs above
Best and supreme; Earth next, and next the Sun! 310
And last, who under Earth the guilt avenge
Of oaths sworn falsely, let the Furies hear!
For no respect of amorous desire,
Or other purpose, have I laid mine hand
On fair Briseïs, but within my tent
Untouch'd, immaculate she hath remain'd.
And if one word be false, may all the woes,
With which the Gods mark perjury, be mine!

So saying, he pierc'd the victim in his throat,
And, whirling him around, into the Deep 320

Talthybius cast him to be fishes' food.

Then, rising, thus Achilles spake again:

Jove! Father! dire calamities, effects
Of thy appointment, fall on humankind.
Never had Agamemnon in my breast
Such fury kindled, or my lovely prize
Torn from me, but that inauspicious Jove
Design'd the slaughter of our num'rous friends.
Go, Grecians! take ye food, and then to battle.

So saying, Achilles suddenly dissolv'd 330
The hasty council, and all flew dispers'd
To their own ships. Then those illustrious gifts
His Myrmidons within the hero's tent
Dispos'd, and the selected damsels led
Each to a seat, while others of his train
Drove forth the steeds to pasture with his herd.
But when Briseïs, bright as Venus, saw
Patroclus lying mangled by the spear,
Infolding him around, she shriek'd and tore 330
Her bosom, her smooth neck, and beauteous cheeks.
Then thus, divinely fair, with tears she said:

Ah my Patroclus! dearest friend of all
To hapless me, departing from this tent
I left thee living, and now, gen'rous chief!
Restor'd to it again, here find thee dead.
How rapid in succession are my woes!
I saw, myself, the valiant prince, to whom
My parents gave me, slain before our walls,
And there, regretted still, three brothers lost,
My mother's sons. But when Achilles slew 350
My husband, and in ashes laid the town
Of noble Mynes, thou by ev'ry art
Of tender friendship didst forbid my tears,
Oft telling me that thou wouldst make me bride
Of Peleus' godlike son, wouldst waft me hence
To Phthia, and set forth our nuptial feast
Among the Myrmidons. Thee, therefore, kind
And gentle ever, I must ever mourn.

She spake, and all her fellow-captives heav'd
Responsive sighs, deploring each, in show, 360
The dead Patroclus, but, in truth, herself.

Achaia's chiefs then all assembled round
 Achilles, praying him to eat; but he
 Groan'd, and, still resolute, their suit refus'd—

If I have here a friend on whom by prayers
 I may prevail, I pray that ye desist,
 Nor longer press me, mourner as I am,
 To eat or drink; for till the sun go down
 I am inflexible, and *will* abstain.

He said, and to their sev'ral tents dismiss'd 370
 The other chiefs; but Atreus' royal sons,
 Ulysses, Nestor, and Idomeneus,
 With Phœnix, his rever'd and valiant friend,
 Abiding still, with cheerful converse kind
 Essay'd to sooth him, whose afflicted soul
 All soothing scorn'd, till he should once again
 Rush on the rav'ning edge of bloody war.

Then, sighing with remembrance, thus he said:

Time was, unhappiest, dearest of my friends!
 When even thou, with diligent dispatch, 380
 Thyself, hast spread a table in my tent,
 The hour of battle drawing nigh between
 The Greeks and warlike Trojans. But there lies
 Thy body wounded now, and, for thy sake,
 Though dearth be none, I neither drink nor eat,
 Since heavier wo I can have none to fear.

No, not if tidings of my father's death
 Should reach me, who, this moment, weeps, per-
 chance,

In Phthia tears of tenderest regret
 For such a son; while I, remote from home, 390
 Fight for detested Helen under Troy.

Nor even were *He* dead, whom, if he live,
 I rear in Scyros, my own darling son,
 My Neoptolemus of form divine.

For still this hope I cherish'd in my breast
 Till now, that, of us two, myself alone
 Should fall at Ilium, and that thou, restor'd
 To Phthia, shouldst have wafted o'er the waves
 My son from Scyros to his native home,
 That thou mightst show him all his heritage, 400
 My train, and my magnificent abode.
 For either dead already I account

Peleus, or doubt not that his residue
Of miserable life shall quickly fail,
Through stress of age and expectation sad
That tidings of my death shall next arrive.

So spake Achilles weeping, around whom
The chiefs all sigh'd, each with remembrance pain'd
Of some lov'd object left at home. Mean-time
Jove, with compassion mov'd, their sorrow saw, 410
And in wing'd accents thus to Pallas spake:

Daughter! thou hast abandon'd, as it seems,
Yon virtuous chief for ever; shall no care
Thy mind engage of brave Achilles more?
Lo! where he sits before his gallant fleet
Lamenting his slain friend; the other Greeks
Eat and are satisfied; he only fasts.
Go, then—and that he hunger not, instil
Ethereal sustenance into his breast.

So saying, he urg'd Minerva prompt before. 420
In form a shrill-voic'd harpy of broad wing
Through ether down she darted, while the Greeks
In all their camp for instant battle arm'd.
Ambrosial sweets and nectar she instill'd
Into his breast, lest he should suffer loss
Of strength through abstinence, then soar'd again
To her great Sire's unperishing abode.
And now the Grecians from their gallant fleet
All pour'd themselves abroad. As when the snow,
Descending thick from Jove, is driv'n by gusts 430
Of the clear-blowing North, so smil'd the field
With dazzling casques, boss'd bucklers, hauberks
strong,

And polish'd weapons issuing from the fleet.
Upwent the flash to Heav'n; wide all around
The champaign laugh'd with beamy brass illum'd,
And tramlings of the warriors on all sides
Resounded, amidst whom Achilles arm'd.
He gnash'd his teeth, fire glimmer'd in his eyes,
Anguish intolerable wrung his heart,
And fury against Troy, while he put on 440
His glorious arms, the labour of a God.
First, to his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd
Studded with silver, then, his corslet bright

Brac'd to his bosom, his huge sword of brass
 Athwart his shoulder slung, and his broad shield
 Uplifted last, luminous as the moon.
 Such as to mariners a fire appears,
 Kindled by shepherds on the distant top
 Of some lone hill; they, driv'n by stormy winds,
 Reluctant roam far off the fishy Deep, 150
 Such from Achilles' burning shield divine
 A lustre struck the skies; his pond'rous helm
 He lifted to his brows; starlike it shone,
 And shook its curling crest of bushy gold,
 Consummate work of Vulcan's glorious art.
 So clad, the godlike hero trial made
 If his arms fitted him, and gave free scope
 To his proportion'd limbs; they buoyant prov'd
 As wings, and high upbore his airy tread.
 Forth from its case he drew his father's spear 160
 Heavy, and huge, and long. That spear, of all
 Achaia's sons, none else had pow'r to wield;
 Achilles only could the Pelian beam
 Brandish, by Chiron for his father hewn
 From Pelion's top for slaughter of the brave.
 His coursers, next, Automedon prepar'd
 And Alcimus, adjusting with dispatch
 The fair caparisons; they thrust the bits
 Into their mouths, and to the chariot seat
 Extended and made fast the reins behind. 170
 Then seiz'd Automedon the splendid scourge
 Commodious to his grasp, and sprang at once
 Into his place; behind him, arm'd complete,
 Achilles mounted, as the orient sun
 All dazzling, and with awful tone his speech
 Directed to the coursers of his sire:

Xanthus, and Balius of Podarges' blood
 Illustrious! see ye that, the battle done,
 The chief whom now ye bear ye render back
 To the Achaians in far other sort, 180
 Nor leave him, as ye left Patroclus, dead.

So he, and Xanthus from beneath the yoke
 Speaking, his matchless courser, thus replied,
 By Juno vocal made, but hanging low
 His brows, and sweeping with his mane the ground:

And doubtless so we will. This day at least
We bear thee safe from battle, stormy chief!
Yet thee the hour of thy destruction swift
Approaches, hastened by no fault of ours,
But by the force of fate and pow'r divine. 490
For not through sloth or tardiness in us
The Trojans stripp'd Patroclus of his arms,
But, most illustrious of the pow'rs divine,
Latona's offspring, slew him in the van,
Designing glory to the chief of Troy.
We Zephyrus himself, although esteem'd
Swiftest of all the winds of Heav'n, in speed
Could equal, but the Fates thee also doom
By human hands to fall, and hands divine.

The interposing Furies at that word 500
Suppress'd his utt'rance, and indignant, thus,
Achilles, swiftest of the swift, replied:

Why, Xanthus, prophesiest thou my death?
It ill beseems thee. I already know
My doom to perish distant far from home.
Yet cease I not the more from feats of arms,
Till Troy shall have receiv'd her fill of war.

He said, and shouting drove into the van.

BOOK XX.

Argument.

By permission of Jupiter, the Gods descend into the battle, and range themselves on either side respectively. Neptune rescues Æneas from death by the hand of Achilles, from whom Apollo soon after rescues Hector. Achilles slays many Trojans.

THUS stood the Grecians at their gallant fleet
Marshall'd by thee, Achilles, glorious chief,
Insatiable with war! and opposite
The Trojans on the rising ground appear'd.
Mean-time, Jove order'd Themis, from the head
Of the deep-fork'd Olympian, to convene
The Gods in council. She to ev'ry part
Proceeding, bade them to the courts of Jove.
Nor of the Floods was any absent thence,
Oceanus except, or of the nymphs 10
Who haunt the pleasant groves, or dwell beside
Stream-feeding fountains, or in meadows green.
Within the Thund'rer's courts arriv'd, they sat
Before the portico on polish'd seats
With ingenuity divine contriv'd
By Vulcan for the Sov'reign of the skies.
Thus all the Gods were in the courts of Jove
Assembled; nor was Neptune slow to hear
The voice of Themis, but (the billows left)
Came also; in the midst his seat he took, 20
And ask'd, incontinent, the mind of Jove:

Why, King of lightnings! hast thou call'd again
The Gods to council? Is the battle's rage,
Now kindling between yonder hosts, the cause?

To whom the Sov'reign of the boundless air:
Neptune! thou know'st already my design,
And wherefore ye are call'd. Although ordain'd

So soon to die, they interest me still.
 Myself shall, on Olympus' top reclin'd,
 Well-pleased survey them; but let all beside, 30
 Descending to the field, there join and aid,
 As each shall choose, the Trojans or the Greeks.
 For should Achilles, though alone, assail
 The unassisted Trojans, he would drive,
 At once, to flight, their whole collected pow'r.
 His looks appall'd them ever, and I fear
 Lest, frantic for his loss, he even pass
 The bounds of Fate; and desolate the town.

So spake the son of Saturn kindling war
 Inevitable, and the Gods set forth 40
 With minds discordant to the blood field.
 Juno, and Pallas, and the sov'reign Lord
 Of Ocean sought the fleet, with whom were join'd
 Hermes, inventor of the noblest arts,
 And Vulcan, rolling on all sides his eyes
 Tremendous, but on limping feet and legs
 Unequal. To the Trojans, Mars repair'd
 With Phœbus never shorn, Dian shaft-arm'd,
 Xanthus, Latona, and the Queen of smiles.
 So long as the immortal Gods mix'd not 50
 With either host, so long Achaia's sons
 Exulted, seeing, after tedious pause,
 Achilles in the field, and terrour shook
 The knees of ev'ry Trojan at the view
 Of swift Pelides, like another Mars
 On carnage bent and bright in arms again.
 But when the Olympian Pow'rs had enter'd once
 The multitude, then Discord, at whose voice
 The million maddens, vehement arose;
 Then Pallas at the trench without the wall 60
 By turns stood shouting, and by turns a shout
 Terrific sent along the sounding shore,
 While, gloomy as a tempest, opposite,
 Mars shouted also, from the lofty tow'r
 Of Ilium now, now running o'er the hill
 Callicolone, on the Simoïs' side.

Thus the immortals ever blest impell'd
 Both hosts to battle, and dire inroad caus'd
 Of strife among them. Sudden from on high

The Sire of Gods and men thunder'd; meantime, 70
Neptune the earth and the high mountains shook;
Down from her summit to her lowest base
Ida spring-fed the agitation felt
Reeling, all Ilium and the fleet of Greece.
Upstart from his throne, appall'd, the King
Of Erebus, and with a cry his fears
Through hell proclaim'd, lest Neptune, o'er his head
Shatt'ring the vaulted Earth, should wide disclose
To mortal and immortal eyes his realm
Of horror, thirst, and wo, detested sight 80
Ev'n to the Gods themselves; with such a sound
The Pow'rs eternal into battle rush'd.
Oppos'd to Neptune, sov'reign of the waves,
Apollo stood with his wing'd arrows arm'd;
To Mars, Minerva; to Jove's awful spouse
Diana of the golden bow, whose joy
Is in the shouts and tumults of the chase,
Sister of Phœbus; Mercury to fair
Latona, and to Vulcan, vast and deep
The eddy-whirling flood by mortal men 90
Scamander call'd, but Xanthus by the gods.

So Gods encounter'd Gods. But most desire
Achilles felt to pierce the crowd and rush
On Priameian Hector, with whose blood
Chiefly his fury prompted him to sate
The indefatigable God of war.
But, the encourager of Ilium's host,
Apollo, urg'd Æneas to assail
The son of Peleus, with heroic might
Inspiring his bold heart. He feign'd the voice 100
Of Priam's son Lycaon, and, his form
Assuming, thus the Trojan chief address'd:

Æneas, senator of Troy! thy vaunts
While banquetting among the kings and chiefs
Of Ilium's host, that thou wouldst even face
Achilles in the field, where are they now?

To whom Æneas answer thus return'd:
Offspring of Priam! why enjoin'st thou me,
Not so inclin'd, that arduous task, to cope
With the unmatch'd Achilles? I have prov'd 110
His force already, when he chas'd me down

From Ida with his spear, what time he made
 Seizure of all our cattle, and destroy'd
 Pedasus and Lyrnessus; but preserv'd
 By Jove I scap'd, who wing'd my feet to fly.
 Else had I fallen by Achilles' hand,
 And by the hand of Pallas, who his steps
 Conducted, and exhorted him to slay
 Us and the Leleges. Vain, therefore, proves
 All mortal force to Peleus' son oppos'd; 120
 For one, at least, of the Immortals stands
 Ever beside him, guardian of his life,
 And, of himself, he hath an arm that sends
 His rapid spear unerring to the mark.
 Yet, would the Gods sway equally the scales
 Of battle, not with ease should he subdue
 Me, though he boast himself a man of brass.

But him Apollo answer'd, son of Jove:
 Hero! prefer thou, also, to the Gods
 Thy pray'r. Thee Venus, as they say, produc'd, 130
 Jove's daughter; Him, the daughter of the Deep
 A mother of inferior note to thine.
 Thy mother is from Jove; the offspring, his,
 Less noble of the hoary Ocean old.
 Haste, meet him, then, with thy victorious spear,
 Nor, though he menace, and essay to shake
 Thy soul with fierce invective, turn away.

So saying, with martial force the chief he fill'd,
 Who through the foremost ranks advanc'd in arms
 All dazzling bright. Nor pass'd Anchises' son 140
 Unseen of Juno, through the crowded host
 Seeking Achilles; but the Pow'rs of Heav'n,
 Conven'd by her command, she thus address'd:

Minerva! Neptune! an event that teems
 With fatal ills demands your instant care.
 Æneas, bright in arms, is on his way
 To combat with Achilles; and he goes
 Urg'd by Apollo. But delay not we
 To turn him back, or, one of us, to seek
 Achilles, and with such celestial force 150
 And magnanimity dilate his soul,
 That he may know the mightiest Pow'rs of Heav'n
 His friends, and that the Deities whom Troy

Long-time hath trusted, are, with us compar'd,
Light as the passing wind, and nothing worth.
For we have all descended from the skies
And share this battle, to preserve awhile
Achilles' life, though suffer all he must
Hereafter, with his thread of life entwin'd
By Destiny, the day when he was born. 160
These things ourselves must teach him; since, un-
taught,

He will be terrified when he shall meet
Some adverse Deity; for mortal eyes
Can ill endure the sight of forms divine.

To whom replied the Shaker of the shores:
Juno! this wrath dishonours thee; be calm.
I wish not an inglorious strife with Gods
Far our inferiours. Seek we yonder hill,
Whose height commands the battle from afar,
And if Apollo, or the fiery Mars, 170
Begin to fight, or hindrance interpose
To thwart Achilles, we will then ourselves
Rush into conflict; and, I much misdeem,
Or they shall eagerly and soon resume
Their wonted seats on the Olympian heights,
By strong coercion of our arms subdu'd.

So saying, the King of the cerulean floods
Advanc'd before them to the lofty mound
Of godlike Hercules, by Pallas rais'd,
And by the Trojans for his safe escape, 180
What time the monster of the Deep pursu'd
The hero from the sea-bank o'er the plain.
There Neptune sat, and his confed'rate Gods,
Their shoulders in impenetrable clouds
Involv'd; while, opposite and on the hill
Callicolone, town-destroying Mars
And Phœbus waited, with their aids divine.
So, Gods to Gods in opposite aspect
Sat ruminating, and alike averse
On both sides to begin the toils of war, 190
While from his seat sublime Jove urg'd them on.
The champaign all was fill'd, and with the blaze
Illum'd of men and coursers arm'd in brass,
And the incumber'd earth jarr'd under foot

Of the encount'ring hosts. Then two, the rest
 Surpassing far, into the midst advanc'd
 Impatient for the fight, Anchises' son
 Æneas, and Achilles, glorious chief!
 Æneas first advanc'd, and with an air
 Of dauntless menace shook his bushy crest; 200
 His bosom with his agitated shield
 He fenc'd, and brandish'd high his glitt'ring spear.
 On th' other side, Achilles to the fight
 Flew like a rav'ning lion, on whose death
 Resolv'd the peasants from all quarters meet;
 He viewing with disdain the foremost, stalks
 Right on, but pierc'd by some bold hunter gapes
 And writhes himself, disclosing his huge fangs
 Hung with white foam; then, growling for revenge,
 Lashes himself to battle with his tail, 210
 Till with a burning eye and a bold heart
 He springs to slaughter, or himself is slain;
 So, by his valour and his noble mind
 Impell'd, renown'd Achilles mov'd toward
 Æneas, and, small interval between,
 Thus spake the hero matchless in the race:

Why stand'st thou here, Æneas! and hast push'd
 Through such a crowd to meet me? Burns thine
 heart,

To strive with me, in hope that Priam's throne
 Hereafter, and his honours, shall be thine? 220
 But shouldst thou slay me, not for that exploit
 Would Priam such large recompense bestow,
 For he hath sons, and hath, beside, a mind
 And disposition not so lightly chang'd.
 Or have the Trojans of their richest soil
 For vineyard apt or plough assign'd thee part
 If thou shalt slay me? Difficult, I hope,
 At least, thou shalt experience that emprise.
 Thee I have chas'd already with my spear;
 Can'st thou forget, that, finding thee of late 230
 Alone on Ida, with such hasty flight
 I drove thee down, that, all thy cattle left,
 Thou never dar'dst once look me in the face,
 Till thou hadst reach'd Lyrnessus, with whose spoils
 Enrich'd by Jove and Pallas I return'd,

And led their women captive? Thee, indeed,
The Gods preserv'd, but will not, as thou dream'st,
Now also. Back into thy host again;
Hence, I command thee, nor oppose in fight
My force, lest evil find thee. To be taught 240
By suff'rings only is the part of fools.

To whom Æneas answer thus return'd:

- Pelides! hope not, as I were a boy,
With words to scare me. I have also taunts
At my command, and could be sharp as thou.
By such report as from the lips of men
We oft have heard, each other's birth we know,
And parents also; but my parents thou
Saw'st never, and I never look'd on thine.
Thee men proclaim from noble Peleus sprung 250
And Thetis, beauteous Goddess of the Deep;
I boast myself of lovely Venus born
To brave Anchises; and his son this day
In battle slain thy sire shall mourn, or mine;
For I expect not that we shall depart
Like children, satisfied with words alone.
But if it please thee more at large to learn
My lineage (thousands can attest it true)
Know this. Jove, Sov'reign of the storms, begat
Dardanus, and ere yet the sacred walls 260
Of Ilium rose, the glory of this plain,
He built Dardania; for at Ida's foot
Dwelt our progenitors in ancient days.
Dardanus was the father of a son,
King Ericthonius, wealthiest of mankind.
Three thousand mares of his the marish graz'd,
Each suckling with delight her tender foal.
Boreas, enamour'd of no few of these,
The pasture sought in likeness of a steed
Bright-man'd, and cover'd them. They, pregnant
thence, 270
Twelve foals produc'd, and all so light of foot,
That when they wanton'd in the fruitful field
They swept, and snapp'd it not, the golden ear;
And when they wanton'd on the boundless Deep,
They skimm'd the green wave's frothy ridge, secure.
From Ericthonius sprang Tros, king of Troy,

And Tros was father of three famous sons,
Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymede
Fairest of humankind, whom for that cause
The Gods caught up to Heav'n, that he might dwell
For ever there, the cup-bearer of Jovē. 281

Ilas begat Laomedon, and he
Five sons, Tithonus, Priam, Clytius,
Lampus, and Hicetaon, branch of Mars.
Assaracus a son begat, by name
Capys, and Capys in due time his son
Warlike Anchises, and Anchises me.
But Priam is the noble Hector's sire.
Such is my lineage, and the blood I boast;
But courage is from Jove, and ebbs or flows 290
As he commands; for He disposes all.

But wherefore should we longer waste the time
In idle prate, while battle roars around?
Reproach is cheap. With ease we might discharge
Gibes at each other, till a ship that asks
A hundred oars should sink beneath the load.
The tongue of man is voluble, hath words
For ev'ry theme, nor wants wide field and long,
And as he speaks so shall he hear again.
But wherefore should we wrangle, and with taunts
Assail each other, as the practice is 301
Of women, who with heart-devouring strife
On fire, start forth into the public way
To mock each other, giving scope alike
To truth or falsehood, as their anger bids?
The ardour of my courage will not cool
For all thy speeches; we must combat first;
Now, therefore, without more delay, begin,
That we may taste each other's force in arms.

So spake Æneas, and his brazen lance 310
Hurl'd with full force against the dreadful shield.
Loud roar'd its ample concave at the blow.
Not unalarm'd Pelides his broad disk
Thrust farther from him, deeming that the force
Of such an arm should pierce his guard with ease.
Vain fear! he recollected not that arms
Glorious as his, gifts of th' immortal Gods,
Yield not so quickly to the force of man.

The stormy spear by brave Æneas sent
No passage found; the golden plate divine 320
Repress'd its vehemence; two folds it pierc'd,
But three were still behind, for with five folds
Vulcan had fortified it; two were brass;
The two interior, tin; the midmost, gold;
And at the golden one the weapon stood.
Achilles, next, his shadow-stretching spear
Hurl'd forth and struck Æneas on the verge
Of his broad shield, where thinnest lay the brass,
And thinnest the ox-hide. The Pelian ash
Started right through it, and it rang aloud. 330
Æneas, crouching to his hams, his shield
Thrust farther from him; but the rapid beam
Bursting both borders of the ample disk,
Glanc'd down his back, and plung'd into the soil.
He scap'd it, and he stood; but with a look
Of horror infinite the weapon saw
Planted so near him. Then, Achilles drew
His falchion keen, and with a deaf'ning shout
Assail'd him; but Æneas seiz'd a stone
Heavy and huge, a weight to overcharge 340
The strength of two (such strength as we may boast),
Although he wielded it with ease, alone.
Then had Æneas, as Achilles rush'd
Toward him, smitten, though with none effect,
His shield or helmet, and Achilles him
Had with his sword extended at his feet,
But that the God of Ocean quick perceiv'd
His peril, and th' immortals thus bespake:
I pity brave Æneas, who shall soon,
Slain by Achilles, see the realms below, 350
By smooth suggestions of Apollo lur'd
To danger, such as he can ne'er avert.
But why should brave Æneas, pure himself,
Die for the fault of others? at no time
Have fail'd his off'rings, grateful to the Gods.
Come, therefore, rescue we from death, ourselves,
This hero, lest, if by Achilles' arm
He perish, Jupiter himself be wroth;
For he is destin'd to survive, lest all
The house of Dardanus (whom Jove beyond 360

All others lov'd, his sons of woman born)
 Fail with Æneas, and be found no more.
 Saturnian Jove hath hated now longtime
 The family of Priam, and henceforth
 Æneas and his son, and his son's son,
 Shall sway the sceptre o'er the race of Troy.

To whom majestic thus the spouse of Jove:
 Neptune! deliberate thyself, and choose
 Whether to save Æneas, or to leave
 The hero victim of Achilles' ire. 370

For Pallas and myself ofttimes have sworn,
 In full assembly of the Gods, to aid
 Troy never; to avert the day
 Of her distress; not even when the flames,
 Kindled by the heroic sons of Greece,
 Shall climb with fury to her topmost tow'rs.

No sooner Neptune heard, than through the throng
 Of battle and the clash of spears the God
 Came where Achilles and Æneas fought
 At once with shadows dim he blurr'd the sight 380
 Of Peleus' son, and plucking from the shield
 Of brave Æneas the enormous ash
 Of Pelion, plac'd it at Achilles' feet.

Then, lifting high Æneas from the ground,
 He heav'd him far remote; o'er many a rank
 Of heroes and of bounding steeds he flew,
 Launch'd into air from the expanded palm
 Of Neptune, and alighted in the rear
 Of all the battle, where the Caucons stood.

Neptune approach'd him there, and at his side 390
 Standing, in accents wing'd him thus bespake:

What God, Æneas! tempted thee to cope
 Thus inconsiderately with the son
 Of Peleus, both more excellent in fight
 Than thou, and more the fav'rite of the skies?
 From him retire hereafter, or expect
 A premature descent into the shades.
 But when Achilles shall have once fulfill'd
 His destiny, in battle slain, then fight
 Fearless, for thou canst fall by none beside. 400

So saying, he left the well-admonish'd chief,
 And from Achilles' eyes dispers'd the gloom

Shed o'er them by himself. The hero saw
Clearly, and with his noble heart, incens'd
By disappointment, thus conferring, said :

Gods ! I behold a prodigy. My spear
Lies at my foot, and he, at whom I cast
The weapon with such deadly force, is gone !
Æneas then is also, as it seems,
Belov'd by the Immortal Gods, although 440
I deem'd his boast of their protection vain.
I reckon not. Let him go. So gladly scap'd
From slaughter, now, he shall not soon again
Feel an ambition to contend with me.
Now, therefore, animating, first, the Greeks,
Troy's whole united force I will assail,
And prove, at once, the valour of them all.

He said, and sprang to battle, with loud voice
Calling the Grecians after him :—Ye sons
Of the Achaians ! stand not now aloof, 420
My noble friends ! but foot to foot let each
Fall on courageous, and desire the fight.
The task were difficult for me alone,
Brave as I boast myself, to chase a foe
So num'rous, and to combat with them all.
For though immortal, neither Mars himself,
Nor even Pallas, could suffice at once
To chase and slaughter multitudes like these.
With hands, with feet, with spirit, and with might,
All that I can I will ; right through I go, 430
And not a Trojan, who shall chance within
Spear's reach of me, shall, as I judge, rejoice.

Thus he the Greeks exhorted, and, mean-time,
Illustrious Hector loudly to his host
Proclaim'd, that he would cope with Peleus' son :

Fear not this chief, ye valiant men of Troy !
I dare oppose with words, though not in arms,
For they are mightier far, the Gods themselves ;
Nor shall Achilles full performance give
To all his vaunts, but, if he some fulfil, 440
Shall others unaccomplish'd leave and vain.
I will assail him, though his hands be fire,
Though fire his hands, and hammer'd steel his heart.
So spake he them exhorting. At his word

Uprose the Trojan spears, thick intermix'd
The battle join'd, and clamour loud began.
Then thus, approaching Hector, Phœbus spake:

Advance not, Hector! thus into the van
Seeking Achilles, but in thickest fight
Expect him rather, lest he slay thee pierc'd 450
In close assault, or stricken from afar.

He said, and Hector far into his host
Withdrew, admonish'd by the voice divine.
Then, shouting terribly and cloth'd with might,
Achilles sprang to battle. First, he slew
The valiant leader of a num'rous band,
Iphition. Brave Otrynteus was his sire.
Him to Otrynteus the renown'd in arms
A Naiad under snowy Tmolus bore
In fruitful Hyda. Right into his front, 460
As he advanc'd, Achilles drove his spear,
And riv'd his scull; with thund'ring sound he fell,
And thus the conqu'ror gloried in his fall:

Ah Otryntides! thou art slain. Here lies
The terrible in arms, who, born beside
The broad Gygæan lake where Hyllus flows
And Hermus, call'd the fertile soil his own.

Thus gloried he. Mean-time the shades of death
Cover'd Iphition, and Achaian wheels
And horses ground his body in the van. 470
Demoleon next, Antenor's son, a chief
Firm in defence of Ilium's walls, he slew.
Into his temples through his brazen casque
He thrust the Pelian ash, nor could the brass
Such force resist, but the huge weapon drove
The shatter'd bone into his inmost brain,
And his fierce onset at a stroke repress'd.
Hippodamas, while with a leap he left
His steeds and fled, the weapon next receiv'd
Within his spine. He, panting forth his life, 480
Moan'd like a bull, by consecrated youths
Dragg'd round the Heliconian king, who views
That victim with delight. So, with loud moans
The noble warrior sigh'd his soul away.
Then, spear in hand, against the godlike son
Of Priam, Polydorus, he advanc'd.

Him many a time his father had enjoin'd
 To shun the fight; for he was youngest born
 Of his male offspring; shar'd beyond the rest
 His favour, and in speed surpass'd them all. 490

Vain of that speed, he like a simple boy
 Display'd it, starting through the foremost ranks
 Unaw'd by danger, till, at last, he died;

For, as he pass'd him swiftly, with his spear
 Achilles reach'd him; in his back infix'd
 (Just where the golden clasps his belt secur'd,
 And where the doubled hauberk interpos'd),
 Sheer through his navel pass'd the pointed steel.

He, shrinking, sank, in shades of death involv'd,
 And, as he kneel'd, his head inclining low, 500
 With both hands press'd his issuing bowels back.

Soon as the Trojan chief his brother saw
 Bent o'er his wound, and gath'ring, as he stoop'd,
 His entrails in his hands, grief's sablest cloud
 Came o'er his eyes, nor could he longer stand
 Remote from battle; but impatient shook

His pointed spear, and with the lightning's speed
 Flew to assail Achilles; his approach
 Achilles mark'd exulting, and exclaim'd:

He comes, from whom my bosom hath receiv'd 510
 Its deepest wound, the slayer of my friend;
 We may no longer watch with jealous looks
 Each other, peering through the walks of war.

He ceas'd, and, frowning terribly, provok'd
 Approaching Hector. Haste, he cried, advance
 With swifter pace, and thou shalt sooner die.

Whom answer'd warlike Hector nought appall'd:
 Hope not, Pelides! such a child in me
 As words may scare. Myself have also words
 At my command, severe and sharp as thine. 520
 I know thy force superior; but my spear
 Is also keen, and whether, though enforc'd
 By a less vig'rous arm, it may not yet
 Slay even thee, the Gods must now decide.

He said, and hurl'd his spear; which, ere it reach'd
 The glorious chief Achilles, with a breath
 Minerva wafted to a backward course
 Successful, and it fell at Hector's feet.

Then, hot for vengeance, with a dreadful shout
Achilles flew to smite him ; but, with ease, 550
(What cannot pow'r divine?) him wrapp'd around
With thickest gloom Apollo snatch'd away.

Thrice swift Achilles sprang to the assault
Impetuous, thrice the pitchy cloud he smote,
And at his fourth assault, godlike in act
And terrible in utt'rance, thus exclaim'd :

Dog ! thou art safe, and hast escap'd again :
But narrowly, and by the aid once more
Of Phœbus, without previous suit to whom
Thou ventur'st never where the javelin sings. 540
But when we next encounter, then expect,
If I have haply too some friend above,
To close thy proud career. Mean-time I seek
Another foe, and reach e'en whom I may.

So saying, he pierc'd the neck of Dryops through,
And at his feet he fell. Him there he left,
And turning on the valiant warrior huge,
Philetor's son, Demuchus, in the knee
Pierc'd, and detain'd him by the planted spear
Till with his sword he smote him, and he died. 550

Laogonus and Dardanus he next
Assaulted, sons of Bias ; to the ground
Dismounting both, one with his spear he slew,
The other with his falchion at a blow.
Tros too, Alastor's son—He suppliant clasp'd
Achilles' knees, and for his pity sued,
Pleading equality of years, in hope
That he would spare, and send him thence alive.

Ah dreamer ! ignorant how much in vain
That suit he urg'd ; for not of milky mind, 560
Or placable in temper, was the chief

To whom he sued, but fiery. With both hands
His knees he clasp'd importunate, and he
Fast by the liver gash'd him with his sword.

His liver falling forth, with sable blood
His bosom fill'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes.

Then, drawing close to Mulijs, in his ear
He set the pointed brass, and at a thrust
Sent it, next moment, through his ear beyond.

Then, through the forehead of Agenor's son 570

Echeclus, his huge-hafted blade he drove,
And death and fate for ever veil'd his eyes.
Next where the tendons of the elbow meet,
Striking Deucalion, through his wrist he urg'd
The brazen point ; he all defenceless stood,
Expecting death ; down came Achilles' blade
Full on his neck ; away went head and casque
Together ; from his spine the marrow sprang,
And at his length outstretch'd he press'd the plain.
From him to Rhigmus, Pireus' noble son, 580
He flew, a warrior from the fields of Thrace.
Him through his loins he pierc'd, and with the beam
Fix'd in his bowels, to the earth he fell ;
Then piercing, as he turn'd to flight, the spine
Of Areïthoüs his charioteer,
He thrust him down ; back flew the frightened steeds.
As a devouring fire within the glens
Of some dry mountain ravages the trees,
While, blown around, the flames roll to all sides,
So, on all sides, tremendous as a God, 590
Achilles drove the death-devoted host
Of Ilium, and the champaign ran with blood.
As when the peasant his yok'd steers employs
To tread his barley, the broad-fronted pair
With wond'rous hoofs soon triturate the grain,
So bearing terrible Achilles on,
His coursers stamp'd together, as they pass'd
The bodies and the bucklers of the slain ;
Blood spatter'd all his axle, and with blood
From the horse-hoofs and from the fellied wheels 600
His chariot redden'd while himself, athirst
For glory, his unconquerable hands
Defil'd with mingled carnage, sweat, and dust.

BOOK XXI.

Argument.

Achilles having separated the Trojans, and driven one part of them to the city and the other into the Scamander, takes twelve young men alive, his intended victims to the manes of Patroclus. The river overflowing his banks with purpose to overwhelm him, is opposed by Vulcan, and gladly relinquishes the attempt. The battle of the Gods ensues. Apollo, in the form of Agenor, decoys Achilles from the town, which in the mean-time the Trojans enter and shut the gates against him.

BUT when they came, at length, where Xanthus
winds
His stream vortiginous from Jove deriv'd,
There, scatt'ring their divided host, he drove
Part through the plain to Troy, what way the Greeks
Had scarce escap'd, so lately, the pursuit
Of furious Hector. In the self-same track,
The Trojan host, now, pour'd themselves along
Not less confus'd; whom Juno to retard
Cast thickest night before them. Other part
Push'd down the sides of Xanthus, headlong plung'd
With dashing sound into his dizzy stream, 11
And all his banks re-echo'd loud the roar.
They, struggling, shriek'd in silver eddies whirl'd.
As when, by violence of fire expell'd,
Locusts uplifted on the wing escape
To some broad river, swift the sudden blaze
Pursues them; they, astonish'd, strew the flood;
So, by Achilles driv'n, a mingled throng
Of horses and of warriors overspread
Xanthus, and glutted all his sounding course. 20
He, chief of heroes, leaving on the bank
His spear against a tamarisk reclin'd,
Plung'd like a God, with falchion arm'd alone,

But fill'd with thoughts of havoc. On all sides
Down came his edge: groans follow'd dread to hear
Of warriors smitten by the sword, and all
The waters redden'd, as they ran, with blood.
As smaller fishes, flying the pursuit
Of some huge dolphin, terrified, the creeks
And secret hollows of a haven fill, 30
For none of all that he can seize he spares,
So lurk'd the trembling Trojans in the caves
Of Xanthus' awful flood. But he (his hands
Wearied at length with slaughter) from the rest
Twelve youths selected, whom to death he doom'd,
In vengeance for his lov'd Patroclus slain.
Them stupified with dread like fawns he drove
Forth from the river, manacling their hands
Behind them fast with their own tunick-strings,
And gave them to his warrior train in charge. 40
Then, ardent still for blood, he flew again
To slaughter, and Dardanian Priam's son
Lycaon met, escaping from the stream.
Him erst, surpris'd in Priam's field by night,
He had led captive thence. Lycaon cut
The green wild fig for chariot-rings, when lo,
Disaster unforeseen! Achilles came.
He seiz'd and sent him in a ship afar
To Lemnos; there the son of Jason paid
His price, and, at great cost, Eetion, 50
The guest of Jason, thence redeeming him,
Sent him to fair Arisba; but he scap'd
Thence also, and regain'd his father's house.
Eleven days, at his return, he gave
To recreation joyous with his friends,
And on the twelfth Fate cast him yet again
Into Achilles' hands, who to the shades
Now doom'd him, howsoever loth to go.
Soon as Achilles him saw naked there,
With neither helmet, spear, nor shield, all which 60
Emerging he had cast away, fatigu'd
Till his knees fail'd with toil to reach the land,
Indignant to his mighty self he said:
Gods! I behold a miracle! Erelong
The valiant Trojans whom myself have slain

Shall rise from Erebus; for he is here,
The self-same warrior whom I lately sold
At Lemnos, free, and in the field again.
The hoary Deep is prison strong enough
For most, but not for him. Now shall he taste 70
The point of this my spear, that I may learn,
By sure experience, whether Hell itself,
That holds the strongest fast, can also him,
Or whether he shall even thence escape.

While thus he mus'd, o'erwhelm'd with dire dismay
The youth approach'd in haste to clasp his knees,
For vehement he felt the dread of death
Working within him; with his Pelian ash
Uplifted high mean-time Achilles stood
Ardent to smite him; he with body bent 80
Ran under him, and to his knees adher'd;
The weapon, missing him, implanted stood
Close at his back; when, seizing with one hand
Achilles' knees, he with the other grasp'd
The dreadful beam, embolden'd by despair,
And in wing'd accents suppliant thus began:

I clasp thy knees, Achilles! Ah respect
And pity me. Behold! I am as one,
Who hath sought refuge even at thy hearth;
For the first Grecian bread I ever ate, 90
I ate with thee, and on the very day
When thou didst send me, in yon field surpris'd,
For sale to sacred Lemnos, far remote,
And for my price receiv'dst a hundred beeves.
Loose me, and I shall yield thee now that sum
Thrice told. Alas! this morn is but the twelfth
Since, after num'rous hardships, I arriv'd
Once more in Troy, and now my ruthless lot
Hath given me into thy hands again.
Jove cannot less then hate me, who hath twice 100
Made me thy pris'ner, and my doom was death,
Death in my prime, the day when I was born
Son of Laothoë from Alta sprung,
From Alta, whom the Leleges obey
On Satnio's banks in lofty Pedasus.
His daughter to his other num'rous wives
King Priam added, and two sons she bore,

Whose heads shall both be smitten off by thee.
 My brother hath already died, in front
 Of Ilium's infantry, by thy right spear, 110
 The godlike Polydorus; and like doom
 Shall now be mine, for I despair to escape,
 Made by the Gods thy captive, as before.
 But hear and mark me well. My birth was not
 From the same womb as Hector's, who hath slain
 Thy valiant friend for clemency renown'd.

Such supplication the illustrious son
 Of Priam made, but answer harsh receiv'd :

Fool ! speak'st of ransom ? Name it not to me.
 For till my friend his miserable fate 120
 Accomplish'd, I was somewhat giv'n to spare,
 And num'rous, whom I seiz'd alive, I sold.
 But now, of all the Trojans whom the Gods
 Deliver to me, none shall death escape,
 'Specially of the house of Priam, none.
 Die, therefore, thou, my friend ! Why deem'st it
 hard ?

Patroclus died, a nobler far than thou.

Mark also me, my godliness of form—

A king begat me, and a goddess bore ;

Yet me Fate destines, on some future day, 130

War's victim, and at morn, or noon, or eve,

By shaft or spear, myself must also die.

He ceas'd, and where the suppliant kneel'd, he died.

The spear relinquish'd, in despair he stretch'd

His hands abroad ; when, drawing his keen sword,

Achilles, with a sudden stroke, enforc'd

The whole broad blade at once into his neck.

He prone extended on the champaign lay

Bedewing with his sable blood the glebe ;

Till, by the foot, Achilles cast him far 140

Into the stream, and, as he floated down,

Thus in wing'd accents, glorying, he exclaim'd :

There—while the fishes suck thy blood, secure,

Lie now. Thee never shall thy mother place,

Weeping the while, on thy funereal bed,

But swift Scamander on his giddy tide

Shall bear thee to the bosom of the sea.

There, many a fish shall, through the crystal flood

Ascending to the rippled surface, find
 Lycaon's pamper'd flesh delicious fare. 150

Thus still to flee be yours, and to pursue
 Thus still, with havoc of your host, be mine,
 Till Ilium fall. Nor shall this pleasant stream
 Of dimpling silver, which ye worship oft
 With victim bulls, and sate with living steeds
 His rapid whirlpools, my revenge avert.
 But ye shall die, die terribly, till all
 Shall have requited me with just amends
 For my Patroclus, and for other Greeks
 Slain at the ships while I declin'd the war. 160

He ceas'd, and, by such bold defiance rous'd
 To double rage, no rest Scamander gave
 To his vex'd thought, still framing means to turn
 Achilles back, and save the tow'rs of Troy.
 He, shaking his enormous spear, mean-time
 The warlike son of Pelegon assail'd,
 Asteropæus. Pelegon his sire,
 Fair Peribœa, daughter eldest born
 Of Accessamenus, embrac'd beneath
 His crystal floods, to wide-spread Axius bore. 170
 Achilles him assail'd. Two spears he grasp'd,
 Emerg'd undaunted from the stream, and stood.
 For Xanthus, angry that, no pity shown,
 Achilles spread with youthful warriors slain
 His whole expanse, embolden'd him to stand.
 And now, small distance interpos'd, they fac'd
 Each other; when Achilles thus began:

Who art and whence, who dar'st encounter me?
 Hapless the sires whose sons my force defy.

To whom the noble son of Pelegon: 180
 Why asks the brave Achilles whence am I?
 From rich Pœonia's distant land I came
 Chief leader of her valiant sons to Troy;
 And this day's rosy morn eleventh arose
 Since here our host arriv'd. My proud descent
 I draw from Axius; Axius, fairest stream
 That waters earth, and Pelegon his son,
 If rumour err not, is my glorious sire.
 But we delay; now, therefore, fight; begin.

So threaten'd he. Then rais'd Achilles high 190

The Pelian ash; and his two spears at once,
 Alike a practis'd warrior with both hands,
 Asteropæus hurl'd. Achilles' shield
 One struck, but pierc'd not, blunted by the gold,
 Gift of a God; the other as it flew
 Graz'd his right elbow; sprang the sable blood;
 But, overflying him, the spear in earth
 Stood planted deep, still hung'ring for the prey.
 Then, full at the Pæonian Peleus' son
 Hurl'd forth his weapon with unsparing force 200
 But vain; he struck the sloping river-bank,
 And mid-length deep stood plung'd the ashen beam.
 At once with falchion drawn Achilles flew
 To smite him; he in vain, mean-time, essay'd
 To pluck the rooted weapon from the bank;
 Thrice with full force he shook the beam, and thrice,
 Although reluctant, left it; at his fourth
 Last effort, bending it he sought to break
 The ashen spear-beam of Æacides,
 But perish'd by his keen-edg'd falchion first; 210
 For on the belly at his navel's side
 He smote him; to the ground effus'd fell all
 His bowels, death's dim shadows veil'd his eyes.
 Achilles ardent on his bosom fix'd
 His foot, despoil'd him, and exulting cried:

Lie there; the mightiest who from Rivers spring
 Quell not with ease the mightier sons of Jove.
 Thou thy descent from Axius mad'st thy boast,
 But Jove himself I boast the source of mine.
 My father, sov'reign of the num'rous race 220
 The Myrmidons, is Peleus. Peleus sprang
 From Æacus, and Æacus from Jove.
 And far as Jove all Rivers, so far all
 From Rivers sprung the sons of Jove exceed.
 A spacious River now is at thy side,
 And, if he can, let Him assist thee—No—
 He may not fight against Saturnian Jove.
 Therefore, not kingly Acheloïus,
 Nor yet the strength of Ocean's vast profound,
 Although from Him all rivers and all seas 230
 All fountains and all wells proceed, may boast

Comparison with Jove, but even He
Astonish'd trembles at his fiery bolt,
And his dread thunders rattling in the sky.

He said, and from the bank drew forth his spear;
But him he left extended on the sands
And dash'd by the clear wave, a breathless corse,
Where eels and fishes, busy with his plump
Well-cover'd sides, rasp'd all the flesh away.
Pæonia's horseman band he next assail'd, 240
Who, seeing by the sword and forceful arm
Of Peleus' son their leader slain beside
The eddy-whirling river, fled dispers'd.
Thersilochus and Mydon then he slew,
Thrasius, Astypylus and Ophelestes,
Ænius and Mnesus; nor had these suffic'd
Achilles, but Pæonians more had fall'n,
Had not the angry River from within
His circling gulfs in semblance of a man
Call'd to him, interrupting thus his rage: 250

O both in courage and injurious deeds
Unmatch'd, Achilles! whom the Gods themselves
Cease not to aid, if Saturn's son have doom'd
All Ilium's race to perish by thine arm,
Expel them, first, from me, and on the plain
Act that exploit; for, cumber'd as I am
With bodies, I can pour my pleasant stream
No longer down into the sacred Deep;
Alas! what deaths are here! But O desist,
Dread chief! Amazement fills me at thy deeds. 260

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race:
River divine! hereafter be it so.
But not from slaughter of this faithless host
Cease I, till I shall shut them fast in Troy,
And trial make of Hector, if his arm
In single fight shall strongest prove, or mine.

He said, and with a godlike force again
Assail'd the Trojans; when the circling flood
To Phœbus thus his loud complaint address'd:

God of the silver bow, and son of Jove! 270
Thou little heed'st thy Sov'reign Sire's command,
Who charg'd thee in most earnest terms to aid

The Trojans, till, the sun declining, night
With shadows dim should veil the fruitful field.

He ended, and Achilles at the word
Plung'd from the bank into the middle stream.
Then, turbulent, the River all his tide
Stirr'd from the bottom, landward heaving off
The num'rous bodies by Achilles slain
That choak'd his current; them, as with the roar 280
Of bulls, he cast aground; but deep within
His oozy gulfs the living safe conceal'd.
Tremendous all around Achilles stood
The curling wave, then, falling on his shield,
Dash'd him, nor found his footsteps where to rest.
An elm of massy trunk he seiz'd and branch
Luxuriant, but it fell torn from the root,
And drew the whole bank after it; immers'd
It damm'd the current with its ample boughs,
And join'd as with a bridge the distant shores. 290
Upsprang Achilles from the gulf, and turn'd
His feet, now wing'd for flight, into the plain
Astonish'd; but the God, not so appeas'd,
Arose against him with a darker curl,
That he might quell him and deliver Troy.
Back flew Achilles with a bound, the length
Of a spear's cast, for such a spring he own'd
As bears the black-plum'd eagle on her prey,
Strongest and swiftest of the fowls of air.
Like her he sprang, and dreadful on his chest 300
Clang'd his bright armour. Then, with course
oblique,

He fled his fierce pursuer; but the flood,
Fly where he might, came thund'ring in his rear.
As when the peasant with his spade a rill
Conducts from some pure fountain through his grove
Or garden, clearing the obstructed course,
The pebbles, as it runs, all ring beneath,
And, as the slope still deepens, swifter still
It runs, and, murmuring, outstrips the guide,
So him though swift the River always reach'd 310
Still swifter; who can cope with pow'r divine?
Oft as Achilles, facing round, essay'd
Resistance, and to learn if all the Gods

Alike rush'd after him, so oft the flood,
 Jove's offspring, lav'd his shoulders. Upward then
 He sprang distress'd, but with a sidelong sweep
 The current urg'd his legs aslant, and stole
 The soil so lately arid from beneath.

Then, looking to the skies, aloud he mourn'd :

Eternal sire ! how slow are all the Gods 220
 To save me from this adverse flood, from which,
 Once sav'd, I would decline no death beside !
 Yet blame I none of all the Pow'rs of Heav'n
 As Thetis ; she with falsehood sooth'd my soul ;
 She promis'd me by Phœbus' rapid shafts
 A hastier death beneath the walls of Troy.
 I would that Hector, noblest of his race,
 Had slain me, then should I have bravely fall'n,
 And a brave man had stripp'd me of my arms.
 But Fate now dooms me to a death abhorr'd, 330
 Whelm'd in deep waters like a swineherd's boy
 Drown'd in wet weather while he fords a brook.

So spake Achilles ; then, in human form,
 Neptune and Pallas to his side approach'd.
 Each seiz'd his hand confirming him, and thus
 The mighty shaker of the shores began :

Fear not, Pelides ! thou hast nought to fear.
 In us behold, in Pallas and in me,
 Effectual aids, and with consent of Jove ;
 No river's victim thee the Fates ordain, 540
 And soon the River shalt thou see subdu'd.
 We give thee counsel ; hear it, and obey.
 Allow no respite to thy vengeful arm
 Till ev'ry Trojan (all who shall escape
 Thy fury) within Ilium's lofty walls
 Be fast enclos'd. Then, Hector slain, return
 Triumphant, for We make that glory thine.

So spake they both, then join'd the Gods again.
 He, animated by the voice divine,
 Now mov'd toward the champaign, cover'd all 350
 By that vast overflow, on which the shields
 And bodies swam of many slain in fight.
 He leap'd, he waded, and the current stemm'd
 Right onward, by the flood in vain oppos'd,
 With such might Pallas fill'd him. Nor his rage

Scamander aught repress'd, but still the more
Incens'd against Achilles, curl'd aloft
His waters, and on Simois call'd aloud:

If I alone may not, combin'd at least
Quell we this chief, my brother! he shall else 360
Soon lay the lofty tow'rs of Priam low,
Whose host, appal'd, defend them now no more.
Haste—succour me—Thy channel fill with streams
From all thy fountains; call thy torrents down;
Lift high the waters; mingle trees and stones
With uproar wild, that the enormous force
Of this man now triumphant, and who aims
To match the Gods in might, may be subdu'd.
But vain shall be his strength, his beauty nought
Shall profit him, or his resplendent arms, 370
For I will bury them in slime and ooze,
And I will overwhelm himself with soil,
Sands heaping o'er him and around him sands
Infinite, that no Greek shall find his bones
For ever, in my bottom deep immers'd.
There shall his tomb be pil'd, nor other earth,
At his last rites, his friends shall need for him.

He said, and lifting high his angry tide
Vortiginous, against Achilles hurl'd,
Roaring, the foam, the bodies, and the blood; 380
Then all his sable waves divine again
Accumulating, bore him swift along.
Shriek'd Juno at that sight through terrour, lest
Achilles in the whirling deluge sunk
Should perish, and to Vulcan quick exclaim'd:

Vulcan, my son, arise; for we account
Xanthus well able to contend with thee.
Give instant succour: show forth all thy fires.
Myself will haste to call the rapid South
And Zephyrus, and from the sea will bring 390
Wild winds, which shall consume both arms and dead
With hideous conflagration. Burn along
The banks of Xanthus, fire his trees, and him
Seize also. Let him by no specious guile
Of flatt'ry sooth thee, or by threats appal,
Nor slack thy furious fires till with a shout
I give command, then bid them cease to blaze.

She spake, and Vulcan at her word his fires
Shot dreadful forth; first, kindling on the field,
He burn'd the num'rous bodies strew'd around 400
Slain by Achilles; arid grew the earth,
And the flood ceas'd. As when a sprightly breeze
Autumnal blowing from the North, at once
Dries the new-water'd garden, gladd'ning him
Who tills the soil, so was the champaign dried.
The dead consum'd, against the River, next,
He turn'd the fierceness of his glitt'ring fires.
Willows, and tamarisks, and elms he burn'd,
Burn'd lotus, rushes, reeds; all plants and herbs,
That cloth'd profuse the margin of his flood. 410
His eels and fishes agonizing, these
In gulfs below, those tumbling in the stream,
All languish'd while the Artist of the skies
Breath'd on them; even Xanthus lost, himself,
All force, and, suppliant, Vulcan thus address'd:

Oh Vulcan! none in Heav'n itself may cope
With thee. I yield to thy consuming fires.
Cease, cease. I reckon not if Achilles drive
Her citizens, this moment, forth from Troy,
For what are war and war's concerns to me? 420

So spake he, scorch'd, and all his waters boil'd.
As some huge caldron hisses, urg'd by force
Of circling fires, and fill'd with melted lard,
The unctuous fluid overbubbling streams
On all sides, while the dry wood flames beneath,
So Xanthus bubbled and his pleasant flood
Hiss'd in the fire; nor could he longer flow,
But check'd his current, with hot steams annoy'd,
By Vulcan rais'd. His supplication, then,
Importunate to Juno thus he turn'd: 430

Ah Juno! why assails thy son my streams,
Hostile to me alone? Of all who aid
The Trojan race least culpable am I,
Yet even I desist, if thou command;
And let thy son cease also; for I swear,
That never will I from the Trojans turn
Their evil day, not even when the host
Of Greece shall set all Ilium in a blaze.

He said, and, at his oath relenting, thus

To her own offspring Vulcan, Juno spake: 410

Peace, glorious son! we may not in behalf
Of mortal man thus longer vex a God.

Then Vulcan his tremendous fires repress'd,
And down into his gulfy channel rush'd
The reflux flood; for, Xanthus once subdu'd,
Juno enjoin'd, though angry, peace to both.

But contest vehement the other Gods
Now wag'd, each breathing discord; loud they rush'd
And fierce to battle, while the boundless Earth
Quak'd under them, and, all around, the Heav'ns 450
Sang them together with a trumpet's voice.

Jove list'ning, on the Olympian summit sat
Well-pleas'd, and, laughing in his heart for joy,
Beheld the Pow'rs of Heav'n for strife prepar'd.
Not long aloof they stood. Shield-piercing Mars,
Arm'd with his brazen spear, began the fight,
Assailing Pallas, whom he thus reproach'd:

Wasp! front of impudence, and past all bounds
Audacious! Why impellest thou the Gods
To fight? Thy own proud spirit is the cause. 460
Remember'st not, how, urg'd by thee, the son
Of Tydeus wounded me, and thou didst guide
Thyself the radiant spear that tore me? Now—
Now pay for all thy malice shown to me.

So saying, at once her tassell'd shield he smote
Terrific, proof against the bolts of Jove;
That shield gore-tainted Mars with fury struck.
But she, retiring, with strong grasp upheav'd
A rugged stone, black, pond'rous, from the plain,
A land-mark fix'd by men of ancient times, 470
Which hurling at the neck of stormy Mars
She smote him. Down he fell. Sev'n acres, stretch'd,
He overspread, his ringlets in the dust
Polluted lay, and dreadful rang his arms.
The Goddess laugh'd, and thus in accents wing'd
With exultation, as he lay, exclaim'd:

Fool! Art thou still to learn how far my force
Surpasses thine, and dar'st thou cope with me?
Now feel the furies of thy mother's ire,
Who hates thee for thy treach'ry to the Greeks, 480
And for thy succour giv'n to faithless Troy.

She said, and turn'd from Mars her glorious eyes.
 But him deep-groaning and his torpid pow'rs
 Recov'ring slow, Venus conducted thence
 Daughter of Jove; whom soon as Juno mark'd,
 In accents wing'd to Pallas thus she spake:

Daughter invincible of glorious Jove!
 Haste—follow her—Ah shameless! how she leads
 Gore-tainted Mars through all the host of Heav'n.

So she, whom Pallas with delight obey'd, 490
 And, swiftly seeking Venus, on the breast
 With such force smote her, that, of sense bereft,
 The fainting Goddess fell. There Venus lay
 And Mars extended on the fruitful glebe,
 And in wing'd accents Pallas thus exclaim'd:

I would that all, who on the part of Troy
 Oppose in fight Achaia's valiant sons,
 Were firm and bold as Venus in defence
 Of Mars, for whom she dar'd my pow'r defy!
 So had dissension (Ilium overthrown 500
 And desolated) ceas'd long since in Heav'n.

So Pallas, and approving Juno smil'd.
 Then the Imperial Shaker of the shores
 Thus to Apollo: Phœbus! wherefore stand
 We thus aloof! Since others have begun,
 Begin we also; shame it were to both,
 Should we without a contest seek again
 Olympus and the brass-built hall of Jove.
 Begin, for thou art younger; me, whose years
 Alike and knowledge thine surpass so far, 510
 It suits not. Oh stupidity! how gross
 Art thou and senseless! Are no traces left
 In thy remembrance of our num'rous wrongs
 Sustain'd at Ilium, when, of all the Gods
 Ourselves alone, by Jove's commandment, serv'd
 For stipulated hire, a year complete.
 Our task-master the proud Laomedon?
 Myself a bulwark'd city wide, secure
 Against assault, and beautiful as strong
 Built for the Trojans, and thine office was 520
 To feed for king Laomedon his herds
 Among the groves of Ida many-val'd.
 But when the gladsome hours the season brought

Of payment, then the unjust king of Troy
Dismiss'd us of our whole reward immerc'd
By violence, and added threats beside.
He threaten'd *thee* to sell, bound hand and foot,
In some far distant isle, and to cut off
The ears of both; we, therefore, hasted thence
Resentful of our promis'd hire withheld. 530
Aid'st thou for this the Trojans? Canst thou less
Than seek, with us, to exterminate the whole
Perfidious race, wives, children, husbands, all?

To whom the King of radiant shafts replied:
Ah Neptune! Thou wouldst hardly deem me wise,
Engag'd in fight, on man's account, with thee;
A wretched race! who, fed with fruits of earth,
Now thrive and flourish rankly as the leaves,
Now sapless fall. Here, therefore, us between
Let all strife cease, far better left to them. 540

He said, and, wiser than to lift his hand
Against his sire's own brother, turn'd away.
But him Diana, regent of the woods,
His huntress sister, sharply thus reprov'd:

Fly'st thou, Apollo! and to Neptune yield'st
An unearn'd victory, the prize of fame
Resigning patient and with no dispute?
Fool! wherefore bearest thou the bow in vain?
Ah, let me never in my father's courts
Such vauntings hear of thine again, that thou 550
Wouldst dare confront the Ocean's king in arms.

So she, to whom Apollo nought replied.
But thus the consort of the Thund'rer, fir'd
With wrath, reprov'd the Archeress of Heav'n:

Ah, void of shame! how dar'st thou to oppose
My pleasure? Huntress as thou art, the task
To match my force were difficult to thee.
Is it, because by ordinance of Jove
Thou art a lioness to womankind,
Killing them at discretion? But beware— 560
Far easier is it, on the mountain-heights
To slay wild beasts and chase the roving hind,
Than to conflict with mightier than ourselves.
But, if thou wish a lesson on that theme,

Approach—Thou soon shalt learn how far my force
Surpasses thine, since thou wouldst cope with me.

She said, and with her left hand seizing both
Diana's wrists, snatch'd suddenly the bow
Suspended on her shoulder with the right,
And, smiling, smote her with it on the ears. 570

She, writhing oft and struggling, to the ground
Shook forth her rapid shafts, then weeping fled,
As to her cavern in some hollow rock

The dove, not destin'd to his talons, flies
The hawk's pursuit, and left her arms behind.

Then, messenger of Heav'n, the Argicide
Address'd Latona. Combat none with thee,
Latona, will I wage. Unsafe it were
To cope in battle with a spouse of Jove.

Go, therefore, loudly as thou wilt, proclaim 580
To all the Gods, that thou hast vanquish'd me.

Collecting, then, the bow and arrows fall'n
In wild disorder on the dusty plain,

Latona with the sacred charge withdrew
Foll'wing her daughter; she, arriving soon

Within the palace of Olympian Jove,

Sat weeping on his knees till all her robe

Ambrosial shook. The mighty Father smil'd,

And to his bosom straining her, inquir'd:

My child! what Pow'r divine hath dar'd afflict 590
Thee thus, as guilty of some open wrong?

To whom the clear-voic'd Huntress crescent-
crown'd:

My Father! Juno, thy own spouse, hath caus'd

My sorrow—the incendiary of Heav'n.

Such was their mutual conf'rence. Mean-time

Apollo into sacred Troy return'd,

Mindful to guard her bulwarks, lest the Greeks

Too soon for fate should desolate the town.

The other Gods, some angry, some elate

With vict'ry, th' Olympian heights regain'd. 600

And sat beside the Thund'rer. But the son

Of Peleus—he both Trojans slew and steeds.

As when in volumes slow smoke climbs the skies

From some great city, which the Gods have fir'd

In vengeance, sorrow thence to many ensues
 With mischief, and laborious work to all,
 So caus'd Achilles much laborious work
 That day, and mischief, to the men of Troy.

But ancient Priam from a sacred tow'r
 Stood looking forth, whence soon he notic'd vast 610
 Achilles, before whom the Trojans fled
 All courage lost. Descending from the tow'r
 With mournful cries and hasting to the wall,
 He thus enjoin'd the keepers of the gates:

Hold wide the portals till the flying host
 Re-enter, for Achilles is at hand,
 And hunts the people home. Now, wo to Troy!
 But soon as safe within the walls receiv'd
 They breathe again, shut fast the pond'rous gates
 At once, lest that destroyer also pass. 620

He said; they, shooting back the bars, threw wide
 The gates, and sav'd the people, whom to aid
 Apollo also sprang into the field.
 They, parch'd with drought and whiten'd all with dust,
 Flew right toward the town, while, spear in hand,
 Achilles press'd them, vengeance in his heart,
 And all on fire for glory. Then, e'en then,
 Had haughty Ilium fall'n by the hands
 Of the Achaians, but Apollo rous'd
 Antenor's valiant son, the noble chief 630
 Agenor, whom with dauntless might he fill'd,
 And stood himself beside him in the shade
 Of the broad beech involv'd in mist, to ward
 The fate that threaten'd him, Agenor, then
 Seeing the terrible Achilles nigh,
 Stood, but with many an anxious thought perplex'd,
 And thus with his heroic heart conferr'd:

Alas! if, foll'wing the tumultuous flight
 Of these, I shun Achilles, swifter far
 He soon will lop my ignominious head. 640
 But if, these leaving to be thus dispers'd
 Before him, from the city wall I fly
 Across the plain of Troy into the groves
 Of Ida, and in Ida's thickets lurk,
 I may, at ev'ning, to the town return
 Bath'd and refresh'd. But whither tend my thoughts?

Should he my flight into the plain observe,
 And swift pursuing seize me, then farewell
 All hope to 'scape a miserable death,
 For he is strong beyond all strength of man. 650
 How then—shall I withstand him here before
 The city? He hath also flesh to steel
 Pervious, within it but a single life,
 And men report him mortal, howsoe'er
 Jove lift him now to glory and renown.

So saying, he turn'd and stood, his dauntless heart
 Beating for battle. As the panther springs
 To meet the hunter, from her gloomy lair,
 Nor fears nor shuns by flight the yelling hounds,
 But whether from afar or nigh at hand 660
 He pierce her first, although transfix'd, the fight
 Still tries, and combats desp'rate till she fall,
 So brave Antenor's son fled not, or shrank
 Till he had prov'd Achilles; but his breast
 O'ershadowing with his buckler, and his spear
 Poising and aiming at him, thus exclaim'd:

Renown'd Achilles! thou art high in hope,
 Doubtless, that thou shalt this day overthrow
 The city of the glorious sons of Troy.
 Fool! ye must labour yet ere she be won; 670
 For num'rous are her citizens and bold,
 And we will guard her for our parents' sake,
 Our wives, and little ones. But as for thee,
 Bold as thou art and dreadful, here thou diest.

He said, and his keen weapon hurl'd amain,
 Nor err'd, but smote his greave beneath the knee.
 The glitt'ring tin, forg'd newly, at the stroke
 Tremendous rang, but with a swift recoil
 Back flew the spear, nor pierc'd the guard divine.
 Then sprang Achilles in his turn to assail 680
 Godlike Agenor, but Apollo took
 That glory from him, snatching wrapp'd in clouds
 The Trojan thence, whom calm he sent away.

Then Phœbus from the chase of Ilium's host
 By art seduc'd Achilles; for the form
 Assuming of Agenor, swift he fled
 Before him, and Achilles swift pursu'd,
 While him to such pursuit Apollo lur'd

Along Scamander's bank and o'er the plain,
 Nor flying far before, but with false hope 690
 Always beguiling him, the Trojan host,
 Mean-time, impatient to regain the town,
 Tumultuous fled, and, ent'ring, clos'd the gates.
 None halted to descry, without the walls,
 Who yet surviv'd, or had in battle fall'n;
 But all, whom flight had sav'd, with eager haste
 Pour'd through the pass, and crowded into Troy.

BOOK XXII.

Argument.

Achilles slays Hector.

THUS driv'n like hunted fawns into the town,
Their trickling limbs at leisure there they cool'd,
And, drinking, slak'd their fiery thirst, reclin'd
Against the battlements. Mean-time the Greeks,
Each with his shield aslant, approach'd the walls,
And Hector, by his adverse fate ensnar'd,
Still stood expos'd before the Scæan gate.

Then spake Apollo thus to Peleus' son :

Wherefore, Achilles ! mortal man thyself,
Pursu'st thou me immortal ? blind with rage, 10
Thou know'st not yet, that thou pursu'st a God.
Thy flying foes neglected, thou hast stray'd
In vain pursuit of me, till Ilium's gates
Have clos'd on all her host ; yet me of life
Shalt ne'er bereave, for I can never die.

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift,
Indignant : O, of all the Pow'rs above
To me most adverse, Archer of the skies !
Thou hast beguil'd me, leading me away
From Ilium far, whence intercepted, else, 20
No few had with their teeth now clinch'd the glebe.
Thou hast defrauded me of great renown,
And, safe thyself, hast rescu'd *them* with ease.
Ah—had I pow'r, I would requite thee well.

So saying, incens'd he turn'd toward the town
His rapid course, like some victorious steed,
That whirls, at stretch, a chariot to the goal.
So flew Achilles lightly o'er the field.

Him, first, the ancient king of Troy perceiv'd
Scouring the plain, resplendent as the star 30

Autumnal, of all stars in dead of night
 Conspicuous most, and nam'd Orion's dog.
 Brightest it shines, but ominous, and dire
 Disease portends to miserable man;
 So beam'd Achilles' armour as he flew.
 Loud wail'd the hoary king, with lifted hands
 His temples smote, and supplication sad
 To his own son preferr'd; he, fiercely bent
 On combat with Achilles, from before
 The portal mov'd not, when his aged sire, 40
 With arms outstretch'd toward him, thus began:

Hector, my son! O wait not there, alone,
 Yon dreadful chief, lest, all thy friends remote,
 Thou perish, for his strength surpasses thine.
 Would that the Gods so valu'd him as I!
 Soon then should dogs and vultures with his flesh
 Their hunger sate, and all my sorrow cease.
 He hath unchilded me of many a son,
 All valiant youths, whom he hath slain or sold
 To distant isles; nor, searching, can I find 50
 Lycaon, even now, within the walls,
 Or Polydorus, youngest of my sons,
 And children by Laothoë the fair.
 But if they still in yonder camp survive,
 I will redeem them with the gold and brass
 By noble Altes to his daughter giv'n,
 Large store, and still reserv'd. Or should they both,
 Already slain, have journey'd to the shades,
 We, then, from whom they sprang, have cause to
 mourn,

And mourn them long; but shorter shall the grief 60
 Of other Trojans prove, if thee, at least,
 Achilles slay not. Enter then, my child!
 Save young and old, save all of either sex
 In Ilium: nor thy future happy years
 Resign but to enhance Achilles' fame.
 Commis'rate also thy unhappy sire,
 Ere yet distracted; whom Saturnian Jove
 Ordains to perish overwhelm'd with wo
 In the extremity of age; to see
 Sons slaughter'd, daughters captive, torn and stripp'd
 The matrimonial chamber, infants dash'd 71

Against the ground in dire hostility,
 And matrons dragg'd by ruthless Grecian hands.
 Me, haply, last of all, shall dogs devour
 In my own vestibule, when once the spear
 Or falchion of some Greek hath laid me low.
 The very dogs that sat beside my board,
 My portal guards, drinking their master's blood
 To drunkenness, shall wallow in my courts.
 Fair falls the warlike youth in battle slain, 80
 And when all mangled by the spear he lies
 His death becomes him well; he rests secure,
 Though dead, from shame, whatever next befalls.
 But when the silver locks and silver beard
 Of an old man, slain by the sword, from dogs
 Receive dishonour, of all ills that wait
 On miserable mortals, that is worst.

So spake the ancient king, and his gray hairs
 Pluck'd with both hands; but Hector firm endur'd.
 On the other side, with tears that ceaseless flow'd, 90
 His mother bar'd her bosom, to his sight
 Her breast disclos'd, then thus, with loud lament,
 And words by anguish wing'd, her son bespake:

My Hector! rev'rence this, and pity me,
 If ever drawing forth this breast, thy griefs
 Of infancy I sooth'd, O now, my son!
 Acknowledge it, and from within the walls
 Repulse this adversary; stand not there,
 To cope with *him*, for he is savage fierce,
 And should he slay thee, neither I, my child! 100
 Who bore thee, nor thy noble spouse, shall weep
 Upon thy body, but remote from us
 Dogs shall devour it in the fleet of Greece.

So they with pray'rs importun'd, and with tears,
 Their son, but him sway'd not; unmov'd he stood,
 Expecting vast Achilles now at hand.
 As some huge serpent in a cave, that feeds
 On baneful drugs, and swells with deadliest ire,
 A traveller approaching, coils himself
 Around his den, and hideous looks abroad, 110
 So Hector, fill'd with confidence untam'd,
 Fled not, but placing his bright shield against
 A buttress, with his noble heart conferr'd:

Alas for me! should I repass the gate,
Polydamus would be the first to heap
Reproaches on me; for he bade me lead
The Trojans back this last calamitous night
In which Achilles rose to arms again.
But though far more discretion I had shown
Complying, I refus'd; and after loss 120
By that refusal obstinate incurr'd
Of half our host, I fear lest brave and base,
Lest man and matron censure me, and say—
Hector's self-confidence is cause of all.
So shall they speak, and then shall I regret,
That I return'd ere I had slain in fight
Achilles, or that, by Achilles slain,
I died not nobly in defence of Troy.
But shall I thus? Lay down my bossy shield,
Put off my helmet, and my spear recline 130
Against the city wall, then go myself
To meet the brave Achilles, and at once
Promise him Helen, for whose sake we strive,
With all the wealth that Paris in his fleet
Brought home, to be restor'd to Atreus' sons,
And to distribute to the Greeks at large
All hidden treasures of the town, an oath
Taking beside from ev'ry senator,
That he will nought conceal, but will produce
And share in just equality what stores 140
Soever our fair city still includes?
Ah airy speculations, questions vain!
I may not sue to him; he will vouchsafe
To my request nor pity nor respect,
But, seeing me unarm'd, will sate at once
His rage, and womanlike I shall be slain.
It is no time from oak or hollow rock
With him to parley, as a nymph and swain,
A nymph and swain soft parley mutual hold,
But rather to engage without delay 150
In dreadful fight; so, soonest shall we learn
Whom Jove will make victorious, him or me.
Thus pondering he stood; mean-time approach'd
Achilles terrible as fiery Mars,
Crest-shaking God, and brandish'd as he came

O'er his right shoulder high the Pelian spear.
Like lightning, or like flame, or like the sun
Ascending, beam'd his armour. At that sight
Trembled the Trojan chief, nor dar'd expect
His nearer step, but flying left the gates 160
Far distant, and Achilles swift pursu'd.
As in the mountains, fleetest fowl of air,
The hawk darts eager at the dove; she scuds
Aslant, he, screaming, springs and springs again
To seize her, all impatient for the prey,
So flew Achilles constant to the track
Of Hector, who with dreadful haste beneath
The Trojan bulwarks plied his agile limbs.
Passing the prospect-mount where high in air
The wild-fig wav'd, they rush'd along the road, 170
Declining never from the wall of Troy.
And now they reach'd the running riv'lets clear,
Where from Scamander's dizzy flood arise
Two fountains; tepid one, from which a smoke
Issues voluminous as from a fire;
The other, e'en in summer heats, like hail
For cold, or snow, or water fix'd by frost.
Beside them may be seen the broad canals
Of marble scoop'd, in which the wives of Troy
And all her daughters fair were wont to lave 180
Their costly raiment, while the land had rest,
And ere the warlike sons of Greece arriv'd.
By these they ran, one fleeing, one in chase.
Valiant was he who fled, but valiant far
Beyond him he who urg'd the swift pursuit;
Nor ran they for a vulgar prize, a beast
For sacrifice, or for the hide of such,
The swift foot-racer's customary meed,
But for the noble Hector's life they ran,
As when two steeds, oft conqu'rors, trim the goal 190
For some illustrious prize, a tripod bright
Or beauteous virgin, at a fun'ral game,
So they, thrice circling Priam's city, ran
Their rapid race. That sight the Gods survey'd,
And thus the Sire of Gods and men began:
Ah—I behold a warrior dear to me
Around the walls of Ilium driv'n, and grieve

For Hector, who the thighs of fatted bulls
On yonder heights of Ida many val'd
Burn'd oft to me, and in the heights of Troy. 200
But him Achilles, glorious chief, around
The city-walls of Priam now pursues.
Think then, ye Gods, delay not to decide—
Shall we preserve, or leave him now to fall,
Brave as he is, by Peleus' mighty son?

Whom answer'd thus Minerva, azure-ey'd :
Dread Sov'reign of the storms ! what word is this ?
Wouldst thou deliver from the stroke of fate
A mortal man death-destin'd from of old ?
Do it ; but small thy praise shall be in Heav'n. 210

To whom the Sov'reign of the boundless air :
Fear not, Tritonia, daughter dear ! that word
Spake not my purpose ; me thou shalt perceive
Always to thee indulgent. What thou wilt
That execute, and use thou no delay.

So urg'd he Pallas of herself prepar'd,
And from the heights Olympian down she flew.
With unremitting speed Achilles still
Press'd Hector. As among the mountain-heights
The hound pursues, rous'd newly from her lair, 220
The flying fawn through many a vale and grove,
And though she trembling skulk the shrubs beneath
Her track unravels till he find the prey,
So scap'd not Hector Peleus' rapid son.
Oft as toward the Dardan gates he sprang
And to the shelter of Troy's lofty tow'rs,
Hoping some aid by volleys from the wall,
So oft, outstripping him, Achilles thence
Enforc'd him to the field, who, as he might,
Still ever stretch'd toward the walls again. 230
As, in a dream, flight saves not, and pursuit
O'ertakes not ; but both fugitive alike
And fierce pursuer pant and toil in vain ;
So these in vain, one fled, and one pursu'd.
How, then, had Hector his impending fate
Eluded, had not Phœbus, at his last
Last effort meeting him, his strength restor'd,
And wing'd for flight his agile limbs anew ?
The son of Peleus, as he ran, his brows

Shaking, forbad the Greecians to dismiss 240
 A dart at Hector, lest a meaner hand
 Should pierce him, and usurp the foremost praise.
 But when the fourth time to those rivulets
 They came, then, balancing his golden scales,
 Jove plac'd in each a lot; Achilles, one,
 And, one, consigning Hector to the shades.
 Seiz'd by the central hold he pois'd the beam.
 Down went the fatal day of Hector, down
 To Ades, and Apollo left his side.

Then blue-ey'd Pallas hasting to the son 250
 Of Peleus, in wing'd accents him address'd :

Now, dear to Jove, Achilles fam'd in arms !
 I hope that, fierce in combat though he be,
 We shall, at last, slay Hector, and return
 Crown'd with great glory to the fleet of Greece.
 No fear of his deliv'rance now remains,
 Not even should the King of radiant shafts
 Apollo toil in supplication, roll'd
 And roll'd again before the Thund'rer's feet.
 But stand, recover breath ; myself, the while, 260
 Shall urge him to oppose thee face to face.

So Pallas spake, whom joyful he obey'd,
 And rested on his spear. But she, the while,
 (Achilles left) to noble Hector pass'd,
 And in the form, and speaking with the voice
 Of loud Deiphobus, drew nigh and said :

My brother : chas'd thus rapidly around
 The walls of Ilium by too swift a foe,
 Thy spirit fails ; stand therefore, and thy force
 With mine uniting, his assault repress. 270

To whom the warlike Hector huge replied :
 Deiphobus ! of all my father's sons
 Brought forth by Hecuba, I ever lov'd
 Thee most, but more than ever love thee now,
 Who, soon as thou beheld'st me, boldly cam'st
 For my sake forth, while others rest within.

Then thus the Goddess with the azure eyes :
 My noble brother ! I was much implor'd
 Both by our kneeling parents and my friends,
 To stay in Troy (such fear hath seiz'd on all), 280
 But grief for thee my heart and soul devour'd.

Come—fight we bravely—spare we now our spears
 No longer; now for proof if Peleus' son,
 Slaying us both, shall bear into the fleet
 Our gory arms, or perish slain by thee.

So saying, the wily Goddess led the way.
 Soon, face to face, small interval between,
 The heroes stood, when Hector thus began:

Pelides! I will fly thee now no more.
 Thrice I have compass'd Priam's spacious walls 290
 A fugitive, and have not dar'd abide
 Thy onset; but my heart now bids me stand
 Dauntless, and I will slay, or will be slain.
 Come then. We will attest the Gods; for they
 Are fittest both to witness and to guard
 Our covenant. If Jove to me vouchsafe
 The hard-earn'd vict'ry, and to take thy life,
 I will not with dishonour foul insult
 Thy body, but, thine armour stripp'd, will give
 Thee to thy friends, as thou shalt me to mine. 300

To whom Achilles, low'ring dark, replied:
 Hector! my bitt'rest foe! speak not to me
 Of covenants; as concord can be none
 Lions and men between, nor wolves and lambs
 Can be unanimous, but hate perforce,
 And by a law not liable to change,
 So cannot amity subsist between
 Thee and myself; nor league make I with thee
 Or compact, till thy blood in battle shed,
 Or mine, shall gratify the fiery Mars. 310
 Rouse all thy virtue; thou hast utmost need
 Of valour now, and of address in arms.
 Flight now is hopeless; Pallas by my spear
 This moment quells thee; now will I avenge
 At once the agonies of ev'ry Greek
 In thy unsparing fury slain by thee.

He said, and, brandishing the Pelian ash,
 Dismiss'd it; but illustrious Hector, warn'd,
 Couch'd low, and, overflying him, it pierc'd
 The soil beyond, whence Pallas plucking it 320
 Unseen, restor'd it to Achilles' hand,
 And Hector to his mighty foe replied:

Godlike Achilles! thou hast err'd, nor know'st

At all my doom from Jove, as thou pretend'st,
But seek'st by subtlety and wind of words,
To terrify and rob me of my might.
Yet stand I firm. Think not to pierce my back.
Behold my bosom ! if the Gods permit,
Meet me advancing, and transpierce me there.
Mean-time avoid my glitt'ring spear ; but O 350
Mayst thou receive it all ? since lighter far
To Ilium should the toils of battle prove,
Thee once destroy'd, the direst plague she knows.

So saying, he shook and hurl'd his spear, nor err'd,
But smote the centre of Achilles' shield,
From which the weapon sliding roam'd away.
He angry, to have sent it forth in vain
(For he had other none), with eyes downcast
Stood motionless awhile, then with loud voice
Sought from Deiphobus, white-shielded chief, 340
A second ; but Deiphobus was gone.

Then Hector understood his doom, and said :

Ah, it is plain ; this is mine hour to die.
Deiphobus, whom I believ'd so near,
Is still in Troy, and Pallas in his form
Beguil'd me. Now, by Destiny's award,
Death without refuge, dreadful death impends ;
Such, from of old, the pleasure was of Jove,
And such Apollo's. Guardians of my life
Long-time, they now forsake me, and I die. 350
But neither will I tamely yield, nor fall
Inglorious ; now such conflict will I wage,
That future ages shall record my deeds.

So saying, his keen falchion from his side
He drew, well temper'd, ponderous, and rush'd
At once to combat. As the eagle darts
Right downward through a sullen cloud to seize
Weak lamb or tim'rous hare, so he to fight
Impetuous sprang, and shook his glitt'ring blade.
Achilles opposite, with fellest ire 360
Full-fraught came on ; his shield with various art
Divine portray'd o'erspread his ample chest,
And on his radiant casque terrific wav'd,
By Vulcan spun, his crest of bushy gold,
Bright as, among the stars, the star of all

Most splendid, Hesperus, at midnight moves,
 So in the right-hand of Achilles beam'd
 His brandish'd spear, while, meditating wo
 To Hector, he explor'd his noble form,
 Seeking where he was vulnerable most. 370

But ev'ry part, his dazzling armour, torn
 From brave Patroclus' body, well secur'd,
 Save where the circling key-bone from the neck
 Disjoins the shoulder; there his throat appear'd,
 Whence injur'd life with swiftest flight escapes;
 Achilles, plunging in that part his spear,
 Impell'd it through the yielding flesh beyond.
 The ashen beam his pow'r of utt'rance left
 Still unimpair'd, but in the dust he fell,
 And the exulting conqueror exclaim'd: 380

But Hector! when thou didst despoil my friend
 Thou thought'st thee safe, nor car'dst for absent me.
 Fool! I was nigh at hand and in the fleet
 T'avenge his death, a mightier far than thou,
 And I have slain thee. Dogs and fowls shall shame
 Thy body, but the Greeks shall his entomb.

To whom the Trojan chief languid replied:
 By thy own life, by theirs who gave thee birth,
 And by thy knees, oh let not Grecian dogs
 Rend and devour me, but in gold accept 390
 And brass a ransom at my father's hands,
 And at my mother's; an illustrious price;
 Send home my body, grant me burial rites
 Among the daughters and the sons of Troy.

To whom with aspect stern Achilles thus:
 Dog! neither knees nor parents name to me.
 I would my fierceness of revenge were such,
 That I could carve and eat thee, to whose arms
 Such griefs I owe; so true it is and sure,
 That none shall save thy carcase from the dogs. 400
 No. Would they bring ten ransoms by the scale,
 Or twice ten ransoms, and still promise more,
 Would Priam buy thee with thy weight in gold,
 Not even then should she who bare thee weep
 Upon thy bier; for dogs and rav'ning fowls
 Shall rend thy flesh till ev'ry bone be bare.

Then, dying, warlike Hector thus replied:

I knew thee ; knew that I should sue in vain,
For in thy breast of steel no pity dwells.
But oh, be cautious now, lest Heav'n, perchance, 410
Requite thee on that day, when pierc'd thyself
By Paris and Apollo, thou shalt fall,
Brave as thou art, within the Scæan gate.

He ceas'd, and death involv'd him dark around.
His spirit, from his limbs dismiss'd, the house
Of Ades sought, deploring as she went
Youth's prime and vigour lost, disastrous doom !
But him, though dead, Achilles thus bespake :

Die thou. My death shall find me at what hour
Jove gives commandment, and the Gods above. 420

He said, and planting at his side the spear
Drawn forth, from Hector's shoulders rent away
His armour stain'd with gore, and num'rous Greeks,
In haste assembling, wonder'd to behold
His bulk and fair proportion ; neither fail'd
One Grecian of them all to pierce the slain ;
And to his fellow thus the soldier spake :

Ye Gods ! how far more patient of the touch
Is Hector now, than when he fir'd the fleet !

Thus would they speak, then give him each a stab.
And now, the body stripp'd, their noble chief, 431
The swift Achilles, standing in the midst,
The Grecians in wing'd accents thus address'd :

Friends, chiefs and senators of Argos' host !
Since, by the will of Heav'n, this man is slain,
Who harm'd us more than all our foes beside,
Essay we next the city ; so to learn
The Trojan purpose, if, this hero slain,
They will forsake the citadel, or still
Defend it, although Hector be no more, 440
But wherefore speak I thus ? still undeplor'd,
Unburied in my fleet Patroclus lies ;
Him never, while, alive myself, I move
And mix with living men, will I forget.
In Ades, haply, they forget the dead,
Yet will not I Patroclus, even there,
Now chanting pæans, ye Achaian youths !
Return we to the fleet with this our prize ;
We have achiev'd great glory, we have slain

Illustrious Hector, him whom Ilium prais'd 150
In all her gates, and as a God rever'd.

He said; then purposing dishonour vile
To noble Hector, both his feet he bor'd
From heel to ancle, and inserting thongs,
Them tied behind his chariot, but his head
Left unsustain'd to trail along the ground.
Ascending next, the armour at his side
He plac'd, then lash'd the steeds; they willing flew.
Thick rose the dust as with his sable locks
He swept the ground; his head, so graceful once, 460
Plough'd deep the dust; to such dishonour Jove
That day consign'd him on his native plain.
Thus, whelm'd in dust, he went. The mother-queen,
Her son beholding, pluck'd her hair away,
Cast far aside her lucid veil, and rent
With shrieks the air. His father wept aloud,
And all around, long long complaints were heard
And lamentations in the streets of 'Troy;
Not fewer or less piercing, than if flames 470
Had wrapp'd all Ilium to her topmost tow'rs.
His people scarce detain'd the ancient king,
Desp'rate, and resolute to issue forth
Through the Dardanian gates; to all he kneel'd
In turn, then roll'd himself in dust, and each
By name solicited to give him way:

Stand off, my fellow mourners! I would pass
The gates, would seek, alone, the Grecian fleet.
I go to supplicate the bloody man,
Yon ravager; he may respect, perchance, 480
My years, may feel some pity of my age;
For such in years as I his father is,
Peleus, who rear'd him for a curse to Troy,
But chiefly rear'd him to myself a curse,
So num'rous have my sons in prime of youth
Fall'n by his hand; all whom I less deplore
(Though mourning all) than one; my deep distress
For Hector soon shall send me to the shades.
Oh had he but within these arms expir'd,
The hapless queen who bore him and myself
Had wept him, then, till sorrow could no more! 490
So spake he weeping, and with many a groan

The citizens replied. Amid the dames
Her sad complaint, next, Hecuba began :

Wretch that I am, ah, wherefore should I live
Forlorn of thee, my son? Thou, night and day,
My glory wast in Ilium, and the strength
Of all her citizens, who as a God
Rever'd thee; for thy glorious deeds they made
Their highest boast; but now thy death deplore.

So mourn'd the queen. Andromache, the while,
Knew nought, nor even by report had learn'd 500
Her Hector's absence in the field alone;

She in her chamber at the palace-top
A splendid texture wrought, on either side
All dazzling-bright with flow'rs of various hues,
And to her maidens fair command had giv'n,
That compassing an ample vase with fire,
They should prepare a bath for Hector's use
Return'd from fight. Ah fatally deceiv'd!
She little knew, that, by Minerva made 510
Achilles' victim, distant far he lay
From all such uses, and should bathe no more.
She heard a cry of sorrow from the tow'r;
Her limbs shook under her, her shuttle fell,
And to her bright-hair'd train, alarm'd, she cried:

Attend me two of you, that I may learn
What hath befallen. I have heard the voice
Of the queen-mother; my rebounding heart
Chokes me, and I seem fetter'd by a frost.
Some mischief, sure, o'er Priam's sons impends. 520
May that word never reach me! but I shake
With terrour lest Achilles, cutting off
My dauntless Hector from the gates alone,
Enforce him to the field, and quell perhaps
The might, this moment, of that dreadful arm,
His hindrance long; for Hector ne'er was wont
To seek his safety in the ranks, but flew
First into battle, yielding place to none.

So saying, wild with anguish, and her heart
With terrour palpitating, forth she flew 530
With her two maidens; at the tow'r arriv'd,
Now throng'd with warriors, wistful she survey'd
The plain beneath, and Hector there beheld

In front of Ilium, dragg'd by rapid steeds
 In shameful sort toward the Grecian fleet.
 Involv'd in sudden darkness, with a sigh,
 That seem'd life's latest gasp, supine she fell,
 And, falling, from her brows shook far away
 The bright attire that filletted about
 Her ringlets, with the net-work, and the veil 540
 Giv'n her by golden Venus, on the day
 When warlike Hector from Eëtion's house
 Conducted her, with nuptial gifts endow'd
 Num'rous and costly, to his own abode.
 Around her, Hector's sisters, and the wives
 Of all his brethern, throng'd, who in their arms
 Fast held her, loathing life; but she her breath
 At length and sense recovering, her complaint
 Broken with sighs amid them thus began:

Hector! I am undone; we both were born 550
 To mis'ry, thou in Priam's house in Troy,
 And I in shady Hypoplacian Thebes
 Beneath Eëtion's roof. He, doom'd himself
 To sorrow, me, more sorrowfully doom'd,
 Sustain'd in helpless infancy, whom O
 That he had ne'er begotten! thou descend'st
 To Ades and the Stygian caves forlorn,
 Me leaving here a widow; and thy boy,
 Fruit of our hapless loves, an infant yet,
 Never to be hereafter thy delight, 560
 Nor love of thine to share or kindness more.
 For should he safe survive this cruel war
 With the Achaians, penury and toil
 Must be his lot, since strangers will remove
 At will his landmarks, and possess his fields.
 Thee lost, he loses all, of father, both,
 And equal playmate in one day depriv'd,
 To sad looks doom'd, and never-ceasing tears.
 He seeks, necessitous, his father's friends,
 One by his mantle pulls, one by his vest, 570
 Whose utmost pity yields to his parch'd lips
 A thirst-provoking drop, and grudges more;
 Some happier child, as yet untaught to mourn
 A parent's loss, shoves rudely from the board
 My son, and, smiting him, reproachful cries—

Away—Thy father is no guest of ours—
Then weeping, to his widow'd mother comes
Astyanax, who on his father's lap
Ate marrow only, once, and fat of lambs,
And when sleep took him, and his crying fit 580
Had ceas'd, slept ever on the softest bed,
Warm in his nurse's arms, fed to his fill
With delicacies, and his heart at rest.
But now, Astyanax (so nam'd in Troy
For thy sake, guardian of her gates and tow'rs),
His father lost, must many a pang endure.
And as for thee, cast naked forth among
Yon galleys, where no parent's eye of thine
Shall find thee, when the dogs have torn thee once
Till they are sated, worms shall eat thee next. 590
Mean-time, thy fair habiliments, prepar'd
By our own maidens, in thy palace lie;
But I will burn them all, because henceforth
Useless to thee, who never, so adorn'd,
Shalt slumber more; yet ev'ry eye in Troy
Shall see how glorious once was thy attire.

So, weeping, she; to whom the multitude
Of Trojan dames responsive sigh'd around.

BOOK XXIII.

Argument.

The body of Patroclus is burned, and the funeral games
ensue.

SUCH mourning was in Troy ; mean-time, dispers'd
Along the shores of Hellespont, the Greeks
On all sides to their sev'ral ships repair'd,
All save the Myrmidons ; their valiant band
Still undimiss'd Achilles thus bespake :

Ye warlike Myrmidons, associates dear !
Release not yet your steeds, but circling, first,
The fun'ral pile, with lamentation due
Bewail Patroclus, and, that rite perform'd,
Unbind them from the yoke, and all refresh 10
With food your wearied strength, assembled here.

He ceas'd. Then mourn'd the multitude, and drove
Their glossy steeds, with lamentations loud,
Thrice round the pile ; Achilles led the train,
And Thetis touch'd their hearts with tend'rest wo.
With tears their armour, and with tears they bath'd
The sands beneath, so deeply they deplor'd
A warrior terrible as he to Troy.

Then, placing on the bosom of his friend
His homicidal hands, in piercing strains, 20
Heard all around, Achilles thus began :

Rejoice, Patroclus ! even in the shades,
For all my promise shall be now fulfill'd.
I have drawn Hector hither ; on his flesh
My dogs shall feed ; and princes twelve of Troy
Shall headless fall before thy fun'ral pyre.

He said, and meditating foul disgrace
To noble Hector, stretch'd him prone in dust
Beside the bier of Menœtiades.

Then, putting off their brazen armour bright, 50
And each releasing his shrill-neighing steeds,
They sat, a num'rous band, beside the bark
Of swift Æacides, who furnish'd forth
Himself a feast funereal for them all.

Many a white heifer by the ruthless steel
Lay bleeding, many a sheep and blatant goat,
With many a saginated boar bright-tusk'd
Amid fierce flames Vulcanian stretch'd to roast.
Copious the blood ran all around the dead.

Then, scarce constraining him, such wrath he felt
For his slain friend, the princes of the Greeks 41
Led forth Pelides to the royal tent
Of Agamemnon; he, at their approach,
His heralds bade with instant haste prepare
An ample bath, to cleanse from gory taint
(Might they persuade him to its use) the limbs
Of his illustrious guest. But he refus'd,
Inflexible, and with an oath replied:

No; by the Highest and the best of all,
By Jove I will not. Never may it be, 50
That brazen bath approach this head of mine,
Till first I place Patroclus on his pyre,
Give him my ringlets shorn, and pile his tomb.
For other wo like this shall none invade
My bosom, while I mix with living men.
But, all unwelcome as it is, repast
Now calls us. Agamemnon king of men!
Give charge that at the dawn of day they bring
Wood hither, such large portion as beseems
The dead, descending to the shades, to share, 60
That his remains immediately consum'd
Out of our sight, the host may war again.

He spake; they, hearing, readily obey'd.
Then each his food preparing with dispatch,
They ate, nor wanted any guest of all
Due portion, and, their appetite to food
And wine suffic'd, each sought his sev'ral tent
Needing repose; but on the sands beside
The billowy deep Achilles groaning lay
Amidst his Myrmidons, where space he found 70
With gore unstain'd beside the dashing wave.

There, soon as sleep, deliv'rer of the mind,
 Wrapp'd him around (for much his noble limbs,
 With chase of Hector round the battlements
 Of wind-swept Ilium, wearied were and spent),
 Sudden the spectre of his hapless friend
 Approach'd him; his Patroclus' self it seem'd,
 In stature, splendour of expressive eyes,
 In voice the same and raiment. O'er his head
 The semblance stood, and thus his ear address'd: 80

Thou sleep'st, Achilles! and Patroclus, erst
 Thy most lov'd, in death forgotten lies.
 Haste—give me burial; I would pass the gates
 Of Hades; for the shadows of the dead
 Now drive me from their fellowship afar,
 And, the wide river interpos'd, I roam
 The yawning gulfs of Tartarus alone.
 And grant, O grant, that, joining hands, we take
 One mutual, long farewell! for, favour'd once
 With my last rites, I visit Earth no more. 90

No more, conversing sweetly, shall we sit
 Retir'd from all; for me the dark abyss,
 By Fate wide open'd for me at my birth,
 Hath swallow'd, and thyself art also doom'd
 To perish, O thou semblance of the Gods,
 Achilles! under Ilium's lofty tow'rs.
 But hear me now; refuse not to perform
 My last injunction. Bury not my bones
 From thine apart, but in one social tomb;
 That as one board sustain'd us, from the day 100
 When me, then beardless, from my native home
 In Opœis, Menœtius led to thine,
 That fatal deed the cause, my playmate slain,
 Whom, seiz'd with sudden rage, at dice I slew
 (Son of Amphidamas), when as his own
 Thy father cherish'd me, and bade me share
 Thy future battles, fighting at thy side,
 So, in one vase, the golden one, by gift
 From Thetis thine, our mingled bones may rest.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race: 110
 Ah, lov'd and honour'd! wherefore hast thou come?
 Why thus enjoin'd me? I will all perform
 With diligence which thou hast now desir'd.

But nearer stand, that we may round enfold
Each other, though but with a short embrace,
And sate our sorrow with a last farewell.

He said, and stretch'd his arms toward the shade,
But him seiz'd not; shrill-clamouring and light
As smoke, the spirit pass'd into the earth.

Amaz'd, upsprang Achilles, clash'd aloud 120
His palms together, and thus, sad, exclaim'd:

Ah then, ye Gods! there doubtless are below
The soul and semblance, although empty forms;
For all night long, mourning, disconsolate,
The soul of my Patroclus, hapless friend!
Hath hover'd o'er me, giving me in charge
His last requests, just image of himself.

So saying, he call'd anew their sorrow forth,
And rosy-palm'd Aurora found them all
Mourning afresh the pitiable dead. 130

Then royal Agamemnon call'd abroad
Mules and mule-drivers from the tents in haste
To gather wood. Uprose a valiant man,
Friend of the virtuous chief Idomeneus,
Meriones, who led them to the task.

They, bearing each in hand his sharpen'd axe
And twisted cord, set forth, and, going, drove
The mules before them; much uneven space
They measur'd, hill and dale, right onward now
And now circuitous; but at the groves 140
Arriv'd, at length, of Ida fountain-fed,
Their keen-edg'd axes to the tow'ring oaks
Dispatchful they applied; down fell the trees
With crash sonorous. Splitting, next, the trunks
They bound them on the mules; they, with firm hoofs
The hill-side stamping, through the thickets rush'd,
Desirous of the plain. Each man his log
(For so the armour-bearer of the king
Of Crete, Meriones, had giv'n command)
Bore after them, and each his burden cast 150
Down on the beach in order, where a tomb
Of ample size Achilles for his friend
Patroclus had, and for himself, design'd.

Much fuel thrown together, all the throng
Remain'd and sat; when his command at once

Achilles issu'd to his warriors bold,
 That all should gird their armour, and the steeds
 Join to the chariots; undelaying each
 Complied, and in bright arms stood soon array'd,
 Then mounted combatants and charioteers. 160
 First mov'd the chariots; after whom, the foot,
 Dense as a cloud; and in the midst, between,
 His warlike friends Patroclus' body bore.
 Their tresses shorn, o'er all his lifeless length
 They cover'd him with hair, and with a look
 Downcast and sad (for to the shades he sent
 His noblest friend) Achilles held his head.

And, now arriving on the ground erewhile
 Mark'd by Achilles, down they set the dead,
 And heap'd the wood in haste, a lofty pyre. 170
 But Peleus' son, on other thoughts intent,
 Retiring from the fun'ral pile, shore off
 His amber ringlets, whose exub'rant growth
 Sacred to Sperchius he had kept unshorn,
 And looking o'er the gloomy Deep, he said:

Sperchius! in vain my father Peleus vow'd,
 That, hence returning to my native land,
 I should present these ringlets shorn to thee
 With a whole hecatomb, and should, beside,
 Rams offer fifty at thy fountain head, 180
 In thy own field, at thy own fragrant shrine.
 So vow'd the hoary chief, whose wishes thou
 Leav'st unperform'd. Since, therefore, never more
 I see my native home, these sever'd locks
 I send with brave Patroclus to the shades.

He said, and, filling with his hair the hand
 Of his dead friend, the sorrows of his train
 Waken'd afresh. And now the lamp of day,
 West'ring apace, had left them still in tears,
 Had not Achilles suddenly address'd 190
 King Agamemnon, standing at his side:

Atrides! (for Achaia's sons thy word
 Will readiest execute) we may with grief
 Sate ourselves hereafter; but, the host
 Dispersing from the pile, now give command
 That they prepare repast; ourselves, to whom
 These labours in peculiar appertain,

Will furnish them ; but bid the chiefs abide.

Which when imperial Agamemnon heard,
He scatter'd instant to their sev'ral ships 200
The people ; but the burial-dresses thence
Went not ; they, still abiding, heap'd the pile.
A hundred feet of breadth from side to side
They gave to it, and on the summit plac'd
With sorrowing hearts the body of the dead.
Many a fat sheep and many an ox before
The pile they flay'd, with diligence their task
Administ'ring, with the fat of each
From head to feet Achilles overspread
Patroclus, and the flay'd beasts heap'd around. 210
Then placing flagons on the pile, replete
With oil and honey, he inclin'd their mouths
Toward the bier, and slew, and added, next,
Deep-groaning and in haste, four martial steeds.
Nine dogs the hero, at his table fed,
Of which beheading two, their carcasses
He added also. Last, twelve gallant sons
Of noble Trojans slaying (for his heart
Teem'd with much evil), he applied the force
Of hungry flames that should devour the whole, 220
Then, loudly mourning, hail'd his friend by name:
Rejoice, Patroclus ! even in the shades.
Behold my promise to thee all fulfill'd :
Twelve gallant sons of Trojans fam'd in arms,
Together with thyself, are all become
Food for these fires ; but fire shall never feed
On Hector ; him I destine to the dogs.

So threaten'd he ; but him no dogs devour'd ;
Them, day and night, Jove's daughter Venus chas'd
Afair, and smooth'd the hero o'er with oils 230
Of rosy scent ambrosial, lest his corse,
Behind Achilles' chariot dragg'd along
So rudely, should be torn, and Phœbus hung
A veil of sable clouds from Heav'n to Earth,
O'ershadowing broad the space where Hector lay,
Lest parching suns should stiffen all his frame.

But no fire kindled in the fun'ral pile.
Then Peleus' son, withdrawn, two winds in pray'r
Boreas invok'd and Zephyrus, to each

Vowing large sacrifice. With earnest suit 240
(Libation pouring from a golden cup)
Their coming he implor'd, that so the flames,
Kindling, might instantly consume the Dead.

Iris, his supplications hearing, swift
Convey'd them to the winds; within the hall
Assembled of the heavy-blowing West
They feasting sat, when on the threshold-stone
The Goddess stood. At once all starting rose,
And each invited Iris to his side,
But she refus'd a seat, and thus she spake: 250

I sit not here. Borne over Ocean's stream
Again, to Æthiopia's land I go,
Where hecatombs are offer'd to the Gods,
Which with the rest I also wish to share.
But Peleus' son sues earnest for the aid
Of Boreas and of Zephyrus the loud,
Vowing large sacrifice if ye will fan
Briskly the pile on which Patroclus, mourn'd
By ev'ry warrior of Achaia, lies.

She said, and went. Then suddenly arose 260
The winds, and, roaring, swept the clouds along.
First, on the sea they blew; big rose the waves
Beneath the blast. At fruitful Troy arriv'd
Vehement on the pyre they fell, and dread
On all sides soon a crackling blaze ensu'd.
All night, with hollow blasts alike they drove
The sheeted flames wide from the fun'ral pile,
And all night long Achilles, drawing wine
From a bright beaker, pour'd it on the ground,
Soaking the soil, and calling by his name 270
The spirit of his dear lamented friend.

As some fond father mourns, burning the bones
Of his own son, who, dying on the eve
Of his glad nuptials, hath his parents left
O'erwhelm'd with inconsolable distress,
So mourn'd Achilles his companion's bones
Burning, and pacing to and fro the field
Beside the pyre with many a sigh profound.
But when the star, day's harbinger, arose,
Soon after whom, in saffron vest attir'd, 280
The Morn her beams diffuses o'er the sea,

The pyre, then wasted, ceas'd to flame, and then
 Back flew the winds athwart the Thracian deep,
 Rolling the flood before them as they pass'd.
 And now Pelides, lying down apart
 From the funereal pile, slept, but not long,
 Though weary; waken'd by the stir and din
 Of Agamemnon's train. He sat erect,
 And thus the leaders of the host address'd:

Atrides, and ye other chiefs who rule 290
 Achaia's num'rous tribes! first quench the pile
 Throughout with sable wine, where'er the fire
 Hath seiz'd it. We will then collect the bones
 Of Menœtiades, which shall with ease
 Be known, though many bones lie scatter'd near,
 Since in the middle pile Patroclus lay;
 But wide apart and on its verge we burn'd
 The steeds and Trojans, a promiscuous heap.
 Them so collected in a golden vase
 Twice lin'd with unctuous lard, we will enclose, 300
 Till I shall, also, to my home below.
 I wish not now a tomb of amplest bounds,
 But such as may suffice, who height and breadth
 Hereafter the Achaians shall augment,
 Who may survive me in our gallant fleet.

So spake Pelides, and the chiefs complied.
 Where'er the pile had blaz'd, with gen'rous wine
 They quench'd it, and the hills of ashes sank.
 Then, weeping, in a golden urn with lard
 Twicelin'd they plac'd their gentle comrade's bones 310
 Fire-bleach'd, and lodging safely in his tent
 The relics, overspread them with a veil.
 Designing, next, the compass of the tomb,
 They mark'd its boundary with stones, then fill'd
 The wide enclosure hastily with earth,
 And, finishing the mournful heap, return'd.
 But all the people, by Achilles still
 Detain'd, there sitting, form'd a spacious ring,
 And he the destin'd prizes from his fleet
 Produc'd, capacious caldrons, tripods bright, 320
 Steeds, mules, tall oxen, women at the breast
 Close cinctur'd, and rough iron in the mass.
 Fair prizes to the swiftest charioteers

He first propos'd; discreet, ingenious, fair
A damsel, with a tripod double-ear'd
Of twenty and two measures, for the first;
And for the second, an unbroken mare,
Six years her age, and pregnant with a mule.
A caldron of four measures, never smirch'd
By smoke or flame, but fresh as from the forge, 350
The third awaited; to the fourth he gave
Two golden talents; and, unsullied yet
By use, a twin-ear'd phial to the fifth.
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried:

Atrides, and ye other valiant Greeks!
These prizes, in the circus plac'd, attend
The charioteers. Held we the present games
In honour of some other Grecian dead,
I would myself bear hence the foremost prize;
For well ye know my steeds, that they surpass 340
All else, and are immortal; Neptune's gift
To my own father, and his gift to me.
But neither I this contest share myself,
Nor shall my steeds; for they would miss the force
And guidance of a charioteer so kind
As they have lost, who many a time hath cleans'd
Their manes with water of the crystal brook,
And made them sleek, himself, with limpid oil.
Him, therefore, mourning, motionless they stand,
With hair dishevell'd, streaming to the ground. 350
But ye, whoever of the host profess
Superiour skill, and glory in your steeds
And well-built chariots, for the strife prepare!

So spake Pelides, and the charioteers,
For speed renown'd, arose. Long ere the rest
Eumelus, king of men, Admetus' son,
Arose, accomplish'd in equestrian arts.
Next, Tydeus' son, brave Diomedes, arose;
He yok'd the Trojan coursers by himself
In battle from Æneas won, what time 360
Apollo sav'd their master. Third, upstood
The son of Atreus with the golden locks,
Who to his chariot Agamemnon's mare
Swift Æthe and his own Podargus join'd,
Her Echepolus from Anchises sprung

To Agamemnon gave; she was the price
At which he purchas'd absence from the war,
And safe enjoyment of his ease at home;
For Jove had much enrich'd him, and he held
In Sicyon his magnificent abode. 370

Her, wing'd with ardour, Menelaus yok'd.
Antilochus, arising fourth, his steeds
Bright-man'd prepar'd, son of the valiant king
Of Pylus, Nestor Neleïades.

Of Pylian breed were they; and thus his sire,
With kind intent approaching to his side,
Advis'd him, of himself not uninform'd:

Antilochus! Thou art, I know, belov'd
By Jove and Neptune both, from whom, though
young,

Thou hast receiv'd intelligence and skill 380
Equestrian, and hast little need to learn.

Thou know'st already how to trim the goal
With nicest art; yet wondrous slow of foot
Thy coursers are, whence evil may ensue:
But though their steeds be swifter, I account
Thee wise, at least, as they. Now is the time
For counsel, furnish now thy mind with all
Precaution, that the prize escape thee not.

The feller of huge trees by skill prevails
More than by strength; by skill the pilot guides 390
His flying bark rock'd by tempestuous winds,
And more by skill than speed the race is won;
For he that in his lighter chariot trusts,
And in his swifter steeds, neglects the rein,
And, borne at random, heeds not where he roves;
But the adept, though tardier steeds he drive,
With steadfast eye fix'd ever on the goal
First trims it well, then, constant to the course,
Leaves far the fleet but inexpert behind.

Now mark; I will describe so plain the goal, 400
That thou shalt know it surely. A dry stump,
Extant above the ground an ell in height,
Stands yonder; either oak it is, or pine
More likely, which the weather least impairs.
Two white stones, where the way is narrow'd most,
On each side flank it, but the course around

Lies level. It is either, as I think,
 A monument of one long since deceas'd,
 Or was, perchance, in ancient days design'd,
 As now by Peleus' mighty son, a goal. 410
 That mark in view, thy steeds and chariot push
 Near to it as thou mayst; inclining, then,
 But gently, as thou sittest, to the left,
 Thy right-hand horse prick smartly, challenge him
 And give him rein; but make his fellow-steed
 Bear on the goal so closely, that its head
 Seem grated by the centre of thy wheel.
 Yet fear to strike the stone, lest foul disgrace
 Of broken chariot and of crippled steeds
 Ensurue, and thou become the public jest. 420
 My boy belov'd! use caution; for if once
 Thou turn the goal at speed, no man thenceforth
 Shall reach, or if he reach, shall pass thee by,
 Although Arion in thy rear he drove,
 Adrastus' rapid horse of race divine,
 Or e'en Laomedon's, the boast of Troy.

With such precautions Nestor for the race
 His son prepar'd, and to his seat return'd.
 Meriones his coursers glossy-man'd
 Made ready last. Then each his chariot-seat 430
 Ascended, and the lots were thrown; himself
 Achilles shook them. First, forth leap'd the lot
 Of Nestor's son Antilochus, after whom
 The king Eumelus took his destin'd place.
 The third was Menelaus, valiant chief;
 Meriones, the fourth; and last of all,
 Bravest of all, heroic Diomede,
 The son of Tydeus, took his lot to drive.
 So rang'd they stood; Achilles show'd the goal
 Far on the champaign, nigh to which he plac'd 440
 The godlike Phœnix, servant of his sire,
 To mark the race, and make a true report.

All rais'd the lash together, with the reins
 All smote their steeds, and urg'd them to the strife
 Vociferating; they with rapid pace
 Scouring the field soon left the fleet afar.
 Dark, like a stormy cloud, uprose the dust
 Beneath them, and their undulating manes

Play'd in the breezes; now, the level field,
With gliding course, the rugged, now, they pass'd 450
With bounding wheels aloft; mean-time erect
The drivers stood; with palpitating heart
Each sought the prize; each urg'd his steeds aloud;
They, flying, fill'd with dust the darken'd air.
But when, the bound'ry pass'd, they turn'd again
To the gray deep, then, straining most, the steeds
Their inborn courage show'd. Eumelus, drawn
By his swift mares, flew foremost; after whom,
His Trojan horses in such close pursuit
Bore Diomede, that their uplifted hoofs 460
Seem'd ent'ring, still, the chariot; on his neck
Eumelus felt their panted breathings warm,
And their heads rested on him as they ran.
Then had Tydides pass'd him, or had made
Decision dubious, but Apollo struck,
Resentful, from his hand the glitt'ring scourge.
He wept for anger; wept to see the mares,
Swift from the first, now swifter, and his own
Unstimulated coursers thrown behind.
But Pallas quick perceiv'd Apollo's art 470
To check Tydides; instant to his aid
The Goddess hasted, to his vacant hand
His whip restor'd, and rous'd his steeds to run.
Following Eumelus, next, with furious force
She snapp'd his yoke; wide flew the startled mares,
And the loose pole dropp'd end-long to the ground.
He, from his chariot roll'd, beside the wheel
With lacerated elbows, nostrils, mouth,
And batter'd brows lay prone; grief fill'd his eyes
And chok'd his voice. Then Diomede at once 480
Shot forward, while Minerva fill'd his steeds
With double force, and made his vict'ry sure.
Him follow'd Menelaus amber-hair'd,
The son of Atreus; and, his father's steeds
Encouraging, thus spake Antilochus:
Away—now stretch ye forward to the goal.
I bid you not to an unequal strife
With those of Diomede, for Pallas adds
Fresh speed to them, and makes his vict'ry sure.
But reach the son of Atreus, fly to reach 490

His steeds and tarry not; ah, ne'er be sham'd
Indelibly by Æthe, by a mare!
Why fall ye thus behind, my noblest steeds?
For, trust me, favour none shall ye receive
At venerable Nestor's hands, but wounds
And instant death, if ling'ring ye disgrace
Yourselves and me with an inferiour prize.
Haste then—pursue him—reach the royal chief—
And how to pass him in yon narrow way
Shall be my care, and not my care in vain. 500

He ceas'd; they, starting at his menace, ran
With swifter pace a while, and Nestor's son
Now, suddenly, the hollow strait perceiv'd.
It was a chasm abrupt, where winter-floods,
Wearing the soil, had gullied deep the way.
Thither Atrides, anxious to avoid
A clash of chariots, drove; and thither drove
Also, but somewhat devious from his track,
Antilochus. Then Menelaus fear'd,
And with loud voice the son of Nestor hail'd: 510

Antilochus! mad driver! check thy steeds.
Too narrow here, the way will widen soon
And thou may'st pass. Beware, lest chariot close
To chariot driv'n, thou maim thyself and me.

He ceas'd; Antilochus, as if the voice
Had fail'd to reach him, lash'd his steeds the more,
And swifter still approach'd. Soon, far as flies
The quoit by some broad-shoulder'd stripling hurl'd
In trial of his force, he shot before;
While Menelaus, slack'ning, by design, 520
His driving, fell behind; lest, hotly bent
On victory, within that narrow pass
The steeds should jostle, and, contending, roll
Both charioteers and chariots in the dust.
Then Menelaus thus his heat reprov'd:
Antilochus! with no just cause the Greeks
Extol thy virtue, for a worse than thou
Lives not; nor shall the prize, unless on oath
That thou deserv'st it, even now be thine.

He said, and to his coursers call'd aloud: 530
Ah be not tardy; stand not sorrow-check'd;
Their feet will fail them sooner far than yours,

For years have pass'd since they had youth to boast.

He spake, and was obey'd; for at his voice
His steeds both starting to a swifter pace
Approach'd the foremost soon. Mean-time, the
Greeks,

All seated on the plain, the coursers ey'd;
They, flying, fill'd with dust the darken'd air.
Then, first (for from an eminence behind
He overlook'd the throng), the king of Crete 540
Distinguish'd, though remote, his voice who drove,
And knew the leading horse; for, on his front,
Round as the moon a silver blaze he bore,
And his bright hue was russet all besides.

He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried:
Friends! chiefs and senators of Argos' host;
Discern I sole the steeds, or also ye?
The steeds now foremost and the charioteer
Seem other than they were. The mares, of late
Victorious, somewhat have receiv'd a foil; 550
Them first arriving at the goal I saw,
But, though the plain lies open to my view
From side to side, can see them, now, no more.
Either the driver hath let slip the reins,
Or, rounding not successfully the goal,
Hath fallen from his chariot which is maim'd,
And his ungovern'd steeds have roam'd away.
Arise and look ye forth yourselves, for I
With doubtful ken behold him; yet the man
Seems, in my view, Ætolian by descent, 560
A chief of prime renown in Argos' host,
The hero Tydeus' son, brave Diomedes.

But Ajax Oïliades the swift
Reprov'd him sharply: Wherefore always giv'n
To prate, Idomeneus? thou seest the mares,
Remote indeed, but posting to the goal.
Thou art not so much youngest of us all,
Nor hast an eye of so much keener sight
Than others, yet thou pratest; though respect
By silence shown might more become thee here, 570
Where better sit and wiser too than thou.
The mares which led, lead still, and he who drives,
Eumelus, is the same who drove before.

To whom the Cretan chief, incens'd, replied :
 Ajax ! whom none in wrangling can excel
 Or rudeness, though in all beside thou fall
 Below the Argives, being boorish-rough,
 Come now—a tripod let us wager each,
 Or caldron, and let Agamemnon judge
 Whose horses lead, that, losing, thou mayst learn. 580

He said ; then sudden from his seat upsprang
 Swift Ajax Oïliades, prepar'd
 For harsh retort, nor had the contest ceas'd
 Between them, but had grown from ill to worse,
 Had not himself, Achilles, interpos'd :

Ajax—Idomeneus—abstain ye both
 From bitter speech offensive, and such terms
 As ill become you. Ye would feel, yourselves,
 Resentment, should another act as ye.
 Brawl not, but sit spectators of the race 590
 As others sit ; by competition wing'd,
 Themselves will soon arrive, when all alike
 Shall learn at once who follows and who leads.

He spake, and lashing with a ceaseless force
 The shoulders of his steeds, Tydides came,
 Now, full in view ; they, lifting high the hoof
 At ev'ry stroke, leap'd lightly to the goal.
 With drops of mingled dust and sweat all o'er
 They show'r'd their driver ; close upon their heels
 Radiant with tin and gold the chariot ran, 600
 Scarce leaving wheel-marks in the dust behind.
 He stood in the mid-circus ; there the sweat
 Rain'd under them from neck and chest profuse,
 And Diomede, from his resplendent seat
 Leaping, reclin'd his scourge against the yoke.
 Nor was his friend brave Sthenelus remiss,
 But, seizing with alacrity the prize,
 Consign'd the tripod and the virgin, first,
 To his own band in charge ; then loos'd the steeds.
 Next came, by stratagem, not speed, advanc'd 610
 To that distinction, Nestor's son, whom yet
 The hero Menelaus close pursu'd.
 Near as the wheel pursues a courser's heels
 Drawing his master at full speed ; his tail

With its extremest hairs the felly sweeps,
 That close attends him o'er the spacious plain,
 So near had Menelaus now approach'd
 Antilochus; for though at first he fell
 A full quoit's cast behind, he soon retriev'd
 That loss, with such increasing speed the mare 620
 Of Agamemnon, bright-hair'd Æthe, ran.
 She, had the course few paces more to both
 Afforded, should have clearly shot beyond
 Antilochus, nor dubious left the prize.
 But noble Menelaus threw behind
 Meriones, companion in the field
 Of king Idomeneus, a lance's flight,
 For slowest were his steeds, and he, to rule
 The chariot in the race, least skill'd of all.
 Last came Eumelus, drawing to the goal, 630
 Himself, his splendid chariot, and his mares
 Driving before him. Peleus' rapid son
 Beheld him with compassion, and, amid
 The Argives, in wing'd accents thus he spake:
 The best comes last, and comes on foot behind
 His coursers. Just it were that he receiv'd
 The second prize; Tydides claims the first.
 He said, and all applauded the award.
 Then had Achilles to Eumelus giv'n
 The mare (for such the pleasure seem'd of all), 640
 Had not the son of mighty Nestor ris'n,
 Antilochus, who pleaded thus his right:
 Achilles! acting as thou hast propos'd
 Thou shalt offend me much, for thou shalt take
 The prize from me, because the Gods made vain
 His efforts, and no failure of his own.
 He should have offer'd pray'r; then had he not
 Arriv'd, as now, the hindmost of us all.
 But if thou pity him, and deem it good,
 Thou hast much gold, much brass, and many sheep
 In thy pavilion; thou hast maidens fair, 651
 And coursers also. Give him when thou wilt
 From these a richer prize, or give it now,
 And we will praise thee; but this mare is mine;
 Else, come the claimant forth, and fight with me.

He ended, and Achilles, godlike chief
Smil'd on him, gratulating his success,
Whom much he lov'd; then ardent, thus replied:

Antilochus! if thou would'st wish me give
Eumelus of my own, e'en so I will. 660

I will present to him my corslet bright,
Won from Asteropæus, edg'd around
With glitt'ring tin; a precious gift, and rare.

So saying, he bade Automedon his friend
Produce it from the tent; he at his word
Departing, to Achilles brought the spoil,
Which at his hands Eumelus glad receiv'd.
Then, stung with grief, and with resentment fir'd
Immeasurable, Menelaus rose,

To charge Antilochus. His herald gave 670
The sceptre to his hand, and (silence bidden
To all) the godlike hero thus began:

Antilochus! oh heretofore discreet!
What hast thou done? Thou hast disgrac'd my skill,
And wrong'd my coursers foully, throwing thine,
Inferiour far, before them. Chiefs of Greece!
Impartial judge between us, lest, of these,
Some say hereafter, Menelaus bore
Antilochus by falsehood down, and led
The mare away, because, although his steeds 680
Were worse, his arm was mightier, and prevail'd.
Yet hold—myself will judge, and will to all
Contentment give, for I will judge aright.
Hither, Antilochus, illustrious youth!
Perform my just demand. Thy whip resum'd,
Stand forth before thy chariot; touch thy steeds,
And swear by Neptune, that no guile or art
Thou hast employ'd, nor wilfully devis'd
Means to retard my chariot's speedier course.

Then, prudent, thus Antilochus replied: 690
O royal Menelaus! patient bear
The fault of one thy junior far, in years
Alike unequal and in worth to thee.

Thou know'st how rash is youth, and how propense
To pass the bounds by decency prescrib'd,
Quick, but not wise. Lay, then, thy wrath aside;

The mare now given me I will myself
 Deliver to thee, and, if thou require
 A larger recompense, will rather yield
 A larger much than from thy favour fall
 Deservedly for ever, mighty Prince!
 And sin so heinously against the Gods.

700

So saying, the son of valiant Nestor led
 The mare, himself, to Menelaus' hand,
 Who with heart-fresh'ning joy the prize receiv'd.
 As on the ears of growing corn the dews
 Fall grateful, while the spiry grain erect
 Bristles the fields, so, Menelaus, felt
 Thy inmost soul a soothing pleasure sweet!
 Then answer thus the hero quick return'd:

710

Antilochus! thy gentleness of speech
 Subdues me. Thou wast never heretofore
 Vain or perverse, and heat of youth alone
 Warp'd from its course thy sober judgment, now.
 Yet safer is it not to overreach
 Superiours; for no other Grecian here
 Had my extreme displeasure calm'd so soon.
 But thou hast suffer'd much, and much hast toil'd,
 As thy good father and thy brother have,
 On my behalf; I, therefore, yield, subdu'd
 By thy entreaties, and the mare, though mine,
 Will also give thee, that these Grecians all
 May know me neither proud nor hard to appease.

720

He said, and to Noëmon, friends in arms
 Of Nestor's son, resign'd the mare, himself
 Taking the polish'd caldron in her stead.
 The fourth awarded lot (for he had fourth
 Arriv'd) Meriones asserted next,
 The golden talents; but the phial still
 Left unappropriated, Achilles bore
 Across the circus in his hand, a gift
 To ancient Nestor, whom he thus bespake:

730

Take thou, my father! and keep this in store,
 That thou mayst ever in remembrance hold
 This fun'ral of my friend; for with the Greeks
 He ne'er shall mix again. Receive a prize,
 Thine by gratuity; for thou must wield

The cæstus, wrestle, at the spear contend,
Or in the foot-race (fallen as thou art
Into the wane of life) henceforth no more. 740

He spake, and plac'd it in his hand. He, glad,
Receiving it, in accents wing'd replied:

True, O my son! is all which thou hast said.
These limbs, these hands, young friend! (their vigour
lost)

No longer, darted from the shoulder, spring
At once to battle. Ah that I could grow
Young yet again, could feel again such force
Athletic, as when in Buprasium erst
The Epeans with sepulchral pomp entomb'd
King Amarynceus, where his sons ordain'd 750
Funereal games in honour of their sire!

Epean none or even Pylian there
Could cope with me, or yet Ætolian bold.
Boxing, I vanquish'd Clytomedes, son
Of Enops; wrestling, the Pleuronian chief
Ancæus; foil'd Iphiclus in the race,
A runner of prime speed; and over-pitch'd
Phyleus and Polydorus at the spear.

The sons of Actor in the chariot-course
Alone surpass'd me, being two for one, 760
And jealous both lest I should also win
That prize, for to the victor charioteer
They had assign'd the noblest prize of all.

They were twin-brothers, and one rul'd the steeds,
The steeds one rul'd, the other lash'd them on.

Such once was I; but now, these sports I leave
To younger; me submission most befits

To with'ring age, who then outshone the best.

But go. 'The fun'ral of thy friend with games
Proceed to celebrate; I accept thy gift 770

With pleasure; and my heart is also glad,

That thou art mindful evermore of one

Who loves thee, and in sight of all the Greeks

Such honour yield'st me as my years demand.

May the Gods bless thee for it more and more!

He spake, and Peleus' son, when he had heard

At large his commendation from the lips

Of Nestor, through th' assembled Greeks return'd.

He next propos'd, not likely to be won,
 The boxer's prize. He tether'd down a mule, 780
 Untam'd and hard to tame, but strong to toil,
 And in her prime of vigour, in the midst;
 A goblet to the vanquish'd he assign'd,
 Then stood erect, and to the Greeks exclaim'd:

Ye sons of Atreus! and ye num'rous Greeks!
 Behold the boxer's prize. Come two, the best
 And stoutest forth, with lifted fists on high
 To wage fierce conflict. Whom Apollo most
 Shall favour, and yourselves shall with one voice
 Pronounce victorious, he shall lead the mule 790
 Hence to his tent; the vanquish'd takes the cup.

He spake, and at his word a Greek arose,
 Big, bold, and skilful in the boxer's art,
 Epeüs, son of Panopeus; his hand
 He on the mule impos'd, and thus he said:

Approach the man ambitious of the cup!
 For no Achaian here shall, with his fist
 Me foiling, win the mule. I boast myself
 To all superiour. May it not suffice,
 That I pretend not to superiour pow'rs 800
 In battle? Skill in all things none may boast.
 But this I promise and will well perform—
 My blows shall rend his flesh, and crush his bones
 To splinters; therefore let his friends be nigh,
 To bear his batter'd carcase from the field.

He ended, and his speech found no reply.
 One godlike chief alone, Euryalus,
 Son of the king Mecisteus, who, himself,
 Sprang from Talaion, opposite arose.
 He erst, in Thebes arriving, at the games 810
 Held there for Ædipus deceas'd, had prov'd
 Superiour to the whole Cadmean race.
 Him Diomedes the brave for fight prepar'd,
 Giving him all encouragement. For much
 He wish'd him victory. First then he threw
 His cincture to him; next, he gave him thongs
 Cut from the hide of a wild buffalo.
 Both girt around, into the midst they mov'd.
 Then, lifting high their brawny arms, and fists
 Mingling with fists, to furious fight they fell; 820

Dire was the crash of jaws, and the sweat stream'd
 From ev'ry limb. Epeüs fierce advanc'd,
 And while Euryalus with cautious eye
 Watch'd an advantage, pash'd him on the cheek.
 He stood no longer, but, his limbs beneath
 His weight subsiding, to the ground he fell.
 As when, the north-wind fresh'ning, near the bank
 Upsprings a fish in air, then falls again,
 And disappears beneath the sable flood,
 So at the stroke he bounded. But Epeüs, 850
 Heroic chief, uprais'd him by his hand,
 And all his friends assembling led him thence
 Step dragging after step, ejecting blood
 Coagulated, and at ev'ry pace
 Rolling his head languid from side to side.
 They plac'd him all unconscious on a seat
 In his own band, then fetch'd his prize, the cup.

Still other prizes, then, Achilles plac'd
 In view of all; the sturdy wrestler's meed.
 A large hearth-tripod, valu'd by the Greeks 840
 At twice six beeves, should pay the victor's toil;
 But for the vanquish'd, in the midst he set
 A damsel in domestic arts expert,
 Four beeves her value. He arose and said:

Appear ye now who shall this prize dispute.
 So spake the son of Peleus; then arose
 Huge Telamonian Ajax, and upstood
 Ulysses also, in all wiles adept.
 Both girt around, into the midst they mov'd.
 With sturdy gripe each other seizing fast, 850
 Like rafters of a lofty dome they stood,
 The work of some skill'd architect, a safe
 Unfailing shelter from the wintry storm.
 The back of each tugged forcibly sent forth
 A creaking sound; with briny sweat profuse
 Their bodies stream'd; and many a crimson welk
 On their broad flanks and brawny shoulders sprang.
 Such was their contest, and such fierce desire
 Each felt to bear the splendid tripod home.
 Nor could Ulysses from his station move 860
 And cast down Ajax, nor could Ajax him
 Unsettle, fix'd so firm Ulysses stood,

But when, long time expectant, all the Greeks
Grew weary, then huge Ajax him bespake :

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !
Lift, or be lifted, and let Jove decide.

He said, and heav'd Ulysses. Then, his wiles
Forgat not he, but on the ham behind
Chopp'd him ; the limbs of Ajax at the stroke
Disabled sank ; he fell supine, and bore 870
Ulysses close adhering to his chest
Down with him. Wonder rivetted all eyes.
Him, next, Ulysses heav'd ; but ere again
He stood erect, his knee between the knees
Of Ajax lock'd ; thus struggling down they fell,
And, all with dust defil'd, lay side by side.
Nor had they ceas'd, but should at once have ris'n
To a third conflict, had not, from his seat
Upstarting, thus Achilles interpos'd :

Strive not together more ; cease to exhaust 880
Each other's force ; ye both have earn'd the prize.
Depart alike requited, and give place
To other Greecians, who shall next contend.

He spake ; they glad complied, and wiping off
The dust, put on their tunics. Then again
Achilles other prizes yet propos'd,
The rapid runner's meed. He first produc'd
A silver goblet of six measures ; Earth
Own'd not its like for elegance of form.
Skilful Sidonian artists had around 890
Embellish'd it, and o'er the sable Deep
Phœnician merchants into Lemnos' port
Had borne it, and the boon to Thoas giv'n ;
But Jason's son, Euneüs, in exchange
For Priam's son Lycaon had consign'd
The treasure to Patroclus fam'd in arms.
Achilles this, in honour of his friend,
Set forth, the swiftest runner's bright reward.
A huge fat ox he to the second gave,
And half a golden talent to the last. 900

He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried :

Now stand ye forth who shall this prize dispute.
He said, and instant at his word arose
Swift Ajax Oïliades ; upsprang

The shrewd Ulysses next, and after him
 Brave Nestor's son Antilochus, with whom
 None vied in speed of all the youths of Greece.
 They stood prepar'd. Achilles show'd the goal.
 At once all started. Ajax led the course,
 Oïleus' son, and closely at his heels 910
 Ulysses ran. Near as some cinctur'd maid
 Industrious holds the distaff to her breast,
 While to and fro with practis'd finger neat
 Tending the flax she draws it to a thread,
 So near Ulysses follow'd him, and press'd
 His footsteps, ere the dust they rais'd had fall'n,
 Pouring his breath into his neck behind,
 And never slackening pace. His ardent thirst
 Of victory with acclamations loud
 All seconded, and, eager, bade him On. 920
 And now, the contest short'ning to a close,
 Ulysses suddenly a silent pray'r
 To azure-ey'd Minerva thus preferr'd:

O Goddess hear, assist me in the race!
 Such was his pray'r; with which Minerva pleas'd,
 Freshen'd his limbs, and made him light to run.
 And now, when in one moment they should both
 Have darted on the prize, then, Ajax' foot
 Sliding, he fell; for where the dung of beeves
 Slain for Patroclus overspread the soil, 930
 E'en there Minerva tripp'd him. Ordure foul
 His mouth and nostrils fill'd, and thus it chanc'd,
 That Laertiades, arriving first
 The goblet won, and he the fatted ox.
 He grasp'd his horn, and sputt'ring as he stood
 The ordure forth, amid them all exclaim'd:

Ah—Pallas tripp'd my footsteps; she attends
 Ulysses ever with a mother's care.

Loud laugh'd the Greecians. Then, the remnant
 prize

Antilochus receiving, smil'd and said: 940

Ye need not, fellow-warriors, to be taught,
 That now, as ever, the immortal Gods
 Honour on seniority bestow.

Ajax is elder, yet not much, than I.

But Laertiades was born in times

Long past, a chief coeval with our sires,
Not young, but vigorous; and, of the Greeks,
Achilles may alone contend with him.

So saying, the merit of superiour speed
To Peleus' son he gave, who thus replied: 950

Antilochus! thy praise of me shall prove
Not fruitless to thyself; the talent halv'd
Shall not suffice for thee; receive it whole.

He spake, and in his hand a talent plac'd
Entire; he joyfully the gift receiv'd.
Achilles, then, Sarpedon's arms produc'd,
Stripp'd from him by Patroclus, his long spear,
Helmet, and shield, which in the midst he plac'd.
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried:

I call for two brave warriors arm'd, to prove 960
Each other's skill with weapons keen, this prize
Disputing, next, in presence of us all.

Who first shall through his armour reach the skin
Of his antagonist, and shall draw his blood,
Be his this argent-studded Thracian blade,
My spoil from bold Asteropæus won.

These other arms shall be their common meed,
And I will banquet both within my tent.

He said; then Telamonian Ajax huge
Arose, and opposite arose the son 970
Of warlike Tydeus, Diomede the brave.
Apart from all the multitude each put
His armour on, then mov'd into the midst,
Low'ring terrific and on fire to fight.
The host look'd on amaz'd. Approaching each
The other, thrice they sprang to the assault,
And thrice struck hand to hand. First, Ajax pierc'd
The buckler of Tydides, but the flesh
Attain'd not, baffled by his mail within,
But Diomede his spear, high-pois'd above 980
The sev'n-fold shield, aim'd ever at the neck
Of Ajax; for whose life alarm'd, the Greeks
Enjoin'd them to desist and share the prize.
But the huge falchion with its sheath and belt—
Achilles them on Diomede bestow'd.

The hero, next, an iron clod produc'd
Rough from the forge, and wont to task the might

Of king Eëtion ; but, when him he slew,
 Pelides, glorious chief, with other spoils
 From Thebes convey'd it in his fleet to Troy. 990
 He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried :

Come forth who also shall this prize dispute !
 How far soe'er remote the winner's fields,
 This lump shall serve his wants five circling years ;
 No lack of iron shall his plougher send
 Or shepherd to the city-mart to buy,
 But he shall have for sale when others need.

Then Polypætes brave in fight arose,
 Arose Leonteus also, godlike chief,
 With Telamonian Ajax, and, who won 1000
 The boxer's prize, Epeüs. Rang'd they stood
 In order, and Epeüs seiz'd the clod.
 He swung, he cast it, and the Grecians laugh'd.
 Leonteus, branch of Mars, next heav'd it forth.
 Huge Telamonian Ajax with strong arm
 Dismiss'd it third, and overpitch'd them both.
 But when brave Polypætes seiz'd the mass,
 Far as the vig'rous herdsman flings his staff,
 Which twirling flies his num'rous beeves between,
 So far his cast outmeasur'd all beside, 1010
 And the host shouted. Then arose the Greeks
 Of Polypætes' train, who took in charge
 Their leader's prize, and bore it to the ships.

The Archer's prize Achilles next propos'd,
 Ten double and ten single axes, form'd
 Of steel convertible to arrow-points.
 Then planting, distant on the sands, the mast
 Of a cerulean bark, with slender cord
 To its tall summit by the foot he tied
 A tim'rous dove for trial of their aim. 1020
 Who strikes the bird, these better axes all
 Bears to his tent ; but who (the dove unharm'd)
 Divides the cord alone, inferiour him
 In skill we deem, his, therefore, be the worse.

The might of royal Teucer then arose,
 And, fellow-warrior of the king of Crete,
 Valiant Meriones. A brazen casque
 Receiv'd the lots ; they shook them, and the lot
 Fell first to Teucer. He, at once, a shaft

Sent smartly forth, but vow'd not to the King 1050
A hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock.

He therefore (for Apollo greater praise
Denied him) miss'd the dove, but struck the cord
That tied her, at small distance from the knot,
And with his arrow sever'd it. Upsprang
The bird into the air, and to the ground
Depending fell the cord. Shouts rent the skies.
At once Meriones withdrew the bow
From Teucer's hand, but held a shaft the while
Already aim'd, and to Apollo vow'd 1060

A hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock.
He ey'd the dove aloft beneath a cloud,
And struck her circling high in air; the shaft
Pass'd through her, and, returning, pierc'd the soil
Before the foot of brave Meriones.

She, perching on the mast again, her head
Reclin'd, and hung her wide-unfolded wing,
But, soon expiring, dropp'd and fell remote.
Amazement seiz'd the people. To his tent
Meriones the ten best axes bore, 1050
And Teucer the inferiour ten to his.

Then, last, Achilles in the circus plac'd
A pond'rous spear and caldron yet unfir'd,
Emboss'd with flow'rs around, its worth an ox.
Uprose at once the spearmen; Atreus' son
First, glorious Agamemnon, king of men,
And next, brave fellow-warrior of the king
Of Crete, Meriones; when thus his speech
Achilles to the royal chief address'd:

Atrides! (for we know thy skill and force 1060
Matchless; that none can hurl the spear as thou)
This prize is thine, command it to thy ship;
And if it please thee, as I would it might,
Let brave Meriones the spear receive.

He said; nor Agamemnon not complied,
But to Meriones the brazen spear
Presenting, to Talthybius gave in charge
The caldron, next, his own illustrious prize.

BOOK XXIV.

Argument.

Priam, by command of Jupiter, and under conduct of Mercury, seeks Achilles in his tent, who, admonished previously by Thetis, consents to accept ransom for the body of Hector. Hector is mourned; and the manner of his funeral, circumstantially described, concludes the poem.

THE games all closed, the people went dispers'd
Each to his ship; they, mindful of repast,
And to enjoy repose; but Peleus' son,
Pain'd with remembrance of his hapless friend,
Wept inconsolable; all-conqu'ring sleep
Him seiz'd not, but from side to side he turn'd,
Regretting, still, Patroclus in his prime
Of sprightly youth and manly vigour slain.
Their partnership in wo; their arduous toils;
Battles hard-fought, and perilous escapes 10
From stormy floods,—with reminiscence sad,
That caus'd him many a tear, on these he mus'd!
Now on his side he lay, now lay supine,
Now prone; then starting from his couch, he roam'd
Forlorn the beach, nor did the rising day
On seas and shores escape his watchful eye,
But, joining then his chariot and his steeds,
He fasten'd Hector to be dragg'd behind.
Around the tomb of Menœtiades
He dragg'd him thrice; then rested in his tent, 20
Him leaving all extended in the dust.
But Phœbus, pitying even after death
The valiant Hector, with his golden shield
O'ersadow'd him, that uncorrupted still,
And still untorn, though dragg'd, he might remain.
Thus did Achilles in his wrath disgrace
His noble foe; but looking down from Heav'n,

The blest immortals pitied him, and mov'd
Hermes, the watchful Argicide, to steal
His body thence. - This counsel pleas'd the rest, 50
But neither Juno, nor the Sov'reign Pow'r
Of Ocean, pleas'd, nor Pallas azure-ey'd.
They still their ancient hate of sacred Troy,
Of Priam and his people, in their hearts
Held fast for Paris' sake, who with disdain
Those Goddesses had in his rural home
Rejected, and had Venus' charms preferr'd,
Who with pernicious lust his choice repaid.
But when the twelfth ensuing morn arose,
Apollo, then, the Immortals thus address'd : 40

Ye Gods, your dealings now injurious seem
And cruel. Was not Hector wont to burn
Thighs of fat goats and bullocks at your shrines !
Whom now, though dead, ye cannot yet endure
To rescue, that his consort, mother, son,
Father, and friends might view him, who would soon
Yield him his just demand, a fun'ral fire.
But, oh ye Gods ! your pleasure is alone
To please Achilles, havoc-spreading chief,
Who neither right regards, nor owns a mind 50
That can relent ; but as the lion, urg'd
By his own dauntless heart and matchless strength,
Makes inroad on the flocks, that he may fare
Deliciously at cost of mortal man,
So Peleus' son all pity from his breast
Hath driv'n, and shame, man's blessing or his curse.
For whosoever hath a loss sustain'd
Still dearer, whether of his brother born
From the same womb, or even of his son,
When he hath once bewail'd him, weeps no more ; 60
For man from Fate itself submission learns.
Yet Peleus' son, not so contented, slays
Illustrious Hector first, then drags his corse
In cruel triumph at his chariot-wheels
Around Patroclus' tomb ; but neither well
He acts, nor honourably to himself,
If he incur, however fam'd in arms,
Our anger, while to gratify revenge
He pours dishonour thus on senseless clay.

To whom thus beauteous Juno, sore-displeas'd : 70
 God of the silver bow ! stand unrepeal'd
 This word of thine, if in the God's account
 Achilles' worth and Hector's be the same.
 Hector was born of woman, and the breast
 Of woman nourish'd him. Achilles boasts
 A birth divine ; for him a Goddess bore,
 Whose infant years were my peculiar care,
 And whom, at length mature, myself bestow'd
 On royal Peleus, fav'rite of the skies.
 At whose blest nuptials all the Pow'rs of Heav'n 80
 Assisted, and thyself didst strike the lyre
 And share the feast, though strenuous to protect
 The Trojans now, forgetful of the past.

Then thus the Sov'reign whom the clouds obey :
 Juno, thou hast no cause to scowl and speak
 In anger now. They shall not share alike,
 And in the same proportion, our regards.
 Yet even Hector was the man in Troy
 Most favour'd by the Gods, and by myself
 Not less ; for punctual were his gifts to us, 90
 Nor ever miss'd my sacred shrine from him
 Libation, or the steam of sacrifice,
 Which are the meed by just allotment ours.
 Yet steal him not, since by Achilles' eye
 Unseen ye cannot, who both day and night
 Watches him, as a mother tends her son.
 But call ye Thetis hither, I would give
 The Goddess counsel, that, at Priam's hands
 Accepting gifts, Achilles loose the dead.

He ceas'd. Then Iris tempest-wing'd arose, 100
 Samos between, and Imbrus rock-begirt,
 She plung'd into the gloomy flood ; loud-groan'd
 The briny pool, while sudden down she rush'd,
 As sinks the bull's horn with its leaden weight,
 Death bearing to the rav'ners of the Deep.
 Thetis within her vaulted cave she found
 By ev'ry nymph of Ocean round about
 Encompass'd ; she amid them all, the fate
 Lamented of her noble son ordain'd
 To die far distant from his home at Troy. 110

Then Iris, drawing near, her thus address'd :
 Arise, O Thetis ! Jove, the author dread
 Of everlasting counsels, calls for thee.

To whom the Goddess of the silver feet :
 Why calls the mighty Thund'rer me ? I fear,
 Oppress'd with countless sorrows as I am,
 To mingle with the Gods.—Yet I obey—
 No word of his can prove an empty sound.

So saying, the Goddess took her sable veil,
 (Eye ne'er beheld a darker) and set forth 120
 With Iris her conductress up to Heav'n.
 On either hand the billows open'd wide
 A pass before them ; they, the rocky shore
 Ascending soon, thence darted to the skies.
 They found loud-voic'd Saturnian Jove around
 Environ'd by the ever-blessed Gods
 Conven'd in full assembly, and beside
 The eternal Sire on Pallas' throne she sat.

Then Juno, with consolatory speech,
 Presented to her hand a golden cup, 130
 Of which she drank, and gave it back again,
 And thus the Sire of Gods and men began :

Goddess of Ocean, 'Thetis ! thou hast sought
 Olympus, bearing in thy bosom grief
 Never to be assuag'd, as well I know.
 Yet shalt thou learn, afflicted as thou art,
 Why I have summon'd thee. Nine days the Gods
 Concerning Hector's body and thy son
 Invincible in arms, have held dispute,
 And some have urg'd ofttimes the Argicide, 140
 Keen-sighted Mercury, to steal the dead.
 But I forbade it for Achilles' sake,
 Whom I exalt, the better to ensure
 Thy rev'rence and thy friendship evermore.
 Haste, therefore, seek thy son, and tell him thus :
 The Gods resent it, say (but most of all
 Myself am angry) that he still retains
 Amid his fleet, through fury of revenge,
 Unransom'd Hector ; so shall he, at length,
 Through fear of me, perchance, release the slain. 150
 Myself to gen'rous Priam will, the while,

Send Iris, who shall bid him to the fleet
Of Greece, such ransom bearing as may sooth
Achilles, for redemption of his son.

So spake the God, nor Thetis not complied:
Descending swift from the Olympian heights
She reach'd Achilles' tent. Him there she found
Groaning disconsolate, while others ran
To and fro, occupied around a sheep
New-slaughter'd large, and of exub'rant fleece. 160
She, sitting close beside him, softly strok'd
His cheek, and thus, affectionate, began:

How long, my son! sorrowing and mourning here,
Wilt thou consume thy soul, nor give one thought
Either to food or love? Yet love is good,
And woman grief's best cure; for length of days
Is not thy doom, but, even now, thy death
And ruthless destiny are on the wing.
Mark me—I come ambassadress from Jove.
The Gods, he saith, resent it, but himself 170
More deeply than the rest, that thou retain'st
Amid thy fleet, through fury of revenge,
Unransom'd Hector. Be advis'd, accept
Ransom, and to his friends resign the dead.

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift:
Come then the ransomer, and take him hence;
So be it, if such be the desire of Jove.

Such conf'rence held the Goddess and her son
Amid the ships, when, thus, Saturnian Jove
Commission'd Iris down to sacred Troy: 180

Hence, rapid Iris! leave the Olympian heights,
And, finding royal Priam, bid him haste
To bear such gifts into Achaia's fleet
As may assuage Achilles, and prevail
To liberate the body of his son.
Alone, he must; no Trojan of them all
May company the senior thither, save
An ancient herald to direct his mules
And his wheel'd litter, and to bring the dead
Back into Ilium, whom Achilles slew. 190

Let neither fear of death nor other fear
Distress him aught, so safe a guard and sure
We give him; Mercury shall be his guide

Into Achilles' presence in his tent.
There shall Achilles not alone, himself,
His life hold sacred, but should others lift
The spear against him, shall avert the wrong :
For neither rash nor yet profane is he,
But will, with all benignity, receive
And save from harm a suppliant and a guest. 200

He ceas'd; then Iris tempest-wing'd arose,
Jove's messenger, and, reaching soon the gates
Of Priam, wo and wailing found within.
Around their father, in the hall, his sons
With tears their robes bedew'd, while them amidst
The hoary king sat mantled, muffled close,
And on his venerable head and neck
Much dust was spread, which, rolling on the earth,
He had show'r'd on them with unsparing hands;
The palace echo'd to his daughters' cries, 210
And to the cries of matrons calling fresh
Into remembrance many a valiant chief
Now stretch'd in dust, by Argive hands destroy'd.
The messenger of Jove at Priam's side
Standing, with whisper'd accents low his ear
Saluted, but he trembled at the sound.

Courage, Dardanian Priam! fear thou nought;
To thee no prophetess of ill I come,
But with kind purpose: Jove's ambassadress
Am I, who, though remote, yet entertains 220
Much pity, and much tender care for thee.
Olympian Jove commands thee to redeem
The noble Hector, with an off'ring large
Of gifts that may Achilles' wrath appease.
Alone, thou must; no Trojan of them all
Hath leave to attend thy journey thither, save
An ancient herald to direct thy mules
And thy wheel'd litter, and to bring the dead
Back into Ilium, whom Achilles slew.
Let neither fear of death nor other fear 230
Distress thee aught, so safe a guard and sure
He gives thee; Mercury shall be thy guide
E'en to Achilles' presence in his tent.
There shall Achilles not alone, himself,
Thy life hold sacred, but should others lift

The spear against thee, shall avert the wrong;
 For neither rash nor yet profane is he,
 But will, with all benignity, receive
 And save from harm a suppliant and a guest.

So spake the swift ambadress and went. 240
 Then, calling to his sons, he bade them bring
 His litter forth, and bind the coffer on,
 While to his fragrant chamber he repair'd
 Himself, with cedar lin'd and lofty-roof'd,
 A treasury of wonders, into which
 The queen he summon'd, whom he thus bespake :

Hecuba, the ambadress of Jove
 Hath come, who bids me to the Grecian fleet,
 Bearing such presents thither as may sooth
 Achilles, for redemption of my son. 250

But say, what seems this enterprise to thee?
 Myself I feel most willing, and on fire
 To penetrate the spacious camp of Greece.

Then wept the queen aloud, and thus replied :
 Ah ! whither is thy wisdom fled, for which
 Both strangers once, and Trojans honour'd *thee*?
 How canst thou wish to penetrate alone
 The Grecian fleet, and to appear before
 His face, by whom so many valiant sons
 Of thine have fall'n ? Thou hast an iron heart ! 260
 For should that savage man and faithless once
 Seize and discover thee, no pity expect
 Or rev'rence at his hands. Come—let us weep
 Together, here sequester'd ; for the thread
 Spun by his ruthless destiny for him,
 When he was born, ordain'd him food for hounds
 Remote from us his parents in the tent
 Of that fell chief. Oh ! clinging to his side,
 How I could tear him with my teeth ! His deeds,
 Disgraceful to my son, then should not want 270
 Retaliation ; for he slew not him
 Skulking, but standing boldly for the wives,
 The daughters fair, and citizens of Troy,
 Guiltless of flight, and of the wish to fly.

Whom godlike Priam answer'd, ancient king :
 Impede me not, who willing am to go,
 Nor be, thyself, a bird of ominous note

In my own house to fill my soul with fear,
 For thou shalt not prevail. Had mortal man
 Enjoin'd me this attempt, prophet, or priest, 280
 Or soothsayer, I had pronounc'd him false,
 And dreaded it the more. But, since I saw
 The Goddess with these eyes, and heard, myself,
 The voice divine, I go; that word shall stand;
 And if my doom be death in yonder fleet,
 It shall be welcome; for Achilles' arm
 Shall slay me speedily, and I shall die
 Folding my son, and satisfied with tears.

So saying, he open'd wide the sculptur'd lids
 Of various chests, whence mantles twelve he took 290
 Of texture beautiful; twelve single cloaks;
 As many carpets, with as many robes,
 To which he added vests, an equal store.
 He also took ten talents forth of gold,
 • All weigh'd, two splendid tripods, caldrons four,
 And after these a cup of matchless worth,
 Giv'n him when once ambassador in Thrace;
 A noble gift, which yet the hoary king
 Spar'd not, such fervour of desire he felt
 To loose his son. Then, driving from before 300
 His palace-portico with angry taunts
 The thronging multitude, aloud he cried:

Hence, miscreants! to your homes—perceive ye
 there

No loss yourselves, that hither ye resort,
 To trouble *me*? Or lightens it the weight
 Of *your* affliction, that Saturnian Jove
 Hath torn the bravest of my sons away?
 Ah! trust me, ye shall all erelong be taught
 Yourselves that loss, far easier to be slain
 By the Achaians now, since he is dead. 310

But I, or ever with these aged eyes
 I see the conquest and the sack of Troy,
 Shall find safe hiding in the shades below.

He said, and chas'd them with his staff; they left
 In haste the doors, by the old king expell'd.
 Then, chiding them aloud, his sons he call'd,
 Helenus, Pammon, Paris, Agathon,
 Deiphobus, Antiphonus, Polites,

Dios, and brave Hippothoüs—all nine
 He call'd, thus issuing his stern command : 220
 Quick ! quick ; ye slothful in your father's cause,
 Ye worthless brood ! Ah would that Hector liv'd,
 And ye had all been slaughter'd in his stead !
 Oh altogether wretched ! none could boast
 In all our city sons that equall'd mine ;
 And I have lost them all. The godlike youth
 Mestor, the valiant Troilus is gone,
 And Hector, who with other men compar'd
 Seem'd a Divinity ; whom none had deem'd
 From mortal man deriv'd, but from a God. 330
 These Mars hath taken, and hath left me none
 But scandals of my house, devoid of truth.
 Dancers, exact step-measurers, a band
 Of public robbers, thieves of kids and lambs.
 Will ye not bring my litter to the gate,
 And load it instantly, that we may go ?

He said, and, by his chiding aw'd, his sons
 Drew forth the royal litter, neat, new-built,
 And following swift the draught, on which they bound
 The coffer ; next they lower'd from the wall 340
 The sculptur'd boxen yoke with its two rings ;
 And, with the yoke, its furniture in length
 Nine cubits ; to the pole's extremest end
 Adjusting this with care they cast the ring
 Over the ring-bolt ; then, thrice round the pin
 They drew the brace on both sides, made it fast
 With even knots, and tuck'd the dangling ends.
 Producing, next, the glorious ransom-price
 Of Hector's body, on the litter's floor
 They heap'd it all, then yok'd the sturdy mules, 350
 A gift illustrious by the Mysians erst
 Conferr'd on Priam ; to the chariot, last,
 They led forth Priam's steeds, which day by day
 The venerable king in person serv'd,
 Who, with his herald, like himself discreet,
 Within the palace brac'd his loins the while.
 And now came mournful Hecuba, with wine
 Delicious charg'd, which in a golden cup
 She brought, that not without libation due

First made, they might depart. Before the steeds 360
Her steps she stay'd, and Priam thus address'd :

Take this, and to the Sire of all perform
Libation, praying him a safe return
From hostile hands, since thou art urg'd to seek
The Grecian camp, though not by my desire.
Pray also to Idæan Jove cloud-girt,
Who oversees all Ilium, that he send
His messenger or ere thou go, the bird
His fav'rite most, surpassing all in strength,
At thy right-hand ; him seeing, thou shalt tend 370
With better hope toward the fleet of Greece.
But should not Jove his messenger of good
Vouchsafe thee, thou shalt seek the Grecian fleet,
Howe'er impell'd, 'gainst all advice of mine.

To whom the godlike Priam thus replied :
I will not scorn thy counsel ; for, by pray'r
Imploring Jove's compassion, none can err.

So saying, he bade the maiden, chief of all
In office, pour fresh water on his hands.
For at his side the damsel ready stood 380
With ew'r and laver for his use prepar'd.
He lav'd his hands ; then, taking from the queen
The goblet, in his middle area stood
Pouring libation with his eyes upturn'd
Heav'n-ward devout, and thus his pray'r preferr'd :

Jove, great and glorious above all, who rul'st,
On Ida's summit seated, all below ;
Grant me arriv'd within Achilles' tent
Kindness to meet and pity ; and O send
Thy messenger or ere I go, the bird 390
Thy fav'rite most, surpassing all in strength,
At my right hand ; which seeing, I shall tend
With better hope toward the fleet of Greece.

He ended, at whose pray'r, without delay,
Jove sent his eagle, surest of all signs,
The black-plum'd bird voracious, Morphnos nam'd,
And Percnos. Ample as the guarded door,
Some rich man's chamber-door, his vans he spread
On either side ; they saw him on the right, 399
Skimming the tow'rs of Troy, with gladness hail'd

The omen, and all felt their hearts consol'd.

Delay'd not then the hoary king, but quick
Ascending to his seat, his coursers urg'd
Through vestibule and sounding porch abroad.
The four-wheel'd litter led, drawn by the mules
Which sage Idæus manag'd, behind whom
Went Priam, urging ever with the thong
His coursers through the town, while all his friends,
Following their Sov'reign with dejected hearts,
Lamented him as going to his death. 410

But when from Ilium's gate into the plain
They had descended, then the sons-in-law
Of Priam, and his sons, to Troy return'd.
Nor they, now traversing the plain, the note
Escap'd of Jove the Thund'rer; he beheld
Compassionate the venerable king,
And thus his own son Mercury bespake:

Mercury! (for above all others thou
Delightest to associate with mankind
Familiar, winning whom thou wilt with ease 420
To converse free) go thou, and so conduct
Priam into the Grecian camp, that none
Of all the num'rous Danaï may see
Or mark him, till he reach Achilles' tent.

He spake, nor the ambassador of Heav'n,
The Argicide, delay'd, but bound in haste
His undecaying sandals to his feet,
Golden, divine, which waft him o'er the floods
Swift as the wind, and o'er the boundless earth.
He took his rod with which he charms to sleep 430
Or opens at his will all human eyes.

Down stoop'd the potent Argicide, his hand
Thus arm'd, and in one moment on the plain
Of Ilium stood. Some princely boy he seem'd,
Now clothing first his ruddy cheek with down,
Which is youth's loveliest season; such in show,
His progress he began. The trav'lers now
(The sumptuous tomb of Ilus past) beside
The river stay'd their mules and steeds to drink,
For twilight dimm'd the fields. Idæus first 440
Perceiv'd him near, and Priam thus bespake:

Think, son of Dardanus! for we have need
Of our best thought. I see a man—we die—
Turn, turn to flight, or let us clasp his knees,
And suppliant move his pity, if we may.

Terroure and consternation at that sound
The mind of Priam felt; erect the hair
Bristled his limbs, and with amaze he stood
Motionless. But the God, mean-time, approach'd,
And, seizing ancient Priam's hand, inquir'd: 450

Whither, my father! in the dewy night
Driv'st thou thy mules and steeds, while others sleep?
And fear'st thou not the fiery host of Greece,
Thy foes implacable, so nigh at hand?
Of whom should any, through the shadow dun
Of flitting night, discern thee bearing forth
So rich a charge, then what wouldst thou expect?
Thou art not young thyself, nor with the aid
Of this thine ancient servant, strong enough,
Force to repulse, should any threaten force. 460
But injury fear none or harm from me;
I rather much from harm by other hands
Would save thee, thou resemblest so my Sire.

Whom answer'd godlike Priam, hoar with age:
My son! well spokén. Thou hast judg'd aright.
Yet even me some Deity protects
Thus far: to whom I owe it, that I meet
So seasonably one like thee, in form
So admirable, and in mind discreet
As thou art beautiful. Blest parents, thine. 470

To whom the messenger of Heav'n again,
The Argicide: O ancient and rever'd!
Thou hast well spoken all. Yet this declare,
And with sincerity; convey'st thou hence
Into some foreign country, for the sake
Of safer custody, this precious charge!
Or, urg'd by fear, forsake ye all alike
Troy's sacred tow'rs? since he whom thou hast lost,
Thy noble son, was of excelling worth
In arms, and nought inferiour to the Greeks. 480

Then thus the godlike Priam, hoary king:
But tell me first who *thou* art, and from whom

Descended, loveliest youth! who hast the fate
Of my unhappy son so well rehears'd?

To whom the herald Mercury replied:
Thy questions, venerable Sire! propos'd
Concerning noble Hector, are design'd
To prove me. Him, not seldom, with these eyes
In man-ennobling fight I have beheld
Most active; saw him when he thinn'd the Greeks 490
With his sharp spear, and drove them to the ships.
Amaz'd we stood to notice him; for us,
Incens'd against the ruler of our host,
Achilles suffer'd not to share the fight.
I serve Achilles; the same gallant bark
Brought us, and of the Myrmidons am I,
Son of Polyctor; wealthy is my sire,
And such in years as thou; six sons hath he
Beside myself, the youngest; and the lot,
To arm and seek the battle, fell to me. 500
That I have left the ships and hither stray'd
The cause is this; the Greeks, at break of day,
Will compass, arm'd, the city, for they loathe
To sit inactive, neither can the chiefs
Restrain the hot impatience of the host.

Then godlike Priam answer thus return'd:
If thou indeed art of Achilles' train,
Deceive me not, speak plainly. Lies my son
Still in the fleet? Or hath Achilles cast
His mangled flesh already to the dogs? 510

Him answer'd then the herald of the skies:
O ancient Sir! nor dogs nor vultures him
Have yet devour'd, but at Achilles' ship,
Unnotic'd now, he lies. Twelve orient morns
Have seen him there extended, yet his flesh
Nor putrid taint invades, nor inbred worm,
That diets on the brave in battle fall'n.
He, pitiless, indeed, around the tomb
Of his Patroclus drags him, oft as day
Reddens the East, yet safe from blemish still 520
His corse remains. Thou wouldst, thyself admire,
Seeing how fresh the dew-drops, as he lies,
Rest on him, and his blood is cleans'd away,
That not a stain is left. Even his wounds

(For many a wound they gave him) all are clos'd,
Such care the blessed Gods have of thy son,
Dead as he is, whom living much they lov'd.

So he; then, glad, the ancient king replied:
Good is it, O my son! to yield the Gods
Their just demands. My boy, while yet he liv'd, 530
Liv'd not unmindful of the worship due
To the Olympian pow'rs, who, therefore, him
Remember even in the bands of death.

Come then—this beauteous cup receive from me.
Be thou my guard, and, if the Gods permit,
My guide, till I shall reach Achilles' tent.

Whom answer'd then the messenger of Heav'n:
Sir! thou perceiv'st me young, and art dispos'd
To try my virtue; but it shall not fail.

Thou bidd'st me at thine hand a gift accept 540
Whereof Achilles knows not; but I fear
Achilles, and, by sacred awe withheld,
Dare not defraud him, lest the Gods requite
With some swift mischief such atrocious wrong.
But thee I would with pleasure hence conduct
Even to glorious Argos, at thy side
A faithful guardian, whether on the Deep,
Or thus on foot; nor any should presume
To fight against thee, through contempt of me,

So Mercury, and to the chariot seat 550
Upspringing, seiz'd at once the lash and reins,
And with fresh vigour mules and steeds inspir'd.
Arriving at the foss and tow'rs, they found
The guard preparing now their evening cheer,
All whom the Argicide with sudden sleep
Oppress'd, then op'd the gates, thrust back the bars,
And introduc'd, with all his litter-load
Of costly gifts, the venerable king.
But when they reach'd the tent for Peleus' son
Rais'd by the Myrmidons (with trunks of pine 560
They built it, lopping smooth the boughs away,
Then spread with shaggy mowings of the mead
Its lofty roof, and with a spacious court
Surrounded it, all fenc'd with driven stakes;
One bar alone of pine secur'd the door,
Which ask'd three Grecians with united force

To thrust it to its place, and three again
 To lift it thence, although Achilles oft
 Would heave it to the door himself alone)
 Then Hermes, benefactor of mankind, 570
 That bar displacing for the king of Troy.
 Gave entrance to himself and to his gifts
 For Peleus' son design'd, and from the seat
 Alighting, thus his speech to Priam turn'd:

O ancient Priam! an immortal God
 Attends thee; I am Hermes, by command
 Of Jove my father thy appointed guide;
 But I return. I will not, ent'ring here,
 Stand in Achilles' sight; immortal Pow'rs
 May not so unreservedly indulge 580
 Creatures of mortal kind. But enter thou,
 Seize fast his knees, and by his aged Sire,
 His beauteous mother, and his darling son,
 Adjure him to compassionate thy woes,
 Till his whole heart the tumult feel of thine.

So saying, Hermes swiftly sought again
 Th' Olympian heights. Then Priam, to the ground
 Alighting, left Idæus charg'd to watch
 The steeds and mules, while right toward the tent,
 Achilles' residence, himself advanc'd. 590

Him there he found, and sitting found apart
 His fellow-warriors, of whom two alone,
 Automedon and Alcimus the brave,
 Attended his commands; he had himself
 Supp'd newly, and the board stood unremov'd.
 Unseen of all huge Priam enter'd, stood
 Before Achilles, clasp'd his knees, and kiss'd
 Those terrible and homicidal hands
 Which had destroy'd so many of his sons.

As when a fugitive for blood the house 600
 Of some chief enters in a foreign land,
 All gaze, astonish'd at the sudden guest,
 So gaz'd Achilles seeing Priam there,
 And so stood all astonish'd each his eyes
 In silence fast'ning on his fellow's face.

But Priam kneel'd, and suppliant thus began;

Think, O Achilles, semblance of the Gods!
 On thy own father full of days like me,

And trembling on the gloomy verge of life.
 Some neighbour chief, it may be, even now 619
 Oppresses him, and there is none at hand,
 No friend to succour him in his distress.
 Yet, doubtless, hearing that Achilles lives,
 He still rejoices, hoping, day by day,
 That one day he shall see the face again
 Of his own son from distant Troy return'd.
 But me no comfort cheers, whose bravest sons,
 So late the flow'r of Ilium, all are slain.
 When Greece came hither, I had fifty sons;
 Nineteen were children of one bed, the rest 620
 Born of my concubines. A num'rous house!
 But fiery Mars hath thinn'd it. One I had,
 One, more than all my sons the strength of Troy,
 Whom standing for his country thou hast slain—
 Hector—His body to redeem I come
 Into Achaia's fleet, and bring, myself,
 Ransom inestimable to thy tent.
 O, fear the Gods! and for remembrance' sake
 Of thy own sire, Achilles! pity me,
 More hapless still; who bear what, save myself, 630
 None ever bore, thus lifting to my lips
 Hands dyed so deep with slaughter of my sons.

So saying, he waken'd in his soul regret
 Of his own sire; softly he plac'd his hand
 On Priam's hand, and push'd him gently away.
 Remembrance melted both. Stretch'd prone before
 Achilles' feet the king his son bewail'd,
 Wide-slaughtering Hector, and Achilles wept
 By turns his father, and by turns his friend,
 Patroclus; sounds of sorrow fill'd the tent. 640
 But when Achilles, satisfied at length
 With lamentation, felt his bosom eas'd
 Of its oppressive charge, and breath'd again,
 Upstarting from his seat, with pity mov'd
 Of Priam's silver locks and silver beard,
 He rais'd the ancient father by his hand,
 Whom in wing'd accents kind he thus bespake:
 Num'rous indeed thy sorrows are—alas!
 How couldst thou venture to the ships, alone,
 Alone into my presence, who have slain 650

So many of thy sons renown'd in arms?
Thou hast a heart of iron, terroure-proof.
Come—sit beside me—Let us, if we may,
Great mourners both, bid sorrow sleep awhile.
There is no profit of our sighs and tears;
For thus, exempt from care themselves, the Gods
Ordain man's miserable race to mourn.
Fast by the threshold of Jove's courts are plac'd
Two casks, one stor'd with evil, one with good,
From which the God dispenses as he wills. 660
For whom the glorious Thund'rer mingles both,
His life is checker'd with alternate good
And evil; but to whom he gives unmix'd
The bitter cup, he makes that man a curse,
His name becomes a by-word of reproach,
His strength is hunger-bitten, and he walks
The blessed earth, unblest, go where he may.
So was my father Peleus at his birth
Nobly endow'd, with plenty and with wealth
Distinguish'd by the Gods past all mankind, 670
Lord of the Myrmidons, and, though a man,
Yet match'd from Heav'n with an immortal bride.
But even him the Gods afflict, a son
Refusing him, who might possess his throne
Hereafter; for myself, his only heir,
Pass as a dream, and while I live, instead
Of solacing his age, here sit, before
Your distant walls, the scourge of thee and thine.
Thee also, ancient Priam, we have heard
Reported once possessor of such wealth 680
As neither Lesbos, seat of Macar, owns,
Nor Eastern Phrygia, nor yet all the ports
Of Hellespont, but thou didst pass them all
In riches, and in number of thy sons.
But since the Gods first brought on thy domain
This wo, hostility and deeds of blood
Always surround the city where thou reign'st.
Cease, therefore, from unprofitable tears,
Which, ere they raise thy son to life again,
Shall, doubtless, find fresh cause for which to flow.
To whom the godlike ancient king replied: 691
Urge not, divine Achilles, me to sit,

While Hector lies unburied in the camp:
Loose him, and loose him now, that with these eyes
I may behold my son; accept a prize
Magnificent, which mayst thou long enjoy,
And, since my life was precious in thy sight,
Mayst thou revisit safe thy native shore!

To whom Achilles, low'ring, and in wrath:
Move me no more. I purpose of myself 700
To loose him; Thetis, daughter of the Deep,
Hath taught me that the will of Jove is such.
Priam! I understand thee well. I know
That, by some God conducted, thou hast reach'd
Achaia's fleet; for without aid divine,
No mortal, even in his prime of youth,
Had dar'd the attempt; guards vigilant as ours
He should not easily elude; such gates,
So massy, should not easily unbar.
Thou, therefore, vex me not in my distress. 710
Lest I abhor to see thee in my tent,
And, borne beyond all limits, set at nought
Thee, and thy pray'r, and the command of Jove.

He said; the old king trembled, and obey'd.
Then sprang Pelides like a lion forth,
Not sole, but with his two attendant friends,
Alcimus and Automedon the brave,
For them (Patroclus slain) he honour'd most
Of all the Myrmidons. They loos'd the mules 720
And horses from the yoke, then introduc'd
And plac'd the herald of the hoary king.
They lighten'd next the litter of its charge
Inestimable, leaving yet a vest
With two rich robes, that Priam might convey
The body not uncover'd back to Troy.
Then, calling forth his women, them he bade
Lave and anoint the body, but apart,
Lest haply Priam, noticing his son,
Through stress of grief should give resentment scope,
And irritate by some affront himself 730
To slay him in despite of Jove's commands.
They, therefore, laving and anointing first
The body, cloth'd it with a robe and vest;
Then, Peleus' son dispos'd it on the bier,

Lifting it from the ground, and his two friends
Together heav'd it to the royal wain.

Then groan'd Achilles and invok'd his friend :

Shouldst thou, Patroclus ! even in the deeps
Of Hades learn, that I consent to loose

The noble Hector at his father's suit, 740

Let not the deed offend thee ; for he pays

Large ransom, which thyself shalt also share.

So saying, Achilles to his tent return'd,
And on the splendid couch, where erst he sat
Right opposite to Priam, plac'd again,
His converse with the king of Troy renew'd—

Priam ! at thy request thy son is loos'd,
And lying on his bier ; at dawn of day
Thou shalt both see him and convey him hence
Thyself to Troy. But take we now repast ; 750

For even beauteous Niobe receiv'd
Her wonted food, although six blooming sons
Transfix'd by Phœbus in his wrath she mourn'd,
And by Diana, silver-shafted Queen,
Six lovely daughters ; for Latona's sake,
With whom she dar'd comparison, they died.
Twelve children, would she say, myself have borne,
Latona two ;—but all her boasted twelve,
Pierc'd by Latona's vengeful two, expir'd.

Nine days they welter'd in their blood, no man 760
Was found to bury them, for Jove had chang'd
To stone the people ; but the Gods, at last,
Themselves entomb'd their bodies on the tenth.
Yet even she, once satisfied with tears,

Remember'd food ; and now, the rocks among
And pathless solitudes of Sipylus,
The rumour'd cradle of the nymphs who dance
On Acheloüs bank, although a stone
She weeps, and broods her heav'n inflicted woes.

Come, then, my venerable guest ! take we 770
Needful refreshment also ! for in Troy,
And at thy son's last rites, thou shalt not want
Or leisure or just cause for many a tear.

So spake Achilles, and, upstarting, slew
A sheep white-fleec'd, which his attendants flay'd,
And busily and with much skill their task

Administ'ring, first slic'd the viands thin,
 Then pierc'd them with the spits, and when the roast
 Was finish'd drew them from the spits again.
 And now, Automedon dispens'd the bread 780
 Pil'd in neat baskets round the polish'd board;
 Which done, Achilles portion'd out to each
 His share, and all assail'd the ready feast.
 But when nor hunger more nor thirst they felt,
 Dardanian Priam, wond'ring at his bulk
 And beauty (for he seem'd some God from heav'n),
 Gaz'd on Achilles, while Achilles, held
 Not less in admiration of his looks
 Benign, and of his gentle converse wise,
 Gaz'd on Dardanian Priam, and when each 790
 Had look'd his fill, then Priam thus began:

Now, godlike hero! to an early couch
 Dismiss us both; for never have I clos'd
 These eye-lids, since by thy victorious hand
 My son expir'd; but sorrow have indulg'd,
 Still ruminating on my countless woes,
 And rolling in the ashes of my courts;
 But, now, have I both eaten, and my thirst
 With copious use of sable wine allay'd,
 Who neither would, till won to both by thee. 800

He scarce had ended, when Achilles bade
 His soldiers and the women of his tent
 Beneath his portico two beds prepare;
 First, rugs of brightest purple; arras, next;
 And fleecy mantles, last. At his command,
 Forth went the women bearing each a light,
 And dress'd the beds; when, feigning needful fear,
 Achilles thus his speech to Priam turn'd:

My aged guest belov'd! sleep thou without;
 Lest some Achaian chief (for such are wont 810
 Ofttimes here sitting, to consult with me)
 Should seek my tent; of whom if any chance
 To spy thee through the gloom, he will at once
 Convey the tale to Agamemnon's ear,
 Whence hind'rance may arise, and the release
 Of Hector's body be, perchance, delay'd.
 But answer me with truth. How many days
 Wouldst thou assign to the funereal rites

Of noble Hector? for so long I mean
Myself to rest, and keep the host at home. 820

Then thus the godlike kind of Troy replied:
Achilles! If thou grant me to complete
My noble Hector's tomb, I shall account
The favour great, and deem thee kind indeed.
For we are prison'd, as full well thou know'st,
In Ilium now, and fuel must procure
From Ida's side remote; fear, too, hath seiz'd
On all our people. Therefore thus I say:
Nine days we wish to mourn him in the house;
To his interment we would give the tenth, 830
And to the public banquet: the eleventh
Shall see us build his tomb; and on the twelfth
(If war we must) we will to war again.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race:
My venerable friend, at thy request
I grant this also; the suspended war,
Till twice six days be past, shall cease to rage.

So saying, to dispel from Priam's mind
All secret terrour, as a friend he seiz'd
On his right-hand, and grasp'd it at the wrist, 840
Then in the vestibule the ancient king
And his grave herald slept; but Peleus' son
In the interiour tent, and at his side
Briseïs, with transcendent beauty adorn'd.

Now all, all night, by gentle sleep subdu'd,
Both Gods and chariot-ruling warriors lay,
But not the benefactor of mankind,
Hermes, employ'd in various musings deep
How likeliest from amid the Grecian camp
He might deliver by the guard unseen 850
The king of Ilium; at his head he stood
In vision, and the senior thus bespake:

O ancient king! Achilles, it is true,
Forbids thee not; but fear'st thou, for that cause,
No mischief here, that thou securely sleep'st
With all thy foes around thee? Thou hast giv'n
Much for redemption of thy darling son,
But thrice that sum thy sons who still survive
Must give to Agamemnon and the Greeks

For *thy* redemption, should Achaia's host 860
Once learn the truth, that thou art here alive.

He ended ; at the sound alarm'd upsprang
The king, and rous'd his herald. Hermes yok'd
Himself both mules and steeds, and thro' the camp,
All eyes eluding, whirl'd them to the plain.

Then Hermes, soon as to the ford they came
Of gulfy Xanthus, from immortal Jove
Descended, to th' Olympian summit soar'd,
And saffron-vested morn illum'd the skies.

They, wailing, sought the city ; foremost went 870
The chariot, then the litter with the Dead.

Nor warrior yet, nor cinctur'd matron, knew
Of all in Ilium aught of their approach,
Except Cassandra ; she, in feature fair
As golden Venus, mounted on the height
Of Pergamus, her father first discern'd,
Borne on his chariot-seat erect, and knew
The herald heard so oft in echoing Troy ;
Him also on his bier outstretch'd she mark'd,
Whom the mules drew. Then, shrieking, through
the streets 880

Of Troy she ran, and loud proclaim'd the sight.

Trojans of either sex ! if e'er ye saw,
Delighted, Hector from the fight return'd,
Troy's proudest boast, come forth and view him now.

She spake—at once all Ilium rush'd abroad,
Female and male, by sorrow, that disdain'd
All limits, urg'd, and near the city-gates
Their sov'reign met conducting home the dead.
Then, foremost of them all, the mother-queen
And Hector's wife, each rending as she ran 890
Her tresses, reach'd the bier. Beneath his head
Their hands they plac'd : the people wept around.
All day, and to the going down of day,
They thus had mourn'd the dead before the gates,
But Priam from his chariot thus exclaim'd :

Hence—let the litter pass ; for ye may weep
Till tears shall fail, the body once at home.

He said ; they, op'ning, gave the litter way.
Arriv'd within the royal house, they stretch'd

The breathless Hector on a sumptuous bed, 900
And singers plac'd beside him, who should chant
The strain funereal ; they with many a groan
The dirge began, and still, at ev'ry close,
The female train with many a groan replied.
Then, Hector's beauteous spouse, between her hands
His head sustaining, while the female throng
Attentive heard, resum'd, herself, the strain :

My hero ! thou hast fall'n in prime of life,
Me leaving here a widow, and the fruit
Of our ill-fated loves, a helpless child, 910
Whom grown to manhood I despair to see.
For, ere that season, from her topmost height
Precipitated shall this city fall,
Since thou hast perish'd, once her sure defence,
Faithful protector of her spotless wives
And all their little ones. Those wives shall soon
In Grecian barks capacious hence be borne,
And I among the rest. But thou, my child !
Shalt either share my fate, ordain'd to drudge
Beneath some tyrant in a distant clime, 920
Or, seizing thy weak hand, some furious Greek
Shall headlong hurl thee from the tow'r of Troy
To a sad death—whose brother, it may chance,
Whose father or whose son brave Hector slew,
For he made many a Grecian bite the ground.
Thy father, boy, bore never into fight
A milky mind, and for that self-same cause
Is now bewail'd in ev'ry house of Troy.
Sorrow unutterable thou hast caus'd
Thy parents, Hector ! but to me hast left 930
Largest bequest of misery, to whom,
Dying, thou neither didst thy arms extend
Forth from thy bed, nor gav'st me precious word,
To be remember'd day and night with tears.

So spake she weeping, whom her maidens all
With sighs accompanied ; and her complaint
With sobs the royal mother next began :
Hector ! far dearest of my sons to me,
Thee living must the Gods have also lov'd,
Whose kindness even in the bands of death 940
Attends thee ; for what son soe'er of ours

Achilles seiz'd besides, to Samos, him,
 Or Imbrus, or the dreaded Lemnian coast,
 Far o'er the barren deep, for sale he sent;
 But thee, poor victim of his ruthless spear,
 Oft, at his wheels, around Patroclus' tomb
 He dragg'd as he would waken into life
 His friend whom thou hadst slain—yet still he slept.
 But thou, the freshness of a fragrant flow'r
 New-gather'd hold'st, and more resemblest far 950
 Some youth whom Phœbus with his gentle shafts
 Hath pierc'd at home, than one in battle slain.

So spake the queen, exciting in all hearts
 Sorrow immeasurable; after whom,
 Fair Helen, last, thus led the mournful choir:

Hector! far dearest of my brothers here!
 Me godlike Paris to the shores of Troy
 Seduc'd, and made me partner of his bed,
 But, O that I had perish'd first at home!
 For this, since stolen from my native land 960
 I wander'd hither, is the twentieth year,
 Yet never heard I once hard speech from thee,
 Or taunt morose: but if it ever chanc'd,
 That male or female of thy father's house
 Blam'd me, and even if herself the queen
 (For in the king, whate'er befell, I found
 Always a father) thou hast interpos'd
 Thy gentle temper and thy gentle speech
 To sooth them; therefore, with a breaking heart
 Thee and my wretched self at once I mourn, 970
 For other friend within the ample bounds
 Of Ilium have I none, nor hope to hear
 Kind word again, with horror view'd by all.

So spake she weeping, and the countless throng
 With groans replied, whom Priam thus address'd:

Ye Trojans, now bring fuel home, nor fear
 Close ambush of the Greeks; Achilles' self
 Gave me, at my dismissal from the fleet,
 Assurance, that from hostile force secure
 We shall remain, till the twelfth dawn arise. 980

All, then, their mules and oxen to the wains
 Join'd speedily, and under Ilium's walls
 Assembled num'rous; nine whole days they toil'd,

Bringing much fuel home, and when the tenth
Bright morn, with light for humankind, arose,
Then, bearing noble Hector forth, and all
Weeping profusely, on the pile aloft
They plac'd him, and the fuel fir'd beneath.

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Redden'd the East, then, thronging forth, all Troy
Encompass'd noble Hector's pile around. 991

The whole vast multitude conven'd, with wine
They quench'd the pile, nor any portion left
Unvisited, on which the fire had seiz'd.

His white bones, next, his brothers and his friends
Collected, mourning and with many tears
Wat'ring their cheeks; within a golden urn
They plac'd them, which they veil'd with mantles light
Of purple hue, then, delving, buried it, 999
And with huge stones contiguous spread the ground.
His tomb they pil'd in haste, while num'rous spies
Watch'd lest the Greeks should sally, and, the work
Now finish'd, in the royal house conven'd,
A sumptuous banquet shar'd, by Priam giv'n.

Such burial the illustrious Hector found.

THE END.

NOTES.

BOOK I. *Line 46, 47.* Islands of the Sigæan sea, nearly opposite to Troy. Cilla was a town of Troas.

Line 48. So called on account of his having saved the people of Troas from a plague of mice, *smnthos* in their language meaning a mouse.

Line 67. The goddess had two reasons for her partiality to the Greeks: first, because she was in such high repute in Argos, that the whole country was said to be her temple; secondly, because Paris had decided against her when he stood candidate with Minerva and Venus for the prize of beauty. Minerva on the latter account patronized them also.

Line 156. When Homer gives to his heroes the epithet Godlike, we are to understand it, not as an ascription of universal excellence, but only of some one quality perhaps of mind or body, by which they merit praise.

Line 267. The shield of Jupiter, made by Vulcan, and so called from its covering, which was the skin of the goat that suckled him.

Line 280. In the beginning, every Grecian city had its king, by whom the people were governed, not arbitrarily, as was the case with the barbarous nations, but according to the laws and customs of their native country; and the most powerful sovereign was he who exercised his authority with the most justice. This is proved even by Homer, who calls his kings judges and dispensers of equity.

Line 299. He was, therefore, about ninety years of age.

Line 311. Pirithous, son of Ixion; Athenian by birth, but who dwelt among the Centaurs. At his marriage with Hippodamia, he invited them to the wedding feast; when, being intoxicated, they laid violent hands on the Grecian women, on which account Pirithous at the head of the Lapithæ slew many of them, and drove the rest to Malea, a mountain or promontory of Peloponnesus.

Line 313. Theseus was king of Athens, and a hero little inferior to Hercules.

Line 312. Concerning Exadius, and the Polypheme here intended, the commentators are silent. Cæneus was son of Elatus, and king of the Lapithæ; originally

a beautiful woman, but transformed at her own request by her lover Neptune into a man.

Line 483. Jupiter having acquired supremacy in Heaven, made an exorbitant use of his power, and treated the other Gods with much haughtiness. A sedition among them was the consequence, and a conspiracy to bind him. But Thetis, apprised of their intentions by her father Nereus, hastened to the aid of Jupiter, attended by Ægeon, who terrified them from their purpose. Jupiter learning the particulars of this cabal from Thetis, suspended Juno by the wrists, commanded Neptune and Apollo to work for Laomedon, and in recompence of such signal service rendered him by Thetis, conferred on her son Achilles the honour of complete vengeance for the injury done him by Agamemnon. Achilles, in this passage desiring the punishment of the Grecians, very artfully reminds his mother, that those Deities who now assist them had formerly been confederated against Jupiter.

Line 487. A demon of the sea.

Line 514. A name by which we are frequently to understand the Nile in Homer.

Line 621. Hercules having laid Troy in ruins, was, on his return, driven to Cos by a storm of Juno's raising, who hated him, and who had contrived to cast Jupiter into a profound sleep, that he might not interrupt her purpose. Jupiter awaking, in resentment of her artifice practised on him, punished her with bonds, which Vulcan attempting to loose, he was discovered by Jupiter, and cast headlong down to Lemnos.

Line 631. The reader, in order that he may partake with the Gods in the drollery of this scene, should observe, that the crippled and distorted Vulcan had thrust himself into an office at all other times administered either by Hebe or Ganymede.

BOOK II. *Line 9.* The ships being drawn ashore, the camp was pitched above them, with no interval, or a very narrow one, between. The English reader will do well to bear this in mind, else *camp* and *fleet*, used indiscriminately as they are by Homer, will often puzzle him.

Line 131. He alludes to the sign given at Aulis.

Line 171. By the grooves are to be understood the drills or trenches which received the keels of the galleys, and which served to guide them in their descent to the water.

Line 423. Two or three words will be sufficient to point the reader's attention to the artful and excellent management of the poet in this important crisis. Ulysses exhorts the people to stay; Nestor recommends im-

mediate battle; and Agamemnon makes an early and public confession of his fault, that the army may the less resent it.

Line 509. Money stamped with the figure of an ox.

Line 510. A river of Asia Minor, so called from Cayster, son of Penthesilea the Amazon. Cayster was the father of Semiramis.

Line 524. So called from Asius, son of Coteus king of Lydia.

Line 558. Homer, who, it might have been supposed, would have begun his geographical account from Athens or Sparta, or, more probably, from Mycenæ, the city of the sovereign, chose to begin it from Bœotia; not for the sake of any peculiar dignity in the character of it, but merely because as a promontory it afforded him a point of particular notoriety. He is highly applauded by Macrobius for the exactness with which he performs his poetical journey, who, on the contrary, much censures Virgil for his inattention in that article.

Line 574. Some say Thebes the less; others, the suburbs of Thebes the greater. It is certain that Thebes itself sent none.

Line 622. Their custom was not to hurl the spear, but to attack spear in hand.

Line 689. Thamvris was the son of Philemon and the nymph Arsias. He excelled both in beauty and as a poet, and wagered with the Muses that if he proved more skilful on the lyre than they, they should submit to his embraces; otherwise, they should deprive him of what they pleased. He was worsted, and punished with the loss of sight and intellect. This short history of him is evidently introduced by the poet to diversify his matter, and relieve the mind of the reader.

Line 846. Philoctetes, while he cleansed the altar of Minerva in Lemnos, was bitten by a serpent, and left there by the Greeks, because the priests of Vulcan were accounted singularly skilful in the cure of such wounds. But it was decreed in Heaven, that without the arrows of Hercules Troy should not be taken, which arrows Philoctetes had in his possession, consigned to him by their owner at his death. The Greeks regretted him therefore as a person necessary to the success of their enterprise; and after the death of Achilles, Ulysses was despatched to Lemnos, that he might obtain the important arrows. He succeeded, and returned with them to the camp. Paris fell by one of them, and the destruction of Troy soon followed.

Line 906. Either celery, parsley, or smallage. Horses, Plutarch observes, allowed longer rest than usual, are subject to disorders in the feet for which this herb is a remedy. It is not without reason, therefore, he adds, that the horses of Achilles are thus fed, and that they

are the only horses mentioned in the Iliad which are so.

Line 910. One of the giants, who fought against the Gods. What place is meant by Arimi is uncertain.

Line 982. Not properly *archers*, but whose weapon was a dart with a thong attached to it, by which they launched it forth and recovered it.

BOOK III. *Line 8.* There is a nation much addicted to agriculture in the upper parts of Ægypt near to the sea, consisting of little people, who, when the cranes visit their country, and, devouring their seeds, occasion a famine there, wage war with the invaders.

Line 18. Paris is here named Alexander in the original, as he is in other various places. He had this name given him, either because he was exposed when an infant by his parents, or because he escaped by the aid of a shepherd the fate designed for him. The word ἀλεξω, from which the name is taken, signifies both to *drive away* and to *assist*. His mother Hecuba dreamed, while pregnant with him, that she brought forth a burning torch, which fired and consumed all Troy, together with the woods of Ida. The soothsayers, having heard her dream, enjoined her to cast out her infant immediately on its birth to be devoured by wild beasts. The child was accordingly sent to Ida, and left there; but a shepherd finding him, and being struck with his beauty, took him to his home, and reared him.

Line 170. Not the grasshopper, but an insect well known in hot countries, and which in Italy is called cicála. The grasshopper rests on the ground, but the favourite abode of the cicála is in the trees and hedges.

Line 211. Homer distinguishes Phrygia from the country around Troy, though since his time they have been confounded. Phrygia, properly so called, was on the banks of the Sangar.

Line 215. The Amazons dwelt on the banks of the Thermodon, a river of Scythia; were the reputed daughters of Mars and Venus, and had their name from a practice of depriving themselves of the right breast, lest it should incommode them in the use of the bow.

Melanippa and Hippolyta were leaders of the Amazonian host, and observing that Phrygia was a fine country, abounding in pasture for horses, and in hills adapted to the cultivation of the vine, invaded it with all their forces, which they encamped on the side of the Sangar. Mygdon and Otreus, at the head of the Phrygian army, ere the Amazons had yet possessed themselves of the mountains that formed the barrier of their country, attacked them in their camp, and gained a victory, to which Priam, young at that time, had the honour to contribute.

Line 249. His brow being gathered into wrinkles, as is the case when a man of an expressive countenance collects his thoughts, gave a severity to his look, that might have been construed as a sign of anger; and his sceptre held motionless, on account of his being absorbed in the subject on which he was about to speak, gave him the air of a man whose mind is perfectly vacant. A head crowded with ideas, and a head with none in it, are often indicated by similar gestures.

Line 254. The poet has described and exemplified three kinds of eloquence. That of Nestor is sweet; that of Menelaus, concise; but that of Ulysses, copious and forcible, frequent and rapid as the snow in winter. With him, therefore, says Quintilian, shall no man be accounted comparable.

Line 348. Priam carries home the lambs with him, that he may send them round the city for the information of those not present at the ceremony; for it was customary for the natives of a place to make that use of the victims slain in confirmation of a sworn treaty; but the strangers, who were parties to it, cast their victims into the sea.

Line 361. There is an appearance of great generosity in the behaviour of the Greeks on this occasion, who confide the shaking of the lots to an enemy so interested in the event as Hector. And Hector shows himself worthy of that confidence, turning his face aside while he shakes them, lest his eye, if he saw them, should affect his hand, and he should favour the lot of Paris.

Line 416. Because the hide of a beast that dies in health is tougher and fitter for use than of another that dies deceased.

BOOK IV. *Line 2.* Hebe was cupbearer to all the Gods; Ganymede to Jove only; and the key to this distinction is found in their respective names, Hebe signifying youth, and Ganymede one who delights in wisdom. The Gods were, all alike, accounted ever young, but it was deemed the peculiar attribute of Jupiter to rejoice in the depth of his counsels.

Line 9. A town of that name in Bœotia, where Pallas was particularly worshipped.

Line 285. The guest who was held in highest honour, was thus distinguished. He had no sooner drunk, than the attendant filled his cup again to the brim, while others were served less liberally, and only in proportion to the place they held in the estimation of the public.

Line 345. Here Nestor only mentions the name of Ereuthalion, knowing the present to be an improper time for story-telling; in the seventh book he relates his fight and victory at length. This passage may serve

to confute those who charge Nestor with indiscriminate loquacity.

Line 430. Eteocles, son of Œdipus, expelled Polynices from Thebes, his elder brother, who, retiring to Argos, found Tideus there, a fugitive also. Adrastus, king of Argos, seeing them both clad in skins of beasts, Tydeus in that of a boar, and Polynices in a lion's, took that circumstance as a key to an oracle, which had told him, that his daughters should marry, the one a lion, and the other a boar. Accordingly he gave his daughter Deipyle to Tydeus, and her sister Argeia to Polynices. He then sent them to Mycenæ, to solicit for him the aid of that city against the Thebans. Thyestes, the king of Mycenæ, would readily have complied, but by certain evil prognostics was prevented. The Greeks, however, arriving before Thebes, sent Tydeus into it as their ambassador, and on this occasion it was that he performed the feats here celebrated.

Line 432. When he was on the point of slaying Mæon also, Minerva whispered in his ear, that *his spear was broken*. Mæon is by some supposed to have been a herald, as well as a commander, and to have been spared for that reason. The herald's was a sacred office, inso-much that the prohibition to harm them became proverbial.

Line 480. This description, says Longinus, gives us not more justly the measure of Discord, than that of the genius of Homer.

Line 522. Homer's sight served him well till he lost it. His description of natural objects is always accurate. The poplar, when it has attained its full size, is ever such as he describes it, branched above, with a bole quite naked.

Line 558. This name is either from *τρέω*, because she was terrible in fight, or, as some suppose, from the river Triton in Libya.

BOOK V. *Line 75.* A famine prevailing in Sparta, recourse was had to the oracle. The answer was, that they must propitiate the Gods of Troy. Menelaus went to Troy for the purpose, and, while there, consulted the oracle on his own concerns, and in particular inquired, when he should be a father. Paris, as it happened, repaired thither at the same time, to inquire concerning a wife. The Trojans, for their part, are said to have been admonished by the oracle in Greece, to addict themselves to husbandry, and to abstain from all naval arts, otherwise they would destroy both themselves and their city.—Neither of these premonitions could be well understood till the event explained it.

Line 85. Meges, son of Phyleus.

Line 113. Scalloped at the arm, to give it free play—of course when the arm was raised there would be an opening.

Line 143. It is said of Tydeus, that, at the siege of Thebes, being wounded by Menalippus son of Astacus, he was so enraged, that Amphiaraus bringing him the head of his enemy, he split, and spread it, and like a wild beast sucked the brains. But unfortunately for himself. For as it happened, he did this at the moment when Minerva descended from the skies, to bring him the gift of immortality. Revolted by his enormous ferocity, she returned immediately, and Tydeus, seeing her as she went, entreated her to bestow the blessing on his son.

Line 165. Or collar-bone.

Line 248. This is the true meaning of *Τρωϊοὶ ἵπποι*—for the steeds of Troy were like other steeds, and by no particular excellence distinguished from them; but the steeds of Tros were a gift from Jupiter, and said to be immortal.

Line 285. Alluding to the encouragement given him by Pallas above.

Line 435. Venus, enamoured of Adonis, and trembling lest he should perish in the chase of wild beasts, gave him in charge to the servants of Otus and Ephialtes; but Mars seeing him in pursuit of his prey on Mount Libanus in Arabia, stole him. Otus and Ephialtes, in resentment of the wrong, seized Mars, and imprisoned him, as is here mentioned.

Line 646. Pylæmenes is mentioned again in the battle at the ships. But they are supposed to be different persons of one name. There he is called a king, and here a leader only.

Line 734. The reader will find this story related at large in a note on line 183 of Book XX.

Line 814. These, which I have called crescents, were a kind of hook of a semicircular form, to which the reins were occasionally fastened.

Line 819. The Hebe of Homer not only attends on the Gods as a cup-bearer, but acts here in the capacity of groom to Juno, and at the close of the book we shall find her bathing and attiring Mars.

Line 954. A helmet composed of the shades of Tartarus.

Line 971. This interference of Minerva, and the victory that she gains for Diomedes, are a poetical intimation, that the Greeks prevailed by virtue of their better discipline and superior skill in battle.

BOOK VI. *Line 40.* Eurypylus.

Line 134. Hector's departure at such a crisis is blamed by some, who observe, that the message he bore to He,

cuba might have been as well conveyed to her by a herald; but he had other points to carry, which none could effect in his stead: especially it was needful for him to find and to persuade Paris to the field again, whose disappearance and long absence were much resented by the Trojans.

Line 145. It seems strange that Diomedes should suddenly profess such reverence for the Gods, who had so lately wounded two of them. But it should be remembered that he did it in obedience to the express command of Pallas.

Line 147. Many places bore this name, but a mountain of Thrace is here intended; for Thrace was the country of this Lycurgus, who, being king of a people addicted to drunkenness, ordered that the vine should no longer be cultivated in his dominions.

Line 173. Jupiter having ravished Ægina, daughter of Asopus, Siysphus discovered and declared the rape to her father, and by doing so, drew on himself the anger of Jupiter, who sent Death to punish him. But Sisyphus, perceiving who was at hand, seized Death and bound him; whence it came to pass, that nobody died, till Pluto himself at length slew Sisyphus, and set Death at liberty.

Line 175. He was at first named Hipponous, but having slain Bellerus, a ruler in Corinth, was thenceforth called Bellerophon.

Line 204. Chimæra is said to have been a mountain of Lycia mythologized, the summit of which abounded with lions, the middle with goats, and the bottom with serpents. Bellerophon was a match for them all, being mounted on Pegasus, the horse of Medusa, which he had received as a present from Neptune.

Line 209. Who at that time overran and plundered Asia.

Line 230. He is supposed to have made this melancholy conclusion against himself, inferring it from the misfortunes of his family, and to have abjured society for that reason.

Line 330. He steered not a direct course to Troy, fearing pursuit, but coasted Ægypt and Phœnicia, and touching at Sidon took on board these women, whom he found without the city.

Line 404. The bulk of his heroes is a circumstance of which Homer frequently reminds us by the use of the word μέγας—and which ought, therefore, by no means to be suppressed.

Line 452. The name signifies, the *Chief of the city*.

Line 471. Mountain-nymphs.

Line 481. Sudden deaths were ascribed either to Diana or Apollo.

Line 493. It may seem incongruous, that a woman should prescribe to her warlike husband in such a case, but what love does is always well done. When she combed the manes of Hector's horses, and gave them provender, she might seem to act an unfeminine part also; but the same principle influenced her, and was a sufficient apology.

BOOK VII. *Line 44.* Helenus and Cassandra are said to have been twins, and this fable is related concerning them:—That on the celebration of their birth-day in the temple of Apollo, the two children, after playing there till they were weary, fell asleep, and they who had the charge of them, being intoxicated, forgot and went away without them; but returning next day to the temple, they found them under an operation performed by serpents, which were employed in licking their eyes, ears, lips, and nostrils. The women shrieked at the sight, and the serpents hid themselves among the laurels. But from that time Helenus and his sister prophesied.

Line 142. The club-bearer.

Line 186. Agamemnon.

Line 234. The reader is desired once for all to observe, with how much art and propriety the poet seizes every occasion, to introduce some mention of Achilles, that the unity of action may be preserved throughout.

Line 485. The Lemnians having offended Venus by neglecting to worship her, were punished by a conspiracy of their wives against them. For the Goddess, it is said, kindled in them such lust after the women of Thrace, that, slighting and forsaking their own, they passed into that country in quest of the objects of their desire. Venus, in the mean time, struck the Lemnian women with frenzy, and the effect of it was, that they determined to slay all the men of the island; which purpose they actually performed with only few exceptions. At the time when this happened, Jason, being on his voyage in the Argo, met with Hipsipyle, by whom he became the father of Euneus.

BOOK VIII. *Line 66.* Not the gates of Troy only, but the gates also of the rampart constructed by the Grecians.

Line 211. The only instance, in the poem, of a hero drawn by four horses.

Line 219. The brace by which the shield was held, and the belt by which it was suspended.

Line 231. Helice, a city of Greece, sank and was lost in an earthquake. Ægæ was an island near to Eubœa.

Line 259. In the tumult of such a moment it was not

possible that he should make himself heard by all; he used his robe therefore in aid of his voice, that they who could not hear, might understand, when he shook it at them, his ardent desire, that they should stop and face their enemies.

Line 285. To Jove the source of all oracular information.

Some say that Jupiter, immediately after his birth, himself brought forth the eagle. Others, that in his battle with the Giants the Eagle encouraged him, as even to Him a favourable omen. The eagle in this place, as the most perfect of birds, represents the Greeks; the fawn, as the most timid and helpless of animals, the Trojans.

Line 326. When Hercules desolated Troy, having taken Hesione, daughter of Laomedon and sister of Priam, captive, he gave her to Telamon, his ally. To him she bore Teucer, who was so named because produced by a Trojan mother; for the Trojans were themselves called Teuceri, from Teucer, once their king.

Line 353. The fruit of the poppy is the globular capsule that contains the seed. At the top it is somewhat crested.

Line 422. Cerberus, a dog with three heads, and the tail of a dragon. Hercules, though bitten by his serpent-tail, yet dragged him up from Hell, and having shown him to Eurystheus, at whose command he had conquered the monster, dragged him down again.

Line 551. Iäpetus was one of the Titans. Jupiter having deposed his father Saturn, and usurped the throne in Heaven, the Giants, sons of Earth, resented it, and prepared furious battle against him in the maritime city of Tartessus. Jove met and vanquished them, and sent them all to Erebus, the sovereignty of which he consigned to Saturn.

Line 646. The Trojans, therefore, were in number fifty thousand.

BOOK IX. *Line 13.* Either that the enemy might not hear the summons, or lest his own people hearing it, and being already in a state of consternation, should be alarmed still more.

Line 24. Agamemnon alludes to the extraordinary sign exhibited to them by Jupiter, while they sacrificed to him at Aulis, and which Calchas interpreted as a divine assurance of success in the tenth year.

Line 58. Diomedes, who would not reply to the reproach of Agamemnon till he had distinguished himself, now, after slaying the charioteer of Hector, saving Nestor, wounding two Deities, seizing the horses of Æneas, acquiring golden armour, giving Idæus a direct negative

to his proposal in the name of Paris, confronting for a time the thunder, being the last to fly and the first to battle, now, animated by a consciousness of his own merits, and finding a fair occasion, reproaches the sovereign in his turn.

Line 175. Called likewise Iphigenia. The story therefore of her being sacrificed, to procure a fair wind for the Grecian fleet port-lock'd at Aulis, was invented afterward.

Line 184. These were all cities of Messene, and, Messene belonging at that time to the Spartans, are supposed to have been part of Clytemnestra's dower, or willingly resigned by Menelaus on this occasion.

Line 217. Because on the discretion and sagacity of Ulysses he depended most for the success of the embassy.

Line 228. A native of the country promising the lyre of Paris to Alexander the Great, if he would condescend to accept it, he replied—Of his I have no need, being already in possession of that of Achilles, with which he amused himself in his hours of leisure, singing, as he played on it, the praise of heroes. The lyre of Paris, habituated to effeminate and lascivious music, is not for me.

Line 232. That is to say, before Ajax, because Ulysses was chief speaker. But the order of the procession seems to have been, Phœnix foremost, as conductor of the heralds, then the heralds, then Ulysses, then Ajax.

Line 260. Salt was accounted *sacred* for its antiseptic quality, or on account of the constant and universal use of it among men; for which reason *water* and *light* are honoured with the same epithet.

Line 293. The heads of their vessels were adorned with images of the Gods, which he feared to burn, and intended probably to preserve as trophies.

Line 417. The argument proves Agamemnon either unwise or unjust. If deprivation of a wife be a trifle, why has he thus resented the wrong done to his brother? And if it be an unpardonable injury, why has he taken mine?

Line 451. In this passage he seems to say, My riches are already such as exempt me effectually from all temptation to accept the offered presents from Agamemnon.

Line 470. A city of Bœotia, famed for the riches it received from all the inhabitants of the adjacent country, in honour of the Graces, who were worshipped in it.

Line 471. Thebes is said to have been wonderfully enriched by the Libyans, Æthiopians, and other nations tributary to it. It was afterward called Diospolis, and was destroyed by the Persians.

Line 500. Pytho was a city of Phocis, inhabited by a colony of Delphians.

Line 555. She was, therefore, at this time, not actually his concubine, but educated in his house, and destined to be so.

Line 561. Pluto and Proserpine.

Line 651. A colony of Eubœans. They dwelt in Pleuro, a city of Ætolia, and had their name from the mountain Curios.

Line 670. Ceneus was king of Ætolia. His son Meleager slew the boar, and being rewarded with his spoils, gave the head and the hide to his mistress Atalanta, who had assisted in the chase. The brothers of Althæa, the mother of Meleager, offended at this disposal of them, conspired against him. Some of them he slew, and others he threatened to expel from the country; whence ensued the war between Pleuro and Calydon, in which Meleager at last proved victorious; but his mother having received a torch from Destiny, on the preservation of which the life of her son depended, kindled, consumed it, and by so doing destroyed him. But repenting too late, she afterward destroyed herself also.

Line 693. Marpessa was herself the daughter of Egeus, who was reputed son of Mars, and king of Ætolia. The story to which Homer alludes is this: Idas, by birth a Spartan, travelling to Ortygia in Chalcis in quest of a wife, there seized and carried off Marpessa. Apollo, meeting Idas, took Marpessa from him; but the hero bending his bow against the God to recover her, Jupiter ordered her to choose between them. She, apprehensive that Apollo would in time forsake her, finally gave her hand to Idas.

Line 701. She had five brothers; Iphiclus, Polyphontes, Phanes, Eurypylus, Plexippus.

Line 750. The story told by Phœnix is extremely apposite to the case in question, and accordingly furnishes such argument as was most likely to prove successful. Achilles refused his aid to the Greeks, offended by Agamemnon; Meleager, his to the Ætolians, offended by his mother. The wrath of Achilles originates from a calamity caused by Apollo, that of Meleager from one almost as formidable inflicted by Diana. Intercessors are employed and gifts are promised, to assuage the resentment of both heroes. What followed, therefore, in the case of Meleager, Phœnix with great reason deprecates in the case of Achilles; but in vain. The similitude obtains to the last. Meleager lost his recompense by relenting too late; and Achilles, too long refusing to go himself to battle, and at last going only by proxy, lost his friend Patroclus.

BOOK X. *Line 56.* Inferior, therefore, in that respect also to Achilles. Achilles seems ever present to the thoughts of Agamemnon in this hour of distress and difficulty.

Line 77. That being known by his voice he might escape the arrest and violence, to which, had he been mistaken for an intruder into the camp, he must infallibly have been exposed.

Line 179. Σαυρωτήρ—seems to have been a hollow iron with a point, fitted to the obtuse end of the spear for the purpose of planting that end of it in the ground. It might probably be taken off at pleasure.

Line 257. Sable, because the expedition was made by night, and each with a lamb, as typical of the fruit of their labours.

Line 294. The night, consisting of twelve hours, was divided into three parts of four hours each. Seven hours were now elapsed, an hour therefore of the second portion and the whole third portion still remained.

Line 308. Antolycus was grandfather of Ulysses by the mother's side.

Line 310. Scandia was a city of Cytheræ, an island belonging to the Spartans, in which Venus was splendidly worshipped, who was thence called Cytherea.

Line 361. This circumstance is supposed to be mentioned as a probable cause of his timidity. Educated with girls only, and having had no opportunity of athletic exercise in his early days, he was the less qualified for a warrior.

Line 474. Ilus was son of Tros, and from him the city was called Ilium. His tomb was equidistant from Troy and the camp of Greece, standing in the middle of the plain.

Line 595. How then is it to be accounted for, that he did not interpose to prevent the slaughter of his friends by Diomedes? Jupiter had forbidden all interference of the Gods. But when Apollo saw Pallas attending her favourite heroes, as if justified by her example, he descended into the field also.

Line 621. The Greeks considered their enemies as barbarians.

Line 664. Ulysses and his companion were not the only Grecians thus employed, for it was now morning, and the hour was come when others would consequently do the same.

BOOK XI. *Line 1.* Tithonus was the son of Laomedon, and brother of Priam, a youth of such extraordinary beauty, that Aurora stole and kept him concealed in Æthiopia. By him she had two sons, Ema-

thion and Memnon. The former defending the golden apples was slain by Hercules, and Achilles slew the latter. Tithonus having asked and obtained immortality from Aurora, but forgetting to ask unfading youth also, grew old, and unable longer to endure the ills of human life, entreated that he might die; but that being impossible, the Goddess transformed him into a grasshopper, that if she could no longer be happy in his embraces, she might at least hear his voice perpetually.

Line 4. Some say that the sign was lightning; some, an image representing hostility; some, a sword; and some, a torch with which she fired the spirits of the combatants.

Line 21. Son of Bias, and so rich, that he is said not only to have entertained the whole Grecian army many days, but to have promised also to furnish them with subsistence during the siege. But it is likewise said, that, proving unmindful of his promise, he was cursed by Agamemnon, and soon after slain by Apollo, because he had dared to contend with him on the lyre. His daughters also, fifty in number, on the same account all perished in the ocean.

Line 27. The arrangement of these rods is supposed to have been alternate, first a rod of steel, then of tin, after that a golden one, then again a rod of tin, and again a rod of steel. Two of gold, according to this disposition of the rods, remain unaccounted for, which are supposed to have been both attached to the superior part of the corslet where it adjoined the neck.

Line 88. Such was their manner of reaping. Two reapers or more, beginning on opposite sides of the field, persevered till they met in the middle.

Line 173. The person of an ambassadour was then, as it is now, sacred; and to violate it was deemed an outrage, of which only barbarians could be capable.

Line 178. Antimachus, as we have seen, had contaminated his fingers with base bribes received from Paris; and Agamemnon, considering the son as a substitute, inflicts on him the punishment which his father's crime had merited.

Line 188. The Grecians at large are indiscriminately called Danaï, Argives, and Achaians, in the original. The Phthians in particular—Hellenes. They were the troops of Achilles.

Line 204. The tomb of Ilus, as has been already mentioned, stood in the midway between Troy and the Grecian camp, and the fig-tree grew close to the walls of the city.

Line 271. Nursed and educated in Thrace, but born in Troy; for his mother, being priestess of Minerva, could never have visited Thrace herself. She, there-

fore, soon after his birth, had consigned him to the care of her father Cisseus, who gave him his aunt for a bride.—The wife of Diomedes bore the same relationship to her husband.

Line 281. Perceus stood on the banks of the Hellespont; and he landed at that city, because, the Grecians being masters of the sea, he could not with security to his fleet conduct it farther.

Line 232. Illythia is used by the Roman poets as another name for Lucina; but Homer speaks of a plurality of such goddesses, yet gives us neither their number nor their respective names. His Muse also is always nameless.

Line 365. The storm is described as rushing down immediately from the clouds, because storms that take such a direction are most violent, and cannot be guarded against. So unforeseen and so terrible was the arrival of Hector.

Line 368. There was a Dolops also among the Trojans—See Book XV. 615, where he assails Meges, and is slain by Menelaus.

Line 384. Ulysses now takes his turn to encourage Diomedes; though he lately fled himself, and was called back by Diomedes in vain.

Line 402. The original says—*They took*—though Diomedes only took them; making the act of one common to both, because they fought in concert.

Line 448. The expression does not imply a doubt in Diomedes whether he had such an assistant among the Gods or not, for he knew well that Minerva was always ready to befriend him. But the problematical *if* has the force, here, of a strong affirmative, and the sense of the words is—*As sure as I have also among the Deities a friend to aid me.*

Line 461. The poet, always anxiously attentive to the honour of his countrymen, takes care that Agamemnon and Diomedes shall each receive his wound from an unseen enemy. Neither Coön dared to face the former, nor Paris the latter.—He is careful also to remind us continually of the crime of Paris, whom he rarely mentions without the dishonourable addition here annexed.

Line 592. The chariot of Menelaus is here intended; for Ulysses, it is observed by the commentator, had none, being an islander and an inhabitant of an island too rough for carriages.

Line 622. It is observed by the commentator, that Machaon, being wounded in the shoulder only, might have been sent to the fleet on foot, but that the poet provides him a place in Nestor's chariot, in order that, passing swiftly the bark of Achilles, he might be imperfectly

discerned by that hero, who therefore sends Patroclus to ascertain him. Thence ensues the death of Patroclus, thence the return of Achilles to battle, and thence the death of Hector.—On so slight a circumstance depends the whole catastrophe.

The observation is just, and in nothing are the wonderful forecast and ingenuity of Homer more strikingly exemplified.

Line 649. Thus it is that in a few words, and without seeming to intend it, Homer gives us a more adequate idea of the immense slaughter, than an inferior poet would have conveyed by the most elaborate description.

Line 656. The shield was not only borne in the hand, but suspended also by a belt. It could not otherwise have been thrown behind.

Line 715. Mares produced by those of Neleus, for the mares driven by the father of Nestor had been dead many years.

The poet has now sent all his bravest and most distinguished warriors wounded from the field, Ajax alone excepted. Agamemnon, Diomedes, Ulysses, Machaon, Eurypylus, and Teucer, are all disabled, that the Trojan inroad on the fleet may be accounted for without prejudice to the honour of the Grecians. Ajax is from this time the principal figure till Patroclus sallies; and after the death of Patroclus becomes again conspicuous, till he is superseded by Achilles, whose achievements close the poem.

Line 833. It is said that the Thebans, having war with the people of Orchomenos, the Pylians assisted the latter, for which cause Hercules destroyed their city.

Line 853. Sons of Actor and Molione. They are said to have had two heads, with four hands and feet, though but a single body, and being so formed, to have been invincible both in battle and in athletic exercises. Even Hercules could slay them no otherwise than by stratagem, which he did when he desolated Elis.

Line 857. The same that in the catalogue is called Thryos, and it stood on the boundary between Pylus and Elis.

Line 990. Nestor had kindled the courage of Patroclus, and this interview between him and Eurypylus serves well to second what Nestor had begun. The sight of his wounded friend, the intelligence he receives from him, and the fall of the rampart while he sits conversing with him, are so many incentives, which united, could not fail to determine his conduct.

BOOK XII. *Line 2.* Patroclus is more than once celebrated for his humanity and gentleness of spirit,

and the attention he gives to Eurypylus, in a moment when he knew himself impatiently expected by Achilles, is a proof that he merited that commendation. The virtues which Homer ascribes to his heroes appear always in their conduct.

Line 15. That is to say—a part of it; for part was demolished by Sarpedon, and still more of it by Apollo, when he levelled it before the Trojans.

Line 73. Another Polydamas is mentioned by the commentators, a sort of giant among his contemporaries, who, when he was a stripling only, slew a lion on mount Olympus, without the aid of any weapon. Entering a herd of cattle, he seized the largest and fiercest bull by one of his hinder feet, by which he held him to the ground so fast that the bull could escape only by leaving his hoof in his hand. He seized a chariot driven at full speed, and, pulling against the horses, stopped them. Many similar feats he performed, and died at last the victim of his superior strength. For the roof of a cave, in which he and his friends sat drinking in the heat of the day, threatening to fall in and crush them, the rest ran out and escaped, but he, supporting the ruin with his hands, continued to do so till it fell and buried him.

Line 153. The gate was held open in order that, if the enemy should threaten to enter, they who held it might immediately shut it against them.

Line 159. The Lapithæ descended from Lapithus, son of Apollo and the nymph Stilbe.

Line 175. Orestes—an ally of Troy, bearing the same name as the son of Agamemnon.

Line 243. Homer's characters are always consistent. Asius, impelled by rashness to attack the gate alone, by the same rashness is impelled to express the bitterness of his disappointment in blasphemy; and in blasphemy of the most unreasonable kind: for he charges Jupiter with deceiving him, merely because by his own sanguine and unwarranted expectation he had deceived himself.

Line 287. Alluding to the message delivered to him from Jupiter by Iris.

Line 301. After the desolation of Troy by Hercules, Priam ascending the throne sent messengers to consult the oracle of Delphos; they, having received their answer, returned to Troy accompanied by Panthus the Delphian, whom they persuaded to exchange his native place for a residence in the court of Priam, that he might serve him as his domestic prophet. There he married Pronome, daughter of Clytius, and by her became the father of Polydamas, whom he taught his art.

Line 325. Because the weakest, even women, might assist in tumbling down stones on the assailants.

Line 358. One attached to the inside of his shield, the other in his right hand.

Line 371. Sarpedon seems to distinguish himself here only, that the greater glory may redound to Patroclus, who slays him in the sequel.

BOOK XIII. *Line 9.* They are said to have been the only people of Scythia who were not subdued by Alexander, having by a seasonable embassy made their peace with him.

Line 28. Ægæ was the island which gave the Ægean sea its name.

Line 43. Imbrus and Tenedos were islands not far distant from Troy, lying between the Ægean sea and the Hellespont.

Line 160. The first rank stood presenting the points of their levelled spears against the faces of the enemy; the second, close behind the first, thrust forward theirs, which were more than two ells in length, each at the right side of the man before him, and the spears of the third rank were protruded between them both; so that three ranges of these weapons were held forth at once. The fourth and fifth ranks bore their spears erect, and stood prepared to advance into the place of any who were slain or disabled.

Line 244. The bodies of Imbrius and Amphimachus.

Line 250. Amphimachus.

Line 254. Ἰγνύην properly signifies the hollow behind the knee.

Line 358. Four different cities bore the name of Ephyre. One was in Thessaly, a second in Epirus, a third in Elis, and the fourth was Corinth. According to Apollodorus the Thessalian Ephyre is intended here, the inhabitants of which were called likewise the Crannonii.

Line 359. The Phleggyans were the people of Gortyna, a race of freebooters, terrible to their neighbours and to Thebes especially. Amphion therefore, with the harp given him by the Muses, charming the stones into his service, built the Theban wall as a defence against them.

Line 363. When they fought in pairs, one of the heroes was always subordinate to the other, and in some sort his servant. Meriones bore that relation to Idomeneus, and is therefore called his Θεράπων. The same order is observed in the simile. Idomeneus is compared to Mars himself, and Meriones to Terroure the son of Mars, his father's attendant in the field of battle.

Line 437. Cabesus was a city on the banks of the Hellespont.

Line 504. Hypsenor.

Line 557. He is said to have been jealous of him on account of his great popularity, and to have discountenanced him, fearing a conspiracy in his favour to the prejudice of his own family.

Line 589. Because, it is said, the sheep, when they drink most, fatten most, and grow fat soonest: it is also considered as a symptom that they are sound and in good health, if they drink often. But this remark must be limited to the sheep of hot countries, and countries subject to long-continued drought.

Line 627. It may seem strange to us, who are indebted to revelation for more adequate notions of Deity, that Mars, being a God, should be represented as having need of information from another, that his son was slain. But Homer's Gods, immortality excepted, differ little from the race of man.

Line 687. The Thracians were famous for the use of swords uncommonly ponderous; and such a sword might easily come into the possession of Helenus, either borrowed or purchased from an ally of that country.

Line 714. The centre of their slings was wadded with the finest wool, which, yielding to the pressure of the stone, afforded it a secure lodgement till the moment of dismission.

Line 765. Another Pylæmenes is mentioned in the fifth book, and Homer's persons are frequently synonymous. Two charioteers are named Eurymedon, Agamemnon's one, the other Nestor's. Two heralds, Eurybates; that of Ulysses, one, Agamemnon's the other. Three Adrasti; one slain by Diomedes, one by Menelaus, and the third by Patroclus. Two are called Acamas, one the son of Eusorus, one of Antenor. Two, Astynous; one slain by Diomedes; the other, charioteer to Polydamas. Three, Thoön; one slain by Diomedes, one by Ulysses, the third by Antilochus. Three, Melanippus; one exhorted by Hector to attack the ships, one slain by Teucer, a third by Patroclus. Two, Ophelestes; one slain by Eurypylus, one by Ajax, &c.

Line 795. Both the father and the son, it is observed, gave proof of a resolute virtue; the son, who came to the siege fore-knowing his doom, and the father who permitted him.

There was nevertheless a difference between his case and that of Achilles. Achilles knew that long life awaited him if he continued at home, but Euchenor that his life would be short at any rate.

Line 814. The Iæonians were a distinct people from the Ionians, and, according to the scholium, separated from them by a pillar bearing on opposite sides the name of each.

Line 815. The people of Achilles were properly called the Phthiotæ; whereas the Phthians belonged to Prote-silaüs and Philoctetes.

Line 882. Achilles.

Line 886. It is not easy to say how Hector could at this time have the use of his chariot, which he had left on the other side of the foss. See book xii. line 100. And in book xiv. his steeds and chariot are said to be attending in the rear.

Line 974. This is no prophecy but a menace. Hector was now within the rampart, and Ajax had not forgotten the words of Achilles in the nocturnal conference, with which he concluded the answer given to himself.

— at my own ship,
And at my own pavilion it may chance,
That even Hector's violence shall pause.

Iliad ix. line 908.

BOOK XIV. *Line 42.* The promontories of Rhytium and Sigæum.

Line 139. Diomedes observes a decent silence concerning the occasion of his father's flight, which was this: Tydeus, while he was yet young, seeing Ceneus dethroned in his old age by the sons of Agrius, slew them, and escaped immediately to Argos.

Line 172. That he might discover himself not to be the ancient man he seemed, but a divinity.

Line 234. Oceanus is so called because by some philosophers of antiquity water was supposed the first principle of all things.

Line 290. Hercules.

Line 305. Hercules, returning home after the destruction of Troy, by the machination of Juno encountered a violent storm in the Ægean sea, which drove him to Cos. There he would have landed, but was hindered by Eurypylus, son of Neptune and king of the island. But at length effecting his purpose, he slew Eurypylus with all his sons, but not his daughter Chalciope, whom he made the mother of Thessalus.

Line 316. They swore by Styx, because it was the water of hatred; a power being ascribed to it of making those who swore by it falsely universally odious and hopeless of either prosperity or peace for ever.

Line 320. The Gods who compass Saturn are the Titans, sons of Ouranus, and are called Cronus, Creus, Hyperion, Japetus, and Cocus.

Line 333. One of the heads of Ida, which in all were three. Lectos, Gargarus, and Phalarce. Lectos was so called because it was the part of the mountain which on this occasion afforded a bed or couch to Jupiter and Juno.

Line 341. The cymindis, according to Aristotle, dwells in the mountains; its feathers are black, but seen obliquely reflect the colour of brass; it has the size of a hawk, and, like the hawk, preys on pigeons. It is a bird particularly fond of concealment, and always perches where its head may be hidden by leaves or branches.

Line 378. Europa.

Line 422. This seems a voluntary service performed by Sleep, determined to deserve his promised bride Pasithea.

BOOK XV. *Line 53.* The chariots, as the reader may remember, had been left, at the commencement of this attack on the fleet, at the side of the foss next to Troy.

Line 57. The oath of Juno is no better than an equivocation. She had not indeed expressly desired Neptune to engage in battle, but by laying Jove asleep she had co-operated with him, and furnished him with a fair opportunity to assist the Grecians.

Line 218. Saturn, having learned from an oracle that a son of his should dethrone him, devoured his sons as fast as they were produced; but when Rhea brought forth Jupiter, she swaddled a stone, and having given it to Saturn to swallow, conveyed her infant to Crete, where she consigned him to the care of Themis and Amalthea, which Amalthea was a she-goat. The she-goat suckled the child, who, when grown, superseded his father in the kingdom. The Titans on this occasion waging war with Jupiter, Themis advised him to use as a shield the skin of the goat that had suckled him, which, it seems, had the property of terrifying all who beheld her. The skin retaining this property, and Jupiter shielding himself with it, overcame the Titans accordingly. Hence he is called *Αἰγίοχος*, or Ægis-bearing Jove.

Line 388. Arcesilaus.

Line 408. Necessity occasioned by the active and personal interference of a God. The Grecians never fly but for such a reason.

Line 411. This abruptness of transition from the third person to the first, follows the original. It is a mode of expression, says Quintilian, contrived on purpose to arrest the attention of the hearer, who feels himself startled by it, as if the speaker appeared before him.

Line 415. The author representing Hector as lashing the *shoulders* of his steeds, gives us at one dash of his poetical pencil a figure worthy to employ that of Apelles. Bearing forward, through the eagerness and impetuosity of his spirit, the hero overhangs his horses, and is scarcely to be contained in his chariot.

Line 520. The bow here signifies, as elsewhere in the

case of Pandarus, not the instrument of battle itself, but skill in the use of it.

Line 608. Meges.

Line 755. Copreus was the herald of Eurystheus, king of Argos, and bore the commands of his master to Hercules without the city, which, apprehensive of treachery or violence, he refused to enter.

Line 843. The poet's art in conducting Hector to this ship in particular is observable, as well as his motive for doing it. It was a ship deprived of its commander, and might therefore be fired with security to the honour of the other chiefs, who were employed each in the defence of his own.

BOOK XVI. *Line 42.* Irascible as was the temper of Achilles, the poet yet represents him as patient of reproach, and of reproach not of the gentlest kind, when he received it from the lips of one whom he loved as he loved Patroclus.

Line 174. While Patroclus lived, Automedon was not the charioteer of Achilles; but he serves in that office now, because Patroclus himself is going forth to battle.

Line 209. Some say the daughter of another Peleus, others the spurious sister of Achilles; by which circumstance they account for the poet's silence hitherto concerning her, as well as for the foremost place being assigned to her son Menestheus, in this enumeration. Pelorus the giant was said to be the real father of Menestheus, who, watching the season when Polydora bathed in the river Sperchius, seized that opportunity to embrace her.

Line 279. Dodona was a city of Pelasgian Thesprotia, in which was an oak, and within that oak an oracle attended by a priestess. On the arrival of those who came to consult the oracle the oak shook and uttered a sound, which was interpreted by the priestess saying—*Thus speaks Jupiter.* Above the oracle stood a statue of a man holding a rod, and at his side a brazen vessel, which the statue striking with the rod, produced from it a sort of tinkling music, which the priestess in like manner expounded.

Line 282. The Selli—so called from Sellus the Thesalian, from whom they descended. Their abstinence from the bath was probably, as well as their sleeping on the ground, a voluntary mortification. But some say that they never washed their feet, because, never leaving the temple, they had no need. Others that they were a race addicted to war, and hardened themselves on that account by these austerities.

Line 369. Meges.

Line 379. Brother of Antilochus.

Line 459. But how did Hector escape, whose steeds were not equal to such a leap, and why did not Patroclus follow him? He escaped by the way he entered, which Apollo had made for him, levelling the foss; and Patroclus did not pursue him, because he could not neglect the host and gave his attention to their commander only.

Line 494. The English reader will be pleased to observe, that in this proper name the *a* is made long in the translation, being long in the original.

Line 536. Such as Ialmenus sprung from Mars, Menestheus from Sperchius, Eudorus from Mercury, Achilles from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus.

Line 686. To have called them the *handsome* or the *beauteous* Grecians would have been almost ludicrous, yet that is what Homer means by the word *ἐλίκωπας*. With him it is frequent to express beauty by a single circumstance of it; so in the present instance he gives *the eye* as a sample of the whole.

Line 713. First, because he was the *first* who turned upon the Greeks and renewed the battle; and the Trojans afterward gather round him, the more zealous in his defence for that reason.

Line 739. Two lines occurring here in the original, which contain only the same matter as the two preceding, and which are found neither in the MSS. used by Barnes nor in the Harleian, the Translator has omitted them in his version as interpolated and superfluous.

Line 753. Pluto was celebrated for his swift steeds, because Death overtakes every man, and there is no escape from it.

Line 974. Patroclus turning to see who smote him, when he received the stroke on his back from Apollo, Euphorbus seized that opportunity to wound him in that part which would not otherwise have been opposed to him.

Line 1024. A man who, cast down by misfortune, raises himself like a fallen athletic, and instead of whining speaks with a firm tone and rather loftily, is not for that reason to be deemed a boaster, but a person of great courage, and one who is not easily conquered.

Line 1032. The expiring hero prophesies, because it was an opinion among the ancients that the human spirit in the article of dissolution acquired a faculty of looking into futurity. And he deplores, after death, his deprivation of so athletic a frame, lest he should be appointed to animate another not so honourable.

BOOK XVII. *Line 83.* The Ciconians, therefore, had

more chiefs than one, for their chief mentioned in the catalogue is named Euphemes.

Line 192. Glaucus supposed the body of Sarpedon borne from the field by the Grecians, and deposited in the fleet, ignorant that Apollo had been charged with the care of it by Jupiter, and had conveyed it to Lycia.

Line 244. This speech of Jupiter seems to be introduced by the poet merely with a view to console and conciliate his Grecian auditory. They could not but feel indignation at the thought of Hector clad in the armour of Achilles; but foretelling the speedy death of Hector, in a manner too the most pathetic, he changed at once their resentment into pity.

Line 361. Or collar-bone.

Line 372. If they could drag Phorcys and Hippothoüs, why not Patroclus? Because the Trojans, more ambitious to make prize of him, than to rescue their own, directed all their efforts to obtain him, and neglected the bodies of their countrymen.

Line 574. Hector, already possessed of the armour of Achilles, is desirous that his horses may become Trojan property also; and he calls Æneas to assist him in his exploit, not only as a brave man, but because he had been severely mortified by the loss of his own, of which he had been deprived by Diomedes.

Line 596. The Latin plural of Ajax is sometime necessary, because the English plural—Ajaxes—would be insupportable.

Line 615. At first, like an ox wounded behind the horns, he sprang forward, but he fell not prone, as an ox would fall, the force of the stroke repulsing and casting him on his back.

Line 652. The Goddess with great propriety assumes the form of Phœnix, who might not only claim attention as chief of a phalanx, and on account of his age, but as a person particularly interested in the event of the contest, being the friend and preceptor of Achilles.

Line 673. The hero is not himself compared to a fly, for such a comparison would degrade any hero, but his courage is said to have resembled the courage of that insect, which nothing can exceed in boldness and pertinacity.

Line 678. Not the father of Andromache, but a person of the same name. The brothers of Andromache had all been put to death by Achilles. His riches also mark him out for another; for the same hero had pillaged the house of Eëtion of Thebes, and brought away all his property.

Line 707. Leïtus was another chief of the Bœotians.

Line 767. A noble instance of the heroism of Ajax, who asks not deliverance from the Trojans, or that he

may escape alive, but light only, without which he could not possibly distinguish himself. The tears of such a warrior, and shed for such a reason, are singularly affecting.

BOOK XVIII.—*Line 16.* Actor, grandfather of Patroclus, was a Locrian, and born in Oeoeis, but his wife by whom he had Menætiſ was of Oenone, a city of Phthia. Patroclus therefore was a Myrmidon on the mother's side only.

Line 106. The occasion of the marriage of Thetis with Peleus was this: Jupiter, enamoured of Thetis, pursued her with intent to ravish her, but was prevented by Prometheus, who met him on Mount Caucasus, and, prophesying, informed him, that the son of Thetis should be greater than his father. Jupiter, therefore, fearing to be superseded in his throne, abstained from the Goddess, and in honour of Æacus gave her in marriage to Peleus. Achilles was the fruit of their union, who not only surpassed his father in military achievements, but all the heroes of his day.

Line 137. Here it is that the drift of the whole poem is fulfilled. The evils consequent on the quarrel between him and Agamemnon at last teach Achilles himself this wisdom, that wrath and strife are criminal and pernicious; and the confession is extorted from his own lips, that the lesson may be the more powerfully inculcated.

Line 156. Fifteen days only; but fifteen days seemed an age to Achilles. He had abstained from battle during the twelve days which the Gods had spent in Æthiopia, and three have passed since their return.

Line 205. Wherefore *unseen by Jove?* since Jove himself favoured the rescue of the body. Because Jupiter had promised victory to Hector till the day should close, and this measure of Juno had a tendency to defeat that promise.

Line 269. The poet gives credibility to this sally of Achilles unarmed, by assigning him Pallas and her Ægis for his protection; credibility likewise to the effect of his voice, by seconding it with that of the Goddess. Without such aid, his appearance would have been the extremest rashness, and such consequences of his shouts by no means supposable.

Line 293. The sun is said to set with reluctance, because his setting-time was not yet come. Jupiter had promised Hector, that he should prevail till the sun should go down, and *sacred darkness cover all*; Juno therefore, impatient to arrest the victor's progress, and having no other means of doing it, shortens the time allotted him.

Line 355. The Trojans in a besieged state could not cultivate their lands, consequently could not supply either themselves or their allies, with necessaries of their own produce; they were, therefore, obliged to procure them at great cost from the Phrygians and Mæonians, their neighbours, and in that sort of traffic had consumed the greater part of their riches.

Line 428. The oil was of a drying kind, and such as would resist putrefaction. The use of it was a necessary precaution, since Achilles had much to achieve, before he should accomplish the funeral rites of Patroclus.

Line 469. The commentators observe, that grace and beauty being required in all works of art, Vulcan, therefore, has two wives, respectively the patronesses and dispensers of these properties. Charis, of grace, which her name signifies; and Venus, of beauty.

Line 497. The poet represents Vulcan as mindful of the benefit received, not Thetis reminding him of the benefit she had conferred; for that had been to reproach him.

Line 533. She consented to the marriage reluctantly, foreknowing the evils which destiny had connected with it.

Line 605. The Pleiads are a constellation consisting originally of seven stars placed in the side of Taurus. They were the fabled offspring of Atlas and Pleione, daughter of Oceanus. One of them, named Electra, has long since disappeared; unable, as the mythologists say, to endure the sight of Troy laid waste, she abandoned her place in the heavens rather than behold it.

The Hyads are also seven stars, and on the horns of Taurus. They were nymphs of Dodona, to whom Jove, when he had produced Bacchus from his thigh, consigned the care of his education. Bacchus having discovered the vine, they travelled with him into all countries, imparting to each the benefit. But when Lycurgus persecuted their pupil, and drove him into the sea, Jupiter, compassionating their distress, rescued them from his fury, and made them a constellation.

They had their name either from their resemblance in form to the (ν) or from $\Upsilon\omega$ to rain, because showers were ascribed to their influence.

Orion is the largest of all the stars. But his history is too filthy to be related. The story of each may be found recorded at large in the scholia edited by Barnes.

The Ursa Major is that of which Homer speaks, the Minor not being discovered in his time, but afterward by Thales the Milesian. It encircles the pole with an inclination or bend toward Orien, as a bear may be supposed to watch the hunter.

Line 744. Theseus, at the instance of Ariadne, having been delivered by Dædalus from the Cretan labyrinth by means of a thread with which he furnished him for that purpose, instituted at his return a dance of boys and girls, in which were represented all the windings of the maze from which he had escaped, and which dance Dædalus is said to have composed on the occasion.

BOOK XIX. *Line 64.* Achilles in the first book also summons a council himself, and not, as was customary, by a herald. It seems a stroke of character, and intended by the poet to express the impetuosity of his spirit, too ardent for the observance of common forms, and that could trust nobody for the dispatch he wanted.

Line 70. The wish seems rather a cruel one, especially when we recollect, that, in his answer to Ulysses in the nocturnal conference, book ix. he professes that he loved Briseïs at his heart. But when we reflect that she had been, eventually and by occasion, the cause of his friend's death, we seem to have found a sufficient apology for it.

Line 133. By some called Antibia, by others, Nicippe.

Line 145. Perseus was himself the son of Jupiter and Danaë.

Line 351. Lyrnessus.

Line 358. As has been before remarked, the poet misses no opportunity of celebrating the gentle manners of Patroclus, of which his kind treatment of this female captive, the promises he made her, and the pleasing prospects he set before her, are the clearest, and, recorded as they are by herself, the most indisputable evidence.

Line 293. An island of the Cyclades. Peleus having been forewarned by Thetis, that his son Achilles should be slain at Troy, consigned him to the care of Lycomedes, king of Scyros, having first disguised him as a girl. As such he was educated with the daughters of Lycomedes. But the oracle having declared, that Troy could not be taken without him, Ulysses, Phœnix, and Nestor, were deputed by the Grecians to ask him from his father. Peleus affirming that he was not at home, they repaired to Scyros, and suspecting (but we are not told for what reason) that he was to be found among the king's daughters, by the advice of Ulysses, they spread before the young people arms and distaffs, implements of war and of female industry. The latter were instantly seized by the princesses, and the former by Achilles. But previous to this detection of his sex, the young hero had deflowered one of his royal playmates,

by name Deodamia. She made him father of Pyrrhus, afterward called Neoptolemus.

BOOK XX. *Line 4.* This rising ground was five stadia in circumference, and was between the river Simois and a village named Ilieon, in which Paris is said to have decided between the Goddesses. It was called Callicolone, being the most conspicuous ground in the neighbourhood of the city.

Line 8. Iris is the messenger of the Gods on ordinary occasions, Mercury on those of importance. But Themis is now employed because the affair in question is a council; and to assemble and to dissolve councils, the poet tell us, in another place, is her peculiar province.

The return of Achilles to battle is made as magnificent as possible. A council in Heaven precedes it, and a battle of the Gods is the consequence.

Line 10. Oceanus is said not to have been summoned, lest, being the parent of them all, by his venerable presence he should have withheld the rest from fighting.

Line 21. The readiness with which Neptune obeys the summons is particularly noticed, on account of the resentment he so lately expressed, when he was commanded by Jupiter to quit the battle.

Line 48. *Never shorn* because the rays of the sun are inseparable from it.

Line 49. The commentators are extremely circumstantial and prolix in accounting for the attachment of every Divinity in the field to this or that party. Juno, they say, assists the Greeks, because she is the Goddess who presides over marriage, and hates adultery; consequently she hates the Trojans, who fight in the cause of an adulterer. Minerva takes the same side on a principle of resentment, having been refused the prize of beauty by Paris; a reason, which may be supposed not a little to influence Juno likewise. Neptune joins them, because Laomedon defrauded him of his wages; Mercury, because being the patron of heralds, he abhorred the Trojans for the sake of the treacherous counsel of Antimachus, who would have slain Ulysses and Menelaus acting in that office. And Vulcan, because he hated Mars, who had been too free with Venus.

On the other hand, Mars sides with the Trojans from similarity of sentiment, and because they alike delight in blood. Apollo, because he is an archer, and the Trojans were famous for archery, especially such was Paris. Paris too excelled on the lyre and in personal appearance—both attributes of Apollo. Diana and Latona naturally follow Phœbus. Xanthus can do no less than aid the Trojans, being a Trojan river; nor Venus,

because, in the contest for the prize of beauty, Paris had decided in her favour, and because she was the mother of Æneas.

This is only a small part of what has been imagined on the subject, but an inquirer of moderate curiosity will perhaps deem it quite sufficient.

Line 119. The Leleges were a colony of Thessalians, and the first inhabitants of the shores of the Hellespont.

Line 182. The story, as it is told by the scholiast, is this—Neptune and Apollo being commanded by Jupiter to serve Laomedon for hire, built the walls of Troy for a stipulated price, of which Laomedon afterward defrauded them. Neptune, incensed at his treachery, sent a sea-monster into the adjoining country, which devoured such of the people as came in his way, and the fruits of the earth also. Laomedon, consulting the oracle, was informed, that if he would give his daughter Hesione to the monster, he should quit the country. The king produced his daughter, but proclaimed at the same time, that he would give the horses which he had received from Jupiter, as the price of Ganymede, to him who should destroy that enemy. Hercules, being present, undertook the service, and Minerva having built for him the mound or wall here mentioned, he concealed himself a while behind it, but at length, throwing himself into the monster's mouth, descended into his bowels, which he tore in pieces. Laomedon, still dishonest, gave him mortal instead of immortal horses for this reward; which Hercules soon discovering, he destroyed the city, and drove away the steeds to which he was so well entitled.

Line 263. Dardanus was the son of Jupiter, by Electra, daughter of Atlas. He dwelt in Samothracia; but, a flood happening, built himself a boat, in which, clothed with a goat-skin, he committed himself to the waves, and was driven to Ida. There he landed, and built the city named after him Dardania.

Line 288. Fearless of provoking Achilles, who, he knew, would hate him the more for it, Æneas makes this the closing article of his genealogy, to show that he valued himself on his relationship to Hector, who had slain Patroclus. Hector was the son of Priam, who descended from Ilus; and Æneas the son of Anchises, whose descent was from Assaracus, the brother of Ilus.

Line 366. This has been considered, and justly, as a very extraordinary prophecy of the prosperity of Rome under a race of kings descended from Æneas. It is noticed as such in the scholia ascribed to Porphyrius, and likewise by Eustathius, who having mentioned the opinion of some, that Homer must have been indebted for it to

the leaves of the Sybil, observes, that others have believed it his own, because as they affirm—He who has the spirit of poetry is a prophet also.

Line 389. The Caucons are not mentioned in the catalogue, and are, for this reason, by some supposed to have joined the Trojans since, and by others to be included there in the general appellation of Paphlagonians, whose neighbours they are said to have been. But there are still others who affirm that they were from Caunos, a city on the confines of Lydia, and were properly named, not Caucones, but Caunii.

Line 451. It is well observed by the scholiast, that the poet is a strict œconomist of the character of Hector, and contrives to spare and save him to the last.

Line 460. Tmolus was a mountain of Lydia, and Hyda a city of the same country.

Line 466. So called from Gyges, son of Candaules; he is said to have been the first king of Lydia.

Line 482. Neptune. So called, either because he was worshipped on Helicon, a mountain of Bœotia, or from Helice, an island of Achaia, where he had a temple.

Line 508. It is an amiable trait in the character of Hector, that his pity in this instance supersedes his caution, and that, at the sight of his brother in circumstances so affecting, he becomes at once inattentive to himself and the command of Apollo.

Line 581. The father of Rhigmus was either the Pireus slain in the forth book, or another of his name.

BOOK XXI. *Line 52.* Arisba was, according to the scholiast, a city of Thrace and near to the Hellespont, but according to Eustathius a city of Troas inhabited by a colony from Mitylene.

Line 94. The argument is this. Slay me not, for it were incongruous and unseemly, that thou who has heretofore set bread before me, or, in other words, hast furnished me with the means of life, shouldst now deprive me of it.

Line 116. The clemency of Patroclus is slightly but very artfully insinuated, and the mention of it is a sort of delicate and indirect exhortation to Achilles, to imitate his friend in the practice of that virtue.

Line 126. There is much terrible irony in this appellation, by which Achilles ridicules the plea of Lycanor, that he had eaten bread at his table.

Line 177. The poet, designing a conflict between Xanthus and Achilles, derives Asteropæus from a river-god, that Achilles slaying Asteropæus, and boasting his own origin far superior, may the more irritate his intended antagonist.

Axius was a river of Pœonia in Thrace.

Line 185. The chief leader of the Pœonians had been Pyræchmes, and Asteropæus, while he lived, was only second in command; but Pyræchmes having been slain by Patroclus, Asteropæus now claims that title.

Line 228. Acheloüs runs through Acarnania and Dodona, and is said to be the largest river of Greece. Hercules, on his journey to the mouth of Tartarus, whither he was going that he might bind Cerberus, became the guest of Meleager, son of Ceneus, whose sister Deïanira he engaged to marry. On his return therefore from Hell he hasted to the house of Ceneus for that purpose. There, learning that Acheloüs made pretensions to his intended bride, he fought him; and his rival, assuming the form of a bull, tore off one of his horns, and carried away the virgin in dispute between them. Acheloüs having obtained from Amalthea, daughter of Oceanus, another horn, gave it to Hercules, and received his own again.

Line 326. She had therefore disguised the truth, had told him that he should die at Troy, and that his death should be sudden, but had not told him that he should die by the dart of Paris.

Line 451. It is evident that Homer was acquainted with the trumpet, though he has not used it in his battles.

Line 569. Diana, according to Chrysippus, is said to have an option in the case, and to kill or save as she pleases, because births at the full moon were observed to be easy, but difficult and dangerous at the new.

Line 581. Homer ascribes to Mercury a character more amiable than to any other of his Deities. He delights to converse familiarly with man; he is the author of all useful inventions; the inspirer of eloquence and agreeable discourse; whatsoever pleases in language, manners, or address, is his gift; if he visits Earth, it is always for some benevolent purpose; and here, in perfect consistence with the disposition imputed to him on other occasions, he is represented as peaceful likewise, and an enemy only to contention.

Line 614. The walls and towers of Troy are termed sacred, because built by the Gods. The army being now about to enter the gates, Priam is the proper person to manage and to give directions necessary to the safety of the town; too old for action, he is nevertheless the king, and qualified in respect of wisdom gained by experience to suggest what may be most expedient.

BOOK XXII. *Line 170.* It grew near to the tomb of Ilus.

Line 177. The Scamander ran down the Eastern side of Ida, and at the distance of three stadia from Troy

making a subterraneous dip it passed under the walls, and rose again in the form of the two fountains here described, within them; from which fountains these rivulets are said to have proceeded.

Line 290. The whole circumference of ancient Troy is said to have measured sixty stadia. A stadium measured one hundred and twenty-five paces. Achilles pursued Hector thrice round the city-wall, and thrice he dragged his body round the pile of Patroclus, but never thrice round the city, as Virgil by mistake affirms, and by his authority has led all who have written on the subject since, to affirm also.

Line 279. Homar says, *did not separate his windpipe.* The part is somewhat flexible, and may be supposed therefore to have yielded to the pressure of the spear, and by so doing to have escaped unwounded. The gigantic size of Hector also makes the fact more probable.

Line 389. The knees of the conqueror were a kind of sanctuary to which the vanquished fled for refuge.

Line 413. Achilles is said to have been invited by Hecuba, on pretext of the marriage of her daughter Polyxena, to a banquet in the temple of Apollo adjoining to the Scaean gate, and to have been insidiously slain there, together with Antilochus, by Paris.

Line 537. Andromache faints and falls. Hecuba does not. The reason assigned for the difference is, that the affliction of the latter has been gradual; she has seen the combat from the walls, and has been led step by step to the catastrophe; but the former learns it in a moment, and the surprise accordingly overpowers her.

BOOK XXIII. *Line 35.* Either they were white with fat after being flayed, or they were slain merely to regale the living; since black only were offered to the dead.

Line 68. The former was a feast given by Achilles to the Myrmidons only; the feast mentioned here is given to the host at large, and they eat it hastily, that, going early to rest, they may rise the earlier to prepare fuel for the funeral pile.

Line 109. Bacchus having hospitably entertained Vulcan in the island Naxos, one of the Cyclades received from him a cup as a present; but being driven afterward by Lycurgus into the sea, and kindly protected there by Thetis, he presented her with this work of Vulcan, which she gave to Achilles for a receptacle of his bones after death.

Line 135. Said to have been appointed to this office because he was of Crete, a mountainous and well-wooded island.

Line 196. Himself and the Myrmidons.

Line 205. The pile was a square of a hundred feet on each side.

Line 210. That he might be the more speedily consumed. The same end was promoted by the flagons of oil and honey.

Line 233. The oil would lubricate, and make the body slide over such impediments as might otherwise tear and disfigure it.

Line 283. In Thrace is said to have been a deep chasm, whence wind issued. A circumstance which probably furnished a hint for the poetical fiction, that in Thrace the winds had their habitation.

Line 300. This was done that the bones might remain the longer unpulverized by excessive dryness.

Line 332. The talent differed much in its value, sometimes it consisted of a hundred drachmæ, sometimes of fifty, sometimes of twenty-four, and according to Timæus, sometimes of one. A talent of the smaller sort must be understood here, otherwise the prize allotted to the fourth would have exceeded in value all the others.

Line 333. Φιάλη—a vessel, as Athenæus describes it, made for the purpose of warming water. It was formed of brass, and expanded somewhat in the shape of a broad leaf.

Line 425. The history of Arion is this: Neptune being enamoured of Erynnis, in the form of a horse, enjoyed her near to a Bœotian fountain called Tilphusa. The fruit of their amour was the horse in question, which on account of his excellence was named Arion. Neptune presented him to Copreus, king of Haliartus, a city in Bœotia, and he to Hercules, at that time his guest. Hercules, after employing him successfully in a chariot race at Troezen, where he conquered Cynus the son of Mars, gave him to Adrastus; and to the speed of Arion, Adrastus was indebted for his escape from the Theban war, which he alone survived.

Line 466. Resentful of the attack made on him by Diomedes in the fifth book; but Apollo had other reasons, as we learn from Homer, for impeding Diomedes in favour of Eumelus; for his mares he had bred himself, while in the service of Admetus, his father.

Line 608. This tripod was afterward deposited in the temple of Apollo at Delphos, as appears by the following epigram:

I, now a Pythian ornament, was once
A prize for Grecian charioteers at Troy,
And am the tripod which Achilles gave
At his friend's fun'ral, and Tydides won.

Line 672. This is strong argument. For if the Gods interposed to disappoint Eumelus on account of an

omitted duty, which is not contradicted by Achilles or any other, then Achilles, allotting the mare to Eumelus, should have defeated their intentions, and have given her to him from whom they had withheld her.

Line 672. Menelaus, on this occasion, receives the sceptre from the herald because he purposes to address the assembly; and Antilochus uses it not, because his reply is to Menelaus only.

Line 788. Phorbas, the strongest man of his day, and haughty as he was strong, was likewise a great proficient in the art of boxing. He compelled all his guests to box with him, and, having vanquished, slew them. At length, rendered still prouder by success, he challenged the Gods to contend with him, and was conquered and slain by Apollo. Hence Apollo became the patron of boxers.

Line 806. The cincture worn in Homer's days by all athletics reached from the waist to the feet; but, after his time, it happened in the public games at Athens, that the foot of a combatant being entangled in his cincture, he fell, and died on the spot. This accident gave occasion to a law made when Hippomenes was archon, that they should fight naked, and hence the place of contest was named Gymnasium.

Line 817. With which they bound on the cæstus.

Line 866. It was the custom on such occasions for the wrestlers, in order to accelerate the decision, to afford each other by mutual consent a fair opportunity to try the strength; sometimes offering the neck, sometimes the loins, and not seldom even the foot, to their antagonist.

Line 872. They wondered to see Ajax thrown by a man older than he, and in strength inferior.

Line 882. Ajax, lifting Ulysses, excelled in the first instance; and Ulysses, supplanting Ajax while he was lifted, in the second. The next fall is understood by some to have been the fall of Ulysses pulled down by the weight of Ajax;—but it seems evident, that the former by a twist of the knee threw the latter, and for that reason had the advantage, though he fell also.

Line 890. The Sidonians were celebrated not only as most ingenious artists, but as great adepts in science also, especially in astronomy and arithmetical calculation.

Line 893. King of Lemnos.

Line 931. That is to say, Ulysses; who, from the first intending it, had run close behind him.

Line 979. Ajax, conscious of his strength, strikes immediately at the shield of Diomede, which he pierces; but Diomede, despairing to pierce that of Ajax, as well he might, attempts to reach his antagonist over it.

Line 1003. The commentators leave it doubtful, whether they laughed at the shortness of the cast, or admiring the length of it. Probably however it was his awkwardness that diverted them, for in his first contest he pretended to no skill except in boxing.

Line 1009. The use of this staff was to separate the cattle. It had a string attached to the lower part of it, which the herdsman wound about his hand, and by the help of it hurled the staff to a prodigious distance.

Line 1030. Apollo; frequently by Homer called the King, without any addition.

Line 1064. No person, bred in courts and conversant with the politest in Europe, could acquit himself with more perfect good manners on any occasion, than Achilles and Agamemnon here. Achilles, that he may spare the king of men the trouble of a contest, ascribes to him such address and dexterity, as would render vain all contest with him; and Agamemnon, rather than dispute his judgment or oppose his purpose, accepts at once both the compliment and the prize.— Good breeding, no more than good sense, is confined to any particular age or country. Homer understood it perfectly.

BOOK XXIV. *Line 30.* Mercury is said to have been born a cheat, because, when Jupiter embraced his mother Maia, daughter of Atlas, he did it privily, and cheated Juno. Being yet a child, he stole his mother's garments and those of her sisters while they bathed, and when he had made himself sufficiently merry with their distress, restored them. He also stole, as has been already noticed, the oxen of Apollo.

Line 56. His blessing, if he is properly influenced by it; his curse in its consequences, if he is deaf to its dictates.

Line 105. The angler's custom was, in those days, to guard his line above the hook from the fish's bite, by passing it through a pipe of horn.

Line 190. To have sent Priam alone, it is observed, with such a charge of treasure, had been to impose on him too severe a duty, and to have sent him with a youth into the enemy's camp, had been to expose his escort to the utmost danger. A herald therefore is appointed to attend him, as by office a proper witness of all promises and agreements, and that herald an old one, that by the sacredness of his function, as well as by the veneration due to his years, he might be secured from violence.

Line 200. Jupiter justifies him against Apollo's charge, affirming him to be free from those mental defects

which chiefly betray men into sin—folly—improvidence, and perverseness.

Line 216. His spirit, broken down with sorrow, was alarmed even by the gentlest sounds, and conjectured that the message, however softly suggested, would prove a terrible one.

Line 242. It was a square chest of wicker-work, which the ancients bound on their carriages when they travelled.

Line 541. To have refused it without a reason had been ungracious, and to have accepted it, being a God, preposterous. Mercury, therefore, delivers himself from the dilemma with an ingenuity not unworthy of his character.

Line 544. The cup being designed as a present to Achilles, a soldier of his might be justly said to defraud him, if he accepted it.

Line 569. If it was a proof of great strength in Diomedes, that he could wield and hurl a stone which two strong men of Homer's days could not have lifted, what must have been the strength of Achilles, who could manage a weight unmanageable except by three strong men of his own days.

Line 585. It is remarked by Eustathius, that although Mercury directs Priam to plead with Achilles, not by the mention of his father only, but of his mother and his son also, the ancient king, through excess of grief, very soon forgets two-thirds of his instructions.

Line 681. Macar, son of Ilus, having slain his brother, fled from his home, and built a city, which after the name of his wife, he called Lesbos. His mother's name was Mitylene.

Line 599. Mortified to see his generosity, after so much kindness shown to Priam, still distrusted; and that the impatience of the old king threatened to deprive him of all opportunity to do gracefully what he could not be expected to do willingly.

Line 624. One to be spread under, the other over him.

Line 669. The story of Niobe being told by the poet, there is no need to tell it in a note. She was the daughter of Tantalus and the wife of Amphion. The true history of her transformation is said to be this: that a statuary placed a figure of her, so finely executed in marble, on the tomb of her twelve children, that spectators frequently said—It is Niobe herself in stone.—They probably died by a pestilence or some other sudden cause, such deaths being always ascribed to the shafts of Apollo, or his sister.

Sipylus was a city of Lydia not far distant from the banks of the Achelous, and famous for the congress of

Jupiter and Semele. The Achelous was a river of Ætolia.

Line 951. They are called *gentle* shafts, because sudden death is attended with no pain.

Line 961. In order to make this a true reckoning, we must suppose that it cost ten years to assemble the powers of Greece, which added to the ten years of the siege will complete the number. It is a large allowance; but Helen's computation cannot be justified without it, since even Ulysses was absent from Ithaca only twenty years, whose return cost him ten after the accomplishment of Troy's destruction.

Line 1005. Hector, according to a citation made by the scholiast from Aristodemus, received honour from the Gods not only while he lived, but after death also. For the Thebans of Bœotia, being afflicted either with a pestilence or some other great calamity, consulted the oracle concerning the means of deliverance, and received for answer, that, if they would transfer the bones of Hector from Troas to their own country, and deposit them there in a place called *The Sons of Jove*, the affliction should cease. Having complied with the admonition, and being relieved accordingly, they held the hero in great honour, and in process of time distinguished the spot by a new name, *The Manifestation of Hector*.

END OF THE NOTES,

de la Haye

Homerus,

The Iliad of Homer

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